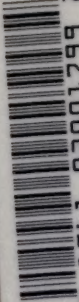


3 1761 02001799 2







The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26 and 33. Prof. Skeat has finished *Partenay*; Dr. McKnight of Ohio *King Horn* and *Floris and Blanchefleur*; and Dr. Furnivall his *Political, Religious and Love Poems* and *Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest*. Dr. Otto Glanning has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and Dr. Furnivall has *Hali Meidenhad* in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes. As the Society's copies of the *Facsimile of the Epinal MS.* issued as an Extra Volume in 1883 are exhausted, Mr. J. H. Hessels, M.A., of St. John's Coll., Cambridge, has kindly undertaken an edition of the MS. for the Society. This will be substituted for the Facsimile as an 1883 book, but will be also issued to all the present Members.

**April 1904.** The Original-Series Texts for 1903 were: No. 122, Part II of *The Land MS. Troy-Book*, edited from the unique Laud MS. 595 by Dr. J. E. Wülfing; and No. 123, Part II of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, and its French original, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1903 are to be: No. LXXXVIII, *Le Morte Arthur*, in 8-line stanzas, re-edited from the unique MS. Harl. 2252, by Prof. J. Douglas Bruce (issued), No. LXXXIX, *Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality*, edited by Dr. Ernst Sieper, Part II.

The Original-Series Texts for 1904 will be No. 124, t. Hen. V, *Twenty-six Political and other Poems* from the Digby MS. 102, &c., edited by Dr. J. Kail, and No. 125, Part I of the *Medieval Records of a London City Church* (St. Mary-at-Hill), A.D. 1420-1559, copied and edited by Mr. Henry Littlehales from the Church Records in the Guildhall, the cost of the setting and corrections of the text being generously borne by its Editor. This book will show the income and outlay of the church; the drink provided for its Palm-Sunday players, its officers' excursions into Kent and Essex, its dealing with the Plague, the disposal of its goods at the Reformation, &c., &c., and will help our members to realize the church-life of its time. If the Society's funds will suffice, a third Text will be given in 1904, Part I of the *Alphabet of Tales*, a very interesting collection, english in the Northern Dialect, about 1440, from the Latin *Alphabetum Narrationum*, and edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks from the unique MS. in the King's Library in the British Museum; both the above-named texts are now at press. Those for 1905 and 1906 will probably be chosen from Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogue*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford MS. No. 85, by Mr. J. W. H. Atkins of Owen's College; a Northern Verse *Chronicle of England to 1327 A.D.*, in 42,000 lines, about 1420 A.D., edited by M. L. Perrin, B.A.; Prof. Bruce's Introduction to *The English Conquest of Ireland*, Part II; and Dr. Furnivall's edition of the *Lichfield Gilds*, which is all printed, and waits only for the Introduction, that Prof. E. C. K. Gonner has kindly undertaken to write for the book. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough has given the Society a copy of the Leofric Canonical Rule, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. Cambridge, and Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the english Capitula of Bp. Theodulf. The *Coventry Leet Book* is being copied for the Society by Miss M. Dormer Harris—helped by a contribution from the Common Council of the City,—and will be published by the Society (Miss Harris editing), as its contribution to our knowledge of the provincial city life of the 15th century.

Dr. Brie of Berlin has undertaken to edit the prose *Brut* or *Chronicle of Britain* attributed to Sir John Mandeville, and printed by Caxton. He has already examined more than 100 English MSS. and several French ones, to get the best text, and find out its source.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1904 will be chosen from Lydgate's *DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, Part III, edited by Miss Loeck; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Dr. E. A. Kock's edition of *Lovelich's Merlin* from the unique MS. in Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge; the *Macro Plays*, edited from Mr. Gurney's MS. by Dr. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard, M.A.; Prof. Erdmann's re-edition of Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes* (issued also by the Chaucer Society); Miss Rickert's re-edition of the Romance of *Emare*; Prof. I. Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c., ab. 1360, lately issued for the Roxburghe Club; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London*, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombrynge*, with other of the earliest english Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and Miss Warren's two-text edition of *The Dance of Death* from the Ellesmere and other MSS.

These Extra-Series Texts ought to be completed by their Editors: the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A. (now in India); and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), *Promptorium Parvulorum*, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.: in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. I.



Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society's edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew's insistence will meet with the sympathy of all our Members.

The Texts for the Extra Series in 1906 and 1907 will be chosen from *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction &c. by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; the Parallel-Text of the only two MSS. of the *Owl and Nightingale*, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes (at press); Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; blackletter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguillaume's *Pilgrimage of the Sowle*, in English prose, edited by Prof. Dr. L. Kellner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguillaume's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguillaume prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deguillaume, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,<sup>2</sup> a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.<sup>3</sup> A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:<sup>4</sup> "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,<sup>5</sup> Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguillaume's first verse *Pèlerinage* into a prose *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*.<sup>6</sup> By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguillaume's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was Englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's Englishing of Deguillaume's *A B C* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) have been filled up from the Stowe MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem can be given, though that of an inserted

<sup>1</sup> He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJET's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 73-4.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

<sup>2</sup> The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

<sup>3</sup> These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

<sup>4</sup> Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

<sup>5</sup> According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

<sup>6</sup> These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.



theological prose treatise is incomplete. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,<sup>1</sup> and Additional 22,937<sup>2</sup> and 25,594<sup>3</sup>) are all of the First Version.

Besides his first *Pèlerinage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separee du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,<sup>4</sup> at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisher's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner after that of the *Man* is finisht, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the Pilgrimage of Jesus, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trovisa's englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediaeval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhaecker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose,<sup>5</sup> Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Anceren Riwele*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmeler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbing, the living Hausknecht, Einenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülging, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof.

<sup>1</sup> 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

<sup>2</sup> 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

<sup>3</sup> 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Âme*: both incomplete.

<sup>4</sup> Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels &c.

<sup>5</sup> Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.



Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Perrin, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

## ORIGINAL SERIES.

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 16s. 1864
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 4s. "
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall, D.C.L. 4s. "
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. 1865
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8s. "
7. Genesis & Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 8s. "
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s. "
9. Thyne on Speght's ed. of Chaucer, A.D. 1599, ed. Dr. G. Kingsley and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 10s. "
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 2s. 6d. "
11. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. "
12. Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 1s. "
13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne: re-edited by Dr. Otto Glanung. [Out of print. 1866
14. Kyng Horn, Floris and Blanchefour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby, B.D., re-ed. Dr. G. H. McKnight. 5s. "
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 7s. 6d. "
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s. "
17. Parallel Extracts from 45 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 1s. "
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne, re-edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. [At Press. "
19. Lyndesay's Monarchie, &c., Part II., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. 6d. "
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 1s. [Out of print. "
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. "
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. "
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. 6d. "
24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1867
25. The Stations of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s. "
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS., ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2s. [Out of print. "
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, a ryming Dictionary, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12s. "
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1362 A.D.; Text A, Part I., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6s. "
29. Old English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.). Part I. Edited by Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 7s. "
30. Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2s. "
31. Myre's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4s. 1868
32. Early English Meals and Manners: the Boke of Nourture of John Russell, the Bokes of Keruynge, Curtasye, and Demeanor, the Babees Book, Urbanitatis, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall. 12s. "
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry, ab. 1440 A.D. A Book for Daughters, ed. T. Wright, M.A. [Out of print. "
34. Old English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.). Part II., ed. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s. "
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2s. "
36. Merlin, Part III. Ed. H. B. Wheatley. On Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie. 12s. 1869
37. Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., Ane Satyre of the Three Estaitis. Ed. F. Hall, D.C.L. 4s. "
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10s. 6d. "
39. Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy. Ed. D. Donaldson & G. A. Panton. Pt. I. 10s. 6d. "
40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Edit. Toulmin Smith and Lucy T. Smith, with an Essay on Gilds and Trades-Unions, by Dr. L. Brentano. 21s. 1870
41. William Lauder's Minor Poems. Ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3s. "
42. Bernardus De Cura Rei Famularis, Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. Ed. J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2s. "
43. Ratis Raving, and other Moral and Religious Pieces. Ed. J. R. Lumby, M.A. "
44. The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathe, or The Holy Grail: from the Vernon MS.; with W. de Worde's and Pynson's Lives of Joseph: ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 5s. 1871
45. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10s. "
46. Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross Poems, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
47. Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part V., ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 3s. "
48. The Times' Whistle, and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; ed. by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6s. "
49. An Old English Miscellany, containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, and Religious Poems of the 13th cent., ed. from the MSS. by the Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10s. 1872
50. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, ed. H. Sweet, M.A. Part II. 10s. "
51. The Life of St Juliana, 2 versions, A.D. 1230, with translations; ed. T. O. Cockayne & E. Brock. 2s. "



52. *Palladius on Husbandrie*, englisht (ab. 1420 A.D.), ed. Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A. Part I. 10s. 1872
53. *Old-English Homilies*, Series II., and three Hymns to the Virgin and God, 13th-century, with the music to two of them, in old and modern notation; ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s. 1873
54. *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, Text C: *Richard the Redeles* (by William, the author of the *Vision*) and *The Crowned King*; Part III., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 18s. "
55. *Generydes*, a Romance, ab. 1440 A.D., ed. W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Part I. 3s. "
56. *The Gest Historiale of the Destruction of Troy*, in alliterative verse; ed. by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the late Rev. G. A. Panton. Part II. 10s. 6d. 1874
57. *The Early English Version of the "Cursor Mundi"*; in four Texts, edited by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. Part I, with 2 photolithographic facsimiles. 10s. 6d. "
58. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. Part I. 8s. "
59. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part II. 15s. 1875
60. *Meditacyuns on the Soper of our Lorde* (by Robert of Brunne), edited by J. M. Cowper. 2s. 6d. "
61. *The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceeldoune*, from 5 MSS.; ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 10s. 6d. "
62. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part III. 15s. 1876
63. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part II. 7s. "
64. *Francois Thynne's Embleames and Epigrams*, A.D. 1600, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 7s. "
65. *Be Domes Dæge* (Bede's *De Die Judicii*), &c., ed. J. R. Lumby, B.D. 2s. "
66. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in four Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part IV., with 2 autotypes. 10s. 1877
67. *Notes on Piers Plowman*, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Part I. 21s. "
68. *The "Cursor Mundi,"* in 4 Texts, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part V. 25s. 1878
69. *Adam Davie's 5 Dreams about Edward II.*, &c., ed. F. Furnivall, M.A. 5s. "
70. *Generydes*, a Romance, ed. W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Part II. 4s. "
71. *The Lay Folks Mass-Book*, four texts, ed. Rev. Canon Simmons. 25s. 1879
72. *Palladius on Husbandrie*, englisht (ab. 1420 A.D.). Part II. Ed. S. J. Herrtage, B.A. 15s. "
73. *The Blikking Homilies*, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. Part III. 10s. 1880
74. *English Works of Wyclif*, hitherto unprinted, ed. F. D. Matthew, Esq. 20s. "
75. *Catholicon Anglicum*, an early English Dictionary, from Lord Monson's MS. A.D. 1483, ed., with Introduction & Notes, by S. J. Herrtage, B.A.; and with a Preface by H. B. Wheatley. 20s. 1881
76. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, in MS. Cott. Jul. E 7., ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. Part I. 10s. "
77. *Beowulf*, the unique MS. autotyped and transliterated, edited by Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D. 25s. 1882
78. *The Fifty Earliest English Wills*, in the Court of Probate, 1387-1439, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 7s. "
79. *King Alfred's Orosius*, from Lord Tollemeche's 9th century MS., Part I, ed. H. Sweet, M.A. 13s. 1883
- 79b. *The Epinal Glossary*, 8th cent., ed. J. H. Hessel, M.A. 15s. [Preparing. "
80. *The Early-English Life of St. Katherine* and its Latin Original, ed. Dr. Eienkel. 12s. 1884
81. *Piers Plowman*: Notes, Glossary, &c. Part IV, completing the work, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. 18s. "
82. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, MS. Cott. Jul. E 7., ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A., LL.D. Part II. 12s. 1885
83. *The Oldest English Texts, Charters*, &c., ed. H. Sweet, M.A. 20s. "
84. *Additional Analogs to 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,'* No. 12, by W. A. Clouston. 1s. 1886
85. *The Three Kings of Cologne*. 2 English Texts, and 1 Latin, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 17s. "
86. *Prose Lives of Women Saints*, ab. 1610 A.D., ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. C. Horstmann. 12s. "
87. *Early English Verse Lives of Saints* (earliest version), Land MS. 108, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 20s. 1887
88. *Hy. Bradshaw's Life of St. Werburgh* (Pynson, 1521), ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 10s. "
89. *Vices and Virtues*, from the unique MS., ab. 1200 A.D., ed. Dr. F. Holthausen. Part I. 8s. 1888
90. *Anglo-Saxon and Latin Rule of St. Benet*, interlinear Glosses, ed. Dr. H. Logeman. 12s. "
91. *Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery-Books*, ab. 1430-1450, edited by Mr. T. Austin. 10s. "
92. *Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter*, from the Trin. Cambr. MS., ab. 1150 A.D., ed. F. Harsley, B.A. Pt. I. 12s. 1889
93. *Defensor's Liber Scintillarum*, edited from the MSS. by Ernest Rhodes, B.A. 12s. "
94. *Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints*, MS. Cott. Jul. E 7., Part III., ed. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. 12s. 1890
95. *The Old-English version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, re-ed. by Dr. Thomas Miller. Part I, § 1. 18s. "
96. *The Old-English version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, re-ed. by Dr. Thomas Miller. Pt. I, § 2. 15s. 1891
97. *The Earliest English Prose Psalter*, edited from its 2 MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring. Part I. 15s. "
98. *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.*, Part I., ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 20s. 1892
99. *Cursor Mundi*. Part VI. Preface, Notes, and Glossary, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. "
100. *Capgrave's Life of St. Katherine*, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann, with Forewords by Dr. Furnivall. 20s. 1893
101. *Cursor Mundi*. Part VII. Essay on the MSS., their Dialects, &c., by Dr. H. Hupe. 10s. "
102. *Lanfranc's Chirurgie*, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker. Part I. 20s. 1894
103. *The Legend of the Cross*, from a 12th century MS., &c., ed. Prof. A. S. Napier, M.A., Ph.D. 7s. 6d. "
104. *The Exeter Book* (Anglo-Saxon Poems), re-edited from the unique MS. by I. Gollancz, M.A. Part I. 20s. 1895
105. *The Prymer or Lay-Folks' Prayer-Book*, Camb. Univ. MS., ab. 1420, ed. Henry Littlehales. Part I. 10s. "
106. *R. Misyn's Fire of Love and Mending of Life* (Hampole), 1434, 1435, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A. 15s. 1896
107. *The English Conquest of Ireland*, A.D. 1166-1185, 2 Texts, 1425, 1440, Pt. I., ed. Dr. Furnivall. 15s. "
108. *Child-Marriages and -Divorces, Trothplights*, &c. Chester Depositions, 1561-6, ed. Dr. Furnivall. 15s. 1897
109. *The Prymer or Lay-Folks' Prayer-Book*, ab. 1420, ed. Henry Littlehales. Part II. 10s. "
110. *The Old-English Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, ed. Dr. T. Miller. Part II, § 1. 15s. 1898
111. *The Old-English Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, ed. Dr. T. Miller. Part II, § 2. 15s. "
112. *Merlin*, Part IV: Outlines of the Legend of Merlin, by Prof. W. E. Mead, Ph.D. 15s. 1899
113. *Queen Elizabeth's Englishings of Boethius, Plutarch &c. &c.*, ed. Miss C. Pemberton. 15s. "



114. Aelfric's Metrical Lives of Saints, Part IV and last, ed. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D.	10s.	1900
115. Jacob's Well, edited from the unique Salisbury Cathedral MS. by Dr. A. Brandeis.	Part I. 10s.	"
116. An Old-English Martyrology, re-edited by Dr. G. Herzfeld.	10s.	"
117. Minor Poems of the Vernon MS., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.	Part II. 15s.	1901
118. The Lay Folks' Catechism, ed. by Canon Simmons and Rev. H. E. Nolloth, M.A.	5s.	"
119. Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (1303), and its French original, re-ed. by Dr. Furnivall.	Pt. I. 10s.	"
120. The Rule of St. Benet, in Northern Prose and Verse, & Caxton's Summary, ed. Dr. E. A. Kock.	15s.	1902
121. The Laud MS. Troy-Book, ed. from the unique Laud MS. 595, by Dr. J. E. Wülfing.	Part I. 15s.	"
122. The Laud MS. Troy-Book, ed. from the unique Laud MS. 595, by Dr. J. E. Wülfing.	Part II. 20s.	1903
123. Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (1303), and its French original, re-ed. by Dr. Furnivall.	Pt. II. 10s.	"
124. Twenty-six Political and other Poems from Digby MS. 102 &c., ed. by Dr. J. Kail.	10s.	1904
125. Medieval Records of a London City Church, ed. Henry Littlehales.	Pt. I. 20s.	"
126.		"
127.		1905

## EXTRA SERIES.

*The Publications for 1867-1901 (one guinea each year) are:—*

I. William of Palerne; or, William and the Werwolf. Re-edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	18s.	1867
II. Early English Pronunciation with especial Reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part I. 10s.	"
III. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions. Ed. F. J. Furnivall.	5s.	1868
IV. Havelok the Dane. Re-edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	10s.	"
V. Chaucer's Boethius. Edited from the two best MSS. by Rev. Dr. R. Morris.	12s.	"
VI. Chevelere Assigne. Re-edited from the unique MS. by Lord Aldenham, M.A.	3s.	"
VII. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part II. 10s.	1869
VIII. Queene Elizabethes Achademy, &c. Ed. F. J. Furnivall. Essays on early Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti and Dr. E. Oswald.	13s.	"
IX. Awdeley's Fraternyte of Vacabondes, Harman's Caveat, &c. Ed. E. Viles & F. J. Furnivall.	7s. 6d.	"
X. Andrew Boorde's Introduction of Knowledge, 1547, Dyetary of Helth, 1542, Barnes in Defence of the Berde, 1542-3. Ed. F. J. Furnivall.	18s.	1870
XI. Barbour's Bruce, Part I. Ed. from MSS. and editions, by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	12s.	"
XII. England in Henry VIII's Time: a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole & Lupset, by Thom. Starkey, Chaplain to Henry VIII. Ed. J. M. Cowper.	Part II. 12s. (Part I. is No. XXXII, 1878, 8s.)	1871
XIII. A Supplicacyon of the Beggars, by Simon Fish, 1528-9 A.D., ed. F. J. Furnivall; with A Supplication to our Moste Soueraigne Lorde; A Supplication of the Poore Commons; and The Decaye of England by the Great Multitude of Sheep, ed. by J. M. Cowper, Esq.	6s.	"
XIV. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S.	Part III. 10s.	"
XV. Robert Crowley's Thirty-One Epigrams, Voyce of the Last Trumpet, Way to Wealth, &c., A.D. 1550-1, edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq.	12s.	1872
XVI. Chaucer's Treatise on the Astrolabe. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	6s.	"
XVII. The Complaynt of Scotlande, 1549 A.D., with 4 Tracts (1542-48), ed. Dr. Murray.	Part I. 10s.	"
XVIII. The Complaynt of Scotlande, 1549 A.D., ed. Dr. Murray.	Part II. 8s.	1873
XIX. Oure Ladyes Myroure, A.D. 1530, ed. Rev. J. H. Blunt, M.A.	24s.	"
XX. Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail (ab. 1450 A.D.), ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part I. 8s.	1874
XXI. Barbour's Bruce, Part II., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	4s.	"
XXII. Henry Brinklow's Complaynt of Roderick Mors (ab. 1542): and The Lamentacion of a Christian against the Citie of London, made by Roderigo Mors, A.D. 1545. Ed. J. M. Cowper.	9s.	"
XXIII. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	Part IV. 10s.	"
XXIV. Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part II. 10s.	1875
XXV. Guy of Warwick, 15th-century Version, ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part I. 20s.	"
XXVI. Guy of Warwick, 15th-century Version, ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part II. 14s.	1876
XXVII. Bp. Fisher's English Works (died 1535), ed. by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor.	Part I, the Text. 16s.	"
XXVIII. Lovelich's Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part III. 10s.	1877
XXIX. Barbour's Bruce. Part III., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.	21s.	"
XXX. Lovelich's Holy Grail, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.	Part IV. 15s.	1878
XXXI. The Alliterative Romance of Alexander and Dindimus, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.	6s.	"
XXXII. Starkey's "England in Henry VIII's time." Pt. I. Starkey's Life and Letters, ed. S. J. Herbage.	8s.	"
XXXIII. Gesta Romanorum (englisht ab. 1440), ed. S. J. Herbage, B.A.	15s.	1879
XXXIV. The Charlemagne Romances:—1. Sir Ferumbras, from Ashm. MS. 33, ed. S. J. Herbage.	15s.	"
XXXV. Charlemagne Romances:—2. The Sege of Melayne, Sir Otuell, &c., ed. S. J. Herbage.	12s.	1880
XXXVI. Charlemagne Romances:—3. Lyf of Charles the Grete, Pt. I., ed. S. J. Herbage.	16s.	"
XXXVII. Charlemagne Romances:—4. Lyf of Charles the Grete, Pt. II., ed. S. J. Herbage.	15s.	1881
XXXVIII. Charlemagne Romances:—5. The Sowdone of Babylone, ed. Dr. Hansknecht.	15s.	"
XXXIX. Charlemagne Romances:—6. Rauf Colyear, Roland, Otuel, &c., ed. S. J. Herbage, B.A.	15s.	1882
XL. Charlemagne Romances:—7. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Part I. 15s.	"
XLI. Charlemagne Romances:—8. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Pt. II. 15s.	1883
XLII. Guy of Warwick: 2 texts (Auchinleck MS. and Caius MS.), ed. Prof. Zupitza.	Part I. 15s.	"
XLIII. Charlemagne Romances:—9. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A.	Pt. III. 15s.	1884



XLIV. Charlemagne Romances :—10. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss Octavia Richardson. Pt. I. 15s.	1884
XLV. Charlemagne Romances :—11. The Four Sons of Aymon, ed. Miss O. Richardson. Pt. II. 20s.	1885
XLVI. Sir Bevis of Hamton, from the Auchinleck and other MSS., ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part I. 10s.	"
XLVII. The Wars of Alexander, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. 20s.	1886
XLVIII. Sir Bevis of Hamton, ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part II. 10s.	"
XLIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Caius MSS.), Pt. II., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D. 15s.	1887
L. Charlemagne Romances :—12. Huon of Burdeux, by Lord Berners, ed. S. L. Lee, B.A. Part IV. 5s.	"
L. Torrent of Portyngale, from the unique MS. in the Chetham Library, ed. E. Adam, Ph.D. 10s.	"
LII. Bullein's Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence, 1578 (ed. 1, 1564). Ed. M. & A. H. Bullen. 10s.	1888
LIII. Vicary's Anatomie of the Body of Man, 1548, ed. 1577, ed. F. J. & Percy Furnivall. Part I. 15s.	"
LIV. Caxton's Englishing of Alain Chartier's Curial, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall & Prof. P. Meyer. 5s.	"
LV. Barbour's Bruce, ed. Rev. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D. Part IV. 5s.	1889
LVI. Early English Pronunciation, by A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Pt. V., the present English Dialects. 25s.	"
LVII. Caxton's Eneydos, A.D. 1490, coll. with its French, ed. M. T. Culley, M.A. & Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 13s.	1890
LVIII. Caxton's Blanchardyn & Eglantine, c. 1489, extracts from ed. 1595, & French, ed. Dr. L. Kellner. 17s.	"
LIX. Guy of Warwick, 2 texts (Auchinleck and Caius MSS.), Part III., ed. Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D. 15s.	1891
LI. Lydgate's Temple of Glass, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. J. Schick. 15s.	"
LXI. Hoccleve's Minor Poems, I., from the Philipps and Durham MSS., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Ph.D. 15s.	1892
LXII. The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling. Part I. 15s.	"
LXIII. Thomas a Kempis's De Imitatione Christi, english ab. 1440, & 1502, ed. Prof. J. K. Ingram. 15s.	1893
LXIV. Caxton's Godfrey of Boloyn, or Last Siege of Jerusalem, 1481, ed. Dr. Mary N. Colvin. 15s.	"
LXV. Sir Bevis of Hamton, ed. Prof. E. Kölbing, Ph.D. Part III. 15s.	1894
LXVI. Lydgate's and Burgh's Secrees of Philisoffres, ab. 1445—50, ed. R. Steele, B.A. 15s.	"
LXVII. The Three Kings' Sons, a Romance, ab. 1500, Part I., the Text, ed. Dr. Furnivall. 10s.	1895
LXVIII. Melusine, the prose Romance, ab. 1500, Part I., the Text, ed. A. K. Donald. 20s.	"
LXIX. Lydgate's Assembly of the Gods, ed. Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, M.A., Ph.D. 15s.	1896
LXX. The Digby Plays, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 15s.	"
LXXI. The Towneley Plays, ed. Geo. England and A. W. Pollard, M.A. 15s.	1897
LXXII. Hoccleve's Regement of Princes, 1411-12, and 14 Poems, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 15s.	"
LXXIII. Hoccleve's Minor Poems, II., from the Ashburnham MS., ed. I. Gollancz, M.A. [At Press.]	"
LXXIV. Secreta Secretorum, 3 prose Englishings, by Jas. Yonge, 1428, ed. R. Steele, B.A. Part I. 20s.	1898
LXXV. Speculum Guidonis de Warwyk, edited by Miss G. L. Morrill, M.A., Ph.D. 10s.	"
LXXVI. George Ashby's Poems, &c., ed. Miss Mary Bateson. 15s.	1899
LXXVII. Lydgate's DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, 1426, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Part I. 10s.	"
LXXVIII. The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene, by T. Robinson, c. 1620, ed. Dr. H. O. Sommer. 5s.	"
LXXIX. Caxton's Dialogues, English and French, c. 1488, ed. Henry Bradley, M.A. 10s.	1900
LXXX. Lydgate's Two Nightingale Poems, ed. Dr. Otto Glauning. 5s.	"
LXXXI. Gower's Confessio Amantis, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. Vol. I. 15s.	"
LXXXII. Gower's Confessio Amantis, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. Vol. II. 15s.	1901
LXXXIII. Lydgate's DeGuilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, 1426, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Pt. II. 10s.	"
LXXXIV. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, edited by Dr. E. Sieper. Part I. 5s.	"
LXXXV. Alexander Scott's Poems, 1568, from the unique Edinburgh MS., ed. A. K. Donald, B.A. 10s.	1902
LXXXVI. William of Shoreham's Poems, re-ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. M. Konrath. Part I. 10s.	"
LXXXVII. Two Coventry Corpus-Christi Plays, re-edited by Hardin Craig, M.A. 10s. [At Press.]	"
LXXXVIII. Le Morte Arthur, re-edited from the Harleian MS. 2252 by Prof. Bruce, Ph.D. 15s.	1903
LXXXIX. Lydgate's Reason and Sensuality, edited by Dr. E. Sieper. Part II. 15s.	"
XC. William of Shoreham's Poems, re-ed. from the unique MS. by Dr. M. Konrath. Part II. [At Press.]	1904
XCI.	"

## EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY TEXTS PREPARING.

Besides the Texts named as at press on p. 12 of the Cover of the Early English Text Society's last Books, the following Texts are also slowly preparing for the Society:—

### ORIGINAL SERIES.

The Earliest English Prose Psalter, ed. Dr. K. D. Buelbring. Part II.  
 The Earliest English Verse Psalter, 3 texts, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A.  
 Anglo-Saxon Poems, from the Vercelli MS., re-edited by Prof. I. Gollancz, M.A.  
 Anglo-Saxon Glosses to Latin Prayers and Hymns, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen.  
 All the Anglo-Saxon Homilies and Lives of Saints not accessible in English editions, including those of the Vercelli MS. &c., edited by Prof. Napier, M.A., Ph.D.  
 The Anglo-Saxon Psalms; all the MSS. in Parallel Texts, ed. Dr. H. Logeman and F. Harsley, B.A.  
 Beowulf, a critical Text, &c., edited by a Pupil of the late Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 Byrhtferth's Handbooc, edited by Prof. G. Hempel.  
 The Seven Sages, in the Northern Dialect, from a Cotton MS., edited by Dr. Squires.  
 The Master of the Game, a Book of Huntynge for Hen. V. when Prince of Wales. (Editor wanted.)  
 Ailred's Rule of Nuns, &c., edited from the Vernon MS., by the Rev. Canon H. R. Bramley, M.A.  
 Early English Verse Lives of Saints, Standard Collection, from the Harl. MS. (Editor wanted.)



Early English Confessionals, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache's MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.  
 Gilbert Banastre's Poems, and other Boccaccio englishings, ed. by Prof. Dr. Max Förster.  
 Lanfranc's Chirurgie, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker, Part II.  
 William of Nassington's Mirror of Life, from Jn. of Waldby, edited by J. A. Herbert, M.A.  
 More Early English Wills from the Probate Registry at Somerset House. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishops' Registers, &c., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.  
 Early Canterbury Wills, edited by William Cowper, B.A., and J. Meadows Cowper.  
 Early Norwich Wills, edited by Walter Rye and F. J. Furnivall.  
 The Cartularies of Oseney Abbey and Godstow Nunnery, englished ab. 1450, ed. Rev. A. Clark, M.A.  
 Early Lyrical Poems from the Harl. MS. 2253, re-edited by Prof. Hall Griffin, M.A.  
 Alliterative Prophecies, edited from the MSS. by Prof. Brandl, Ph.D.  
 Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.  
 Bird and Beast Poems, a collection from MSS., edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Seire Mori, &c., from the Lichfield MS. 16, ed. Mrs. L. Grindon, LL.A., and Miss Florence Gilbert.  
 Nicholas Trivet's French Chronicle, from Sir A. Acland-Hood's unique MS., ed. by Miss Mary Bateson.  
 Early English Homilies in Harl. 2276 &c., c. 1400, ed. J. Friedländer.  
 Extracts from the Registers of Boughton, ed. Hy. Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Diary of Prior Moore of Worcester, A.D. 1518-35, from the unique MS., ed. Henry Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Pore Caitif, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.  
 Thomas Berkley's englished Vegetius on the Art of War, MS. 30 Magd. Coll. Oxf., ed. L. C. Wharton, M.A.

### EXTRA SERIES.

Bp. Fisher's English Works, Pt. II., with his Life and Letters, ed. Rev. Ronald Bayne, B.A. [*At Press.*]  
 Sir Tristrem, from the unique Auchinleck MS., edited by George F. Black.  
 John of Arderne's Surgery, c. 1425, ed. J. F. Payne, M.D.  
 De Guilleville's Pilgrimage of the Sowle, edited by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner.  
 Vicary's Anatomie, 1548, from the unique MS. copy by George Jeans, edited by F. J. & Percy Furnivall.  
 Vicary's Anatomie, 1548, ed. 1577, edited by F. J. & Percy Furnivall. Part II. [*At Press.*]  
 A Compilation of Surgerye, from H. de Mandeville and Lanfrank, A.D. 1392, ed. Dr. J. F. Payne.  
 William Staunton's St. Patrick's Purgatory, &c., ed. Mr. G. P. Krapp, U.S.A.  
 Trevisa's Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum, re-edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Bullein's Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence, 1564, 1573, 1578. Ed. A. H. and M. Bullen. Pt. II.  
 The Romance of Boctus and Sidrac, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 The Romance of Clariodus, re-edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Sir Amadas, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Sir Degrevant, edited from the MSS. by Dr. K. Luick.  
 Robert of Brunne's Chronicle of England, from the Inner Temple MS., ed. by Prof. W. E. Mead, Ph.D.  
 Maundeuille's Voiage and Travaile, re-edited from the Cotton MS. Titus C. 16, &c., by Miss M. Bateson.  
 Avowynge of Arthur, re-edited from the unique Ireland MS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Guy of Warwick, Copland's version, edited by a pupil of the late Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 Awdelay's Poems, re-edited from the unique MS. Douce 302, by Prof. Dr. E. Wülfing.  
 The Wyse Chylde and other early Treatises on Education, Northwich School, Harl. 2099 &c., ed. G. Collar, B.A.  
 Caxton's Dictes and Sayengis of Philosophers, 1477, with Lord Tollemache's MS. version, ed. S. I. Butler, Esq.  
 Caxton's Book of the Ordre of Chyualry, collated with Loutfut's Scotch copy. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Lydgate's Court of Sapience, edited by Dr. Borsdorf.  
 Lydgate's Lyfe of oure Lady, ed. by Prof. Georg Fiedler, Ph.D.  
 Lydgate's Dance of Death, edited by Miss Florence Warren.  
 Lydgate's Life of St. Edmund, edited from the MSS. by Dr. Axel Erdmann.  
 Lydgate's Triumph Poems, edited by Dr. E. Sieper.  
 Lydgate's Minor Poems, edited by Dr. Otto Glauning.  
 Richard Coer de Lion, re-edited from Harl. MS. 4690, by Prof. Hausknecht, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Athelstan, re-edited by a pupil of the late Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Sir Degare, re-edited by Dr. Breul.  
 Mulcaster's Positions 1581. and Elementarie 1582, ed. Dr. Th. Klaehr, Dresden.  
 Walton's verse Boethius de Consolatione, edited by Mark H. Liddell, U.S.A.  
 The Gospel of Nichodemus, edited by Ernest Riedel.  
 Sir Landeval and Sir Launfal, edited by Dr. Zimmermann.  
 Rolland's Seven Sages, the Scottish version of 1560, edited by George F. Black.

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the ORIGINAL SERIES, and £1 1s. for the EXTRA SERIES, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, crossed 'Union Bank of London,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DAZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists; but Members can get back Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.

64159  
25-11-38



*Achilles prepares a Spear to attack Hector, who fights terribly.* 321

The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.]	10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,			
Off two thousand was hit the best,			
For it scholde not on him berst		10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,			
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;			
He thouth to sle Ector with-al—			to strike Hector with.
Alas the while! for he so schal!		10884	
<b>E</b> ctor rides & raykes a-boute,			Hector rides about, caring for nobody.
Off no man hadde he no doute,			
Off no mannes wyde he no thowte			

Though the Editor hoped to have issued his Notes and Glossary with this Part II for 1903, his many duties have not allowed him to prepare them yet. They will therefore appear in Part III; and if the Introduction is not ready in time for that, it will form Part IV.—F. J. F., Jan. 22, 1904.

And quye began him for to chace.		10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myzt,			is attacked by Hector
That he defende him ne myzt,			
He zeld his swerd & his knyff			
And bad Ector saue his lyff.		10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,			and taken prisoner.
But he wolde him prisoner haue."	X j		



- Early English Confessionals, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache's MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.  
 Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.  
 Gilbert Banastre's Poems, and other Boccaccio engliashings, ed. by Prof. Dr. Max Förster.  
 Lanfranc's Chirurgie, ab. 1400 A.D., ed. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker, Part II.  
 William of Nassington's Mirror of Life, from Jn. of Waldby, edited by J. A. Herbert, M.A.  
 More Early English Wills from the Probate Registry at Somerset House. (*Editor wanted.*)  
 Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishops' Registers, &c., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.  
 Early Canterbury Wills, edited by William Cowper, B.A., and J. Meadows Cowper.  
 Early Norwich Wills, edited by Walter Rye and F. J. Furnivall.  
 The Cartularies of Oseney Abbey and Godstow Nunnery, englisht ab. 1450, ed. Rev. A. Clark, M.A.  
 Early Lyrical Poems from the Harl. MS. 2253, re-edited by Prof. Hall Griffin, M.A.  
 Alliterative Prophecies, edited from the MSS. by Prof. Brandl, Ph. D.  
 Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.  
 Bird and Beast Poems, a collection from MSS., edited by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.  
 Seire Mori, &c., from the Lichfield MS. 16, ed. Mrs. L. Grindon, LL.A., and Miss Florence Gilbert.  
 Nicholas Trivet's French Chronicle, from Sir A. Aeland-Hood's unique MS., ed. by Miss Mary Bateson.  
 Early English Homilies in Harl. 2276 &c., c. 1400, ed. J. Friedländer.  
 Extracts from the Registers of Boughton, ed. Hy. Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Diary of Prior Moore of Worcester, A.D. 1518-35, from the unique MS., ed. Henry Littlehales, Esq.  
 The Pere Caitif, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.  
 Thomas Berkley's englisht Vegetius on the Art of War, MS. 30 Magd. Coll. Oxf., ed. L. C. Wharton, M.A.

---

#### EXTRA SERIES

- Richard Coeur de Lion, re-edited from Harl. MS. 4690, by Prof. Hausknecht, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Athelstan, re-edited by a pupil of the late Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.  
 The Romance of Sir Degare, re-edited by Dr. Brel.  
 Mulcaster's Positions 1581, and Elementarie 1582, ed. Dr. Th. Klachr, Dresden.  
 Walton's verse Boethius de Consolatione, edited by Mark H. Liddell, U.S.A.  
 The Gospel of Nichodemus, edited by Ernest Riedel.  
 Sir Landeval and Sir Launfal, edited by Dr. Zimmermann.  
 Rolland's Seven Sages, the Scottish version of 1560, edited by George F. Black.

---

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the ORIGINAL SERIES, and £1 1s. for the EXTRA SERIES, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, crost 'Union Bank of London,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists; but Members can get back-Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.

64159  
25-11-38



The spere was tow & long,	[lf. 161.]	10877	Achilles pre- pares a spear
Gret, & styff, & wonder strong,			
Off two thousand was hit the best,			
For it scholde not on him berst		10880	
By no manere In his strikyng,			
Hit was a spere at his lykyng;			
He thouthe to sle Ector with-al—			to strike
Alas the while! for he so schal!		10884	Hector with.
<b>E</b> ctor rides & raykes a-boute,			Hector rides
Off no man hadde he no doute,			about, caring
Off no mannes pride he ne thouzte,			for nobody.
Off no mannes leuyng told he nouzt,		10888	
To kyng ne knyzt zaff he no tent;			
That gode body ther-fore was schent,			
He fauzt euere-more In one,			
He leues stondyng be-fore him none,		10892	
He is to hem an euel gest,			
He fightes euere <i>with</i> -outen rest:			He fights with-
He sclow two thousand, er he be-lan;			out pause, and
Thei seyde he was non erthely man.		10896	slays 2,000 Greeks.
¶ Ther was a duk of gret astate,			A noble Greek
Azeyn Ector held debate,			duke coming
Among Troiens faste he skayred,			against him,
And hurt him sore, & euel hem payed.		10900	who has hurt many Trojans,
Ector loked toward that duke			
And saw his men of him rebuke,			
He hied him thedur with mychel hast,			
And quyk be-gan him for to cast:		10904	
¶ Ector him droff so with his myzt,			is attacked by
That he defende him ne myzt,			Hector
He zeld his swerd & his knyff			
And bad Ector saue his lyff.		10908	
And Ector sayde: "he wolde him saue,			and taken
But he wolde him prisoner haue."			prisoner.



¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Ectorem.*

Hector is  
about to take  
his prisoner  
out of the  
press :

¶ Ector was thanne faste a-boute [lf. 161, bk.] 10911  
Off that *prece* to haue him oute<sup>1</sup> ; 10912

his sword in  
its sheath,  
his shield on  
his back, he  
does not take  
notice of any-  
thing else.

But men stode so on euery a side,  
That he myȝt not out with him ride :  
To haue him out was he not ethe,  
He put his swerd In his schethe, 10916

Achilles keeps  
aside,

He kest his scheld on his bak,  
To saue the kyng fro alle his pak ;  
To other ȝaf he nō tent,  
But he were with-oute, as he hadde ment. 10920

and seeing  
that Hector  
has neither  
spear nor  
sword at hand,

**A**Chilles held him euere a-rome,  
And saw that Ector ȝaff no gome  
To no man thenne but for to bryng  
Out of that *prece* that riche kyng : 10924

He hadde that tyme no spere In hand  
Ther-with to dere no man lyuand,  
His swerd was put In his skauberke,  
He was al bare but his hauberke 10928  
On his brest & his stomak,  
His scheld was casten on his bak.

he takes his  
spear, steals  
unawares  
upon Hector,  
and runs him  
through the  
body.

¶ Achilles ther-to toke good hede  
And thoght, "but he that tyme spede, 10932

That he scholde neuere to dethe him do,  
But he myȝt that tyme come ther-to."  
He stroke his stede & helde him faste,  
And to[k] his spere that wel wolde laste, 10936

And rod to him, er he were war,  
And thorow the bodi he him bar :

¶ Thorow the bodi he him thrist,  
Er he were war & er he wyst ; 10940

He bar him down vpon the grounde  
Fro his hors with dethes wounde.

**O**Demōn saw Ector was dede,  
He saw his blod aboute sprede ; 10944

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sute*.



*Achilles is wounded by Odemon. Hector's Corpse is brought to Troy.* 323

The deth of him sore he rewed.	[lf. 162.]	10945	Odemon, on seeing Hector dead,
Whan that he saw he not remeued,			
Whan he saw him ligge so In pees,			
He stale be-hynde Achilles		10948	strikes Achilles down with an axe.
And smot him with a pollax sore,			
That of his hors he fel thore :			
He fel ouer his sadel bowe			
And lay In swoun a long throwe.		10952	Achilles swoons.
And Odemoun flees a-weyward faste,			Odemon flees.
Many a dart thei afftir him caste ;			
To the Troyens he gan him spede,			
That was his best, for he hadde nede.		10956	
¶ Thei toke Achilles of that throng,			Achilles is brought to his tent.
That he died not here hors a-mong,			
And layde him soffte vpon his scheld			
And lad him hom to his teld ;		10960	
And he myzt nother ride ne go,			
So was he sore smyten tho.			
And thei of Troye Ector out drow			The corpse of Hector is
For drede of hors, with sorwe y-now,		10964	taken to Troy.
And lad him hom to his paleis.			
And thus died Ector—as Dares sais.			
¶ That batayle that day thus gan to ende,			Both the armies retire.
Bothe the ostes hamward gan wende :		10968	
Thei of Grece with Achilles,			
Ioyful and glad for his res ;			
And thei of Troie with Ector the gode,			
Al ded In his owne blode.		10972	
<b>L</b> Ord, the Ioye that Gregeis made !			The Greeks rejoice,
Thai ete & drank & made him glade			
With pipes & daunces & Iolyfte ;			
Gret Ioye it was her murthe to se.		10976	
Achilles thei dede alle glade,			and try to gladden Achilles.
Mechel murthe thei him made,	X [ij]		

324 *The Wounds of Achilles are dressed. The Poet's Complaint.*

Good physicians and surgeons take care of Achilles's wounds,

And dight him gode fisiciens, [lf. 162, bk.] 10979  
 With leche-crafft thes surgiens; 10980  
 Alle the helpe that thei myght  
 Thei it dede be day & nyght.  
 And thonked here godis In that place  
 That hadde sent hem som grace, 10984  
 To scle him that hadde hem most anoyed  
 And her Gregeis so foule distroied.

Hector is now dead!  
 The poet's complaint on Hector's death.

**N**OW is he ded, that gode knyzt,  
 That no man myzt with-stande In fight! 10988  
 Now is scla[n] that gode body  
 That men tolde so moche by!  
 That was so moche with alle men dred,  
 Now liggis he ded and for-bled! 10992  
 In Troie was neuere so gode knyzt born,  
 As thei of Troie hadde than for-lorn!  
 A better knyzt of chiualrie  
 Was neuere born In Asye! 10996  
 Ne neuere was, ne neuere schal be  
 A better knyzt In armes than was he!

Death is addressed by the poet.  
 Nobody can withstand him.

¶ A dethe! that thow art quaynt!  
 Thi myght may no man speke ne playnt! 11000  
 So doughti a knyzt was neuere none  
 In erthe made of flesch ne bone,  
 That euere myght stonde of the a brayde,  
 Whan thow thi hand on him has layde. 11004  
 Thow art scharp as any bristeles,—  
 Wo is him that with the wrasteles!  
 For sicurly he goth the with,  
 Or thow him brekes lym or lyth, 11008  
 That he may not a-zeyn vp-rise  
 For myzt ne strengthe In no wyse;  
 For he schal dye In this world,—  
 So did this knyzt, that 3e haue herd. 11012



¶ *Lamentacio Troianorum pro morte Ectoris.*

- |  |            |       |                 |
|--|------------|-------|-----------------|
| Be he neuere so strong ne bold,              | [lf. 163.] | 11013 |                 |
| He is for-ȝeten & nouȝt of told,             |            |       | Everybody       |
| When he is ded & hennes past ;               |            |       | will be for-    |
| In erthe is none that euere may last.        |            | 11016 | gotten, when    |
| <b>E</b> ctor is ded & brouȝt to Troye,      |            |       | he is dead.     |
| With sore wepyng & no Ioye                   |            |       | Hector is       |
| Eche man ouer other cryed ;                  |            |       | brought to      |
| Wiff and man to hem thei hyed,               |            | 11020 | Troy.           |
| To wete what sorwe was.                      |            |       | All come ask-   |
| Euery man thanne cried ' alas ! '            |            |       | ing ' what is   |
| Alle come thedir, ȝong and old,              |            |       | the matter ? '  |
| That ded bodi to be-hold :                   |            | 11024 |                 |
| Ouer-al then <sup>1</sup> myȝt men here      |            |       | The Trojans     |
| An <sup>2</sup> hidous noyse, a delful bere, |            |       | make a fear-    |
| That ther was made of man & wyff,            |            |       | ful noise, when |
| Whan thei saw him with-outen lyff.           |            | 11028 | they see Hec-   |
| ¶ Ther was many ' weylaway, '                |            |       | tor dead.       |
| ' Harrow, ' ' alas, ' and ' out ay '—        |            |       |                 |
| " That euere were thei of moder born !       |            |       |                 |
| For now schal thei be schent & lorn,         |            | 11032 |                 |
| Sithe he was ded that hem Alle sauēd."       |            |       |                 |
| Thei ferde alle as thei hadde rauēd          |            |       |                 |
| For dele that thei a-boute him made,         |            |       |                 |
| Thei wepe alle and were fade :               |            | 11036 | All weep and    |
| Ther was wryngynge of handes,                |            |       | wring their     |
| When thei herde of that tythandes,           |            |       | hands, when     |
| For thei sette nouȝt by here lyues.          |            |       | they hear the   |
| ¶ The sorwe was gret among wyues,            |            | 11040 | sad news.       |
| The maydenes wepe with reuful teres,         |            |       |                 |
| Thei rent here clothes and tar her heres ;   |            |       |                 |
| The burgeis & the Citeseyns,                 |            |       |                 |
| The gentil men of riche Troiens,             |            | 11044 |                 |
| Thei wepe wel sore & gredde,                 |            |       |                 |
| Many dayes suche lyff ledde.                 |            |       |                 |

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And*.

	The kynges rente here clothes & tare, [lf. 163, bk.]	11047
	And cracched her hedes naked & bare;	11048
All the kings and ladies bewail Hector.	¶ Alle the kynges that ther ware, And alle the ladies lasse & mare That were of Troye <sup>1</sup> with-Inne the toun, In here Manere made processiou And brouzt him to the kynges halle And leyde him on a clothe of palle With careful herte & sore wepynge.	11052
When Priamus gets sight of his son's corpse,	Ther was sone a delful metyng Be-twene the fader and the sone, Whan he was brouzte to Ileone; The fader fel the sone vpon, And almost wod gan he gon.	11056 11060
he nearly goes mad,	<b>W</b> hen Priamus saw Ector was ded And be-spred with blod so red, His visage was blak & wan, Suche a sorwe toke he him than That he lese al his myzt & fors And fel on swoun opon the' cors: And lay ther ded al In a swow, Til men him fro the bodi drow; And nade thei him drawen a-way, He hadde mad ther his endyng-day.	11064 11068
and swoons away.		
Nobody can tell the grief of Hector's brothers and sisters,	¶ Lord! what sorwe [made] Troyle his brother, Dephebus, & alle these other, And his sistur Cassandur, And his <sup>2</sup> brother Alysandur! Sicurly thei hadde suche care, That thei wolde that thei dede ware. What may I say thanne by the quene, And by his suster Pollexene? By Andromede, that frely fode, Whan sche saw ded Ector the gode	11072 11076 11080
and of his wife,		

<sup>1</sup> MS. of Troye of Troie.

<sup>2</sup> MS. And of his.



That was hir lord & hir husband,	[lf. 164.]	11081	
The dughtiest knyȝt that lyued In land ?			
No man myȝt that sorwe telle,			Nobody can describe
Ther-a-boute wol I not dwelle ;		11084	Andromede's sorrow.
But sicurly with-uten doute			
It were longe to be ther-a-boute :			
Ther was neuere erthely creature			
That myȝt more sorwe endure,		11088	
For sche hadde as moche wo			
And peynes stronge In herte tho,			
As herte may thenke & tonge speke,			
And hit made nere hir herte breke.		11092	
<b>N</b> OW is he ded—as I tolde ;—			
Men myȝt not longe his bodi holde			They were not able to keep
A-boue erthe with-oute sauour,			Hector's body long above
Thoow he were man of gret honour.		11096	earth,
For ȝe wot wele—as alle men fynde,—			
Hit is thing a-ȝeysn man kynde			as is man's fate.
A man to holde saue & sound,			
When he is ded & a-boue ground.		11100	
But not-for-thi kyng Priamus			So Priamus
[Thought] “ wher <sup>1</sup> hit myght wele be thus,			
Where he myght saue Ector his sone			
Vngraueu with-oute corrupcion.”		11104	
¶ He sente afftir with reuerence			asks his wise men
The maystres of alle the science,			
And alle that couthe of barberie			
Or knew vertu of spicerie ;		11108	
Afttir alle the grametenes,			
Dioletikes and Astronomeynes ;			
And asked hem wel curtesly :			
“ Whether thei were alle so sly		11112	whether they can keep
To saue Ector with-oute poudre,			Hector's corpse without cor-
With-oute sauour or foule odoure,			ruption.

X iiij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Wher*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt Ectorem quando mortuus fuerat.*

That he were not grauen In the molde." [lf. 164, bk.] III15

Thei seyde "thei hoped that thei scholde." III16

Thei told a-monges hem consayle,

How thei myȝt best this entayle.

The wise men  
ask where  
the corpse is  
to be buried.  
'In Apollo's  
temple,' says  
Priamus.

Thei Asked him "where he scholde ligge ?

Where thei scholde his beryng bigge ?" III20

¶ He says "he scholde ligge y-wys

In the temple of Appolynys."

The maystres thanne In-myddis the quere,

Ryght be-fore the hey autere, III24

They build a  
golden taber-  
nacle before  
the high altar  
in the temple  
of Apollo.

A tabernacle ther thei wrouȝte,

A craftly werk, when it was brouȝte

Til ende and to perfeccioun.

Clene it was al enviroun, III28

¶ Ther werk was al of gold pure,

Ther thei made his sepulture.

Hector's corpse  
is set up,

But he was mad, he schold not greue a grot,

He was mad so he myȝt not rot, III32

Thei held him hole & alle entere

In his colour fair & clere,

as if it were  
still alive ;

As he hadde ben a lyues man.

Thei were wise that suche skyl can, III36

A dede body that so gan dyght.

As he lyued—til alle mennes sight—

In hide, In hew, In flesch, In fel

so that Hector  
sits there  
'without  
smell.'

Sat Ector ther with-oute smel, III40

As I schal say ȝow blyue—

But I schal furst the werk discryue.

**T**Hese Maystres and these riche clerkes

That witti were of crafty werkes, III44

That this thyng schold vndirtake

And that craft-werk to make,

Measure is  
taken for the  
tomb

Off brede [&] lengthe toke thei met,

Or it were raysed or vp-set, III48



Thei set it alle In foure pilers	[lf. 165]	11149	The tabernacle is set on four golden pillars,
Off pure gold at foure corneres,			
The pilers alle of red gold			
From a-boue to the mold ;		11152	
On eche a pilere stod an ymage			on which golden images of angels stand.
With louely chere & fair visage,			
With fair semblaunt & louely eyen,			
That alle were wroght of gold fyne,		11156	
As euerychon hadde ben an aungel bryzt			
Lokande faire on euery a wyght.			
¶ And certes so was alle the rove			The roof is of gold, too,
Off massi gold alle a-bove ;		11160	
And it was fair a-boute entent			and set with precious stones of all kinds ;
With precious stones verament,			
Hit stode ful of precious stones			
That were ther set for the nones ;		11164	
Alle manere stones that euere men knew,			
That were of force or any vertu,			
On that roff aboue were set,—			
Were thei neuere so fer y-fet :		11168	
<b>T</b> Her were stones of alle kynde,			
Grene, rede, blewe, and Inde ;			
Ther stood many a riche ston			
That as bryzt a-boute hem schon,		11172	they shine as bright as the sun.
As doth In somer the sonne bem ;			
A man may se to sowe a sem			
¶ In the furthest of the chirche			
A-boute mydnyght that thanne wold wirche.		11176	
Al was wrought of balewerie			
Opon the erthe al vpon hye,			
And men clombe op on greces smale			Crystal steps lead up to the tomb.
That were wroght of clene cristale.		11180	
The maystres that were wise & slye			
Thei sette an y-mage al vp on <sup>1</sup> hye			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *vpon*.

¶ *Qualiter faciunt*<sup>1</sup> *tabernaculum* Ectoris.

Above the  
tabernacle  
they put a  
statue of Hec-  
tor threaten-  
ing the Greeks  
with his sword.

Off gold fair, of his gretnesse, [lf. 165, bk.] 11183

Off his entayl and his liknesse, 11184

With Ector sword y-drawe In hande

The Gregeis alle manassande.

The ymage was maked at de-vyce :

To hem of Grece he turned his vyce 11188

As he hadde stonden hem threand

With wrothely loke & fair semblaunt.

Many pin-  
nacles are set  
on the taber-  
nacle,

¶ Many a proude pight pynacle

Stode a-boute that tabernacle; 11192

And many craft[1]y coruen croket<sup>2</sup>

Off massi gold that were y-bet

Were grauen ther with leues diuerse :

Al can I not reherse,— 11196

representing  
all sorts of  
leaves of trees,

But ther was corue & semeli schorn

The leues of Oke & of hawethorn,

The louely leues of the vyne,

And many then I can not devyne : 11200

and grapes,

¶ The vyne-braunche with alle here grapes,

And many other skynnes Iapes,

Many a pomel wel enbosed,

Hit was wroght & wel engrosed 11204

and flowers, in  
relief.

With floures & leues wel en-leued.

Now haue I<sup>3</sup> this werk discreued,

Off that tabernacle that riche bothe;

Now I shall  
tell of the  
embalment :

Now wol I telle þow al the sothe, 11208

How it was dight wel & fair,

That he myght neuere rote ne pair :

**W**hen thei haue maked this al,—

This Tabernacle that was rial,— 11212

On the dais  
they set a  
golden chair,  
and in it the  
corpse of  
Hector.

Off gold made thei a riche cheyere

And sette it In that faire celere,

The tabernacle stode hit y-myd,

And gode Ector ther-In thei did. 11216

<sup>1</sup> MS. *faciunt*, the stroke over the *u* is erased.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *I. In.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *croked.*



Ector sat vpon that dese [lf. 166.] 11217

As he hadde lyued—with-oute les,—

He sat pertly bolde vp-right

As man that hadde ben In his myght ; 11220

So priueli was he ther tyed,

That he toward no syde wryed.

He hadde vpon him his garnement

That he In erthe on lyue [In] went, 11224

In his owne clothes was he clad—

For Priamus the kyng so bad.

**B**Vt herkenes now her ordinaunce :

What was the Maystres puryaunce, 11228

What was her sleight and her cure,

That thei<sup>1</sup> him saued with-oute blemure

Off flesch or bon, of hyde or hewe,

But held him euere y-liche newe ? 11232

Thei made an hole In his haterel

& set<sup>2</sup> ther-In a fair vessel

That was ful of riche bayme,—

The some ther-of can I not avme ;— 11236

And other thyng ther was with melled,

That was noble & wel smelled.

Hit ran so down to his foreheued,

That no colour him was by-reued ; 11240

For thanne ran it down to his eyen

And saued the liddis and [the] brien<sup>3</sup>,

And so be-gan him for to lese

Vnto his thrillis of his nese ; 11244

And afftirward faste it sekes,

Til it come down to his chekes,

And kepes his gomes & rennes so lite<sup>4</sup>,

And his tethe makes faire & white, 11248

And al the face with the her

Was hole and sound, whil he sette ther.

Hector is tied to the chair so invisibly, that he seems to be alive.

Hearken now, how the 'masters' manage while embalming the dead body.

They put a vessel with ointment into his neck,

and make it drop over and through the head,—

to the nose,

and the cheeks, and

the gums, and the teeth.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei thei*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *F set*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *vrien*, distinctly.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *solite*.

	That licour ran so to his hals,	[lf. 166, bk.]	11251
	To his scholdres and his brest als;		11252
	¶ Ther is no Ioynt aboute his tharmes,		
The arms	It rennes so down by his Armes,		
	And by his hond it so down wendes,		
and fingers are preserved, too,	Til it come at his ffyngur endes.		11256
	And gret ffusoun ther down rides		
	Ful wonderly by bothe his sydes,		
	So ffaste that licour downward droppes,		
	That no thyng his rennyng stoppes,		11260
and the thighs, knees,	Til it were comen In-to his theis		
	And so 3ede down In-to his kneis;		
	So it ran wonder schete,		
and feet.	Til it come down to his fete.		11264
Another oint- ment is put to the feet, and spreads up- ward,	¶ Another vessel thenne ther stode,		
	Ful of baume ffresche <sup>1</sup> & gode,		
	And kest vpward his gode reles		
	And keped him so In flesche & gres.		11268
	That on 3ede vp, that other down,		
	Fro his fiete to the croun;		
	When it aboue with that was met,		
	Bothe his feet ther-Inne was set.		11272
Thus the corpse is kept 'without savour.'	Thei 3aff In him suche odour,		
	That he was saff with-oute sauour:		
	Thus thei him made with here myzt		
	And keped him bothe day & nyzt.		11276
Then they arrange four mortars with ever-burning fires.	<b>W</b> hen this werk was thus be-went,		
	Thei made foure morteres pat euere brent;		
	Thei brenned nyght, thei brenned day,		
	With-uten sese thei brenned ay.		11280
	Thei were alle mad of gold schire,		
	On hem stode euere a flaume of fire,		
	That neyther water of broke ne of bek		
	Ne nothyng In erthe thei myzt slek.		11284

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ffresche*.



- Thei made afftir a parclos [lf. 167.] 11285 Through an open gate in the enclosure everybody can see Hector.
- That al a-boute that fair werk gos,  
With Gemewes folden on euery a side  
That bothe myzt spere and open wyde, 11288  
That Ector schewed & seen myzt be  
To euery man that him wolde se.
- N** Ow of Ector lete we be,  
And of Achilles speke we! 11292  
Off that strong knyght—as I sayde,  
How Gregeis In his bed him layde;  
His woundes greues him so sore,  
That al his myzt hath he for-lore; 11296  
He may wel euel ete or drynke,  
Off merthe ne play may he non thinke.
- ¶ His grete woundes him greues sore,  
That he dredde to lyue no more. 11300  
The leches him comfortes wonder wele  
And leues that he lyue schele,  
And makes him couere more & more  
And by her power heled his sore, 11304  
So that he may somdel ete  
And haue sauour vnto his mete.
- A** Gamenon the Emperour  
Sendes Messanger & corour, 11308  
That thei scholde bidde the kynges alle  
To<sup>1</sup> speke with him In his halle,  
And alle the lordes grete & smale  
To holde a counsel generale. 11312
- ¶ The Messangeres also swythe  
Thei fond the lordes glad and blithe  
Off Ector and his myschaunce,—  
Thei were so fayn of his lyueraunce,— 11316  
The Messageres bad alle & some:  
“To Agamenon thei scholde come;

Achilles lies in his tent, sorely wounded.

The physicians cure him, make him recover, and heal his wounds.

Agamemnon calls the Grecian kings and dukes to a council.

They are glad of Hector's mischance.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And*.

¶ *Hic Greci tenuerunt consilium.*

Schold non be-leue that corovne beres, [lf. 167, bk.] 11319  
 Ne sercle of gold that on hede weres, 11320  
 That thei ne schul come to his hale,  
 Kyng & duk and Amerale."

Agamemnon  
 welcomes the  
 Greek lords.

**A** Gamenoun ful hendeli  
 Kepis hem alle ful curtaysli, 11324  
 And did hem sitte more and lesse,  
 Euerychon afftir his state[l]i[ne]sse.

He addresses  
 them:

Agamenoun the Emperour  
 Spake to him with honour, 11328  
 He sette his speche fair & hende

'We ought to  
 thank our  
 gods for our  
 victory, and  
 for Hector's  
 death:

And seyde: 'lordynges, my dere frende,  
 Wel auzt vs to glorifie  
 Oure goddis that zeuen vs the Maystrie 11332  
 Off oure enemy that we haue sclayn;  
 Ther-of we ben alle fayn

without it we  
 should never  
 have attained  
 our end.

And gret worschepe & honour do,  
 For elles hadde we neuere comen ther-to, 11336

¶ Whil he hadde leued, to oure purpos.

But now may we wel suppos,  
 Sithen he is ded that hem defende,  
 That thei haue alle theire endyng ende, 11340

Since Hector  
 is dead, who  
 defended  
 them, we shall  
 be able to take  
 the Trojans'  
 city very soon.

And we schal lordis & maystres be  
 Off here godis & here Cite.

For whil he leued, myzt we not spede,  
 So was he douzti In his dede; 11344

Vs myzt no grace for him by-falle,

For he on vndid vs alle.

¶ We hadde no let but him alone,  
 But now is he ded & from vs gone, 11348

We schal that Cite lyghtly wyne

And alle that ben hit with-Inne;

For thei are now of no power

To kepe hem fro oure daunger, 11352



Sithen he is ded & fro hem went	[lf. 168.]	11353	
That vs al day so foule schent.			
It is to vs wel more a-vauntage			It is more ad-
That he is ded & loken In cage,		11356	vantage to us
Then we hadde sclayn In fight felle			that Hector is
Halff the men that with him dwelle.			dead, than if
¶ For he sclow mo him-selff alone			we had slain
Then alle that other did euerychone,		11360	half the Tro-
And we ben now—I vnderstande—			jans;
Mo then sixti <sup>1</sup> hundred thousande			for he alone
Off Mennes bodies gode and able,			slew more of us
That ben a-pert and defendable.		11364	than all the
<b>T</b> He dedis of Ector ben wide y-kyd,			others did.
That thei may not wel be hid :			
How fele kynges sclow he of oure			How many
With his myȝt & his vigoure!		11368	kings and
How he sclow In his reuery			dukes did Hec-
The douȝti kyng Prothesaly!			tor slay?
¶ Patroclus also, Achilles cosyn,			He slew
In his strengthe sclow he him!		11372	Protheselaus,
¶ How sclow he In his gret Ire			Patroclus,
Kyng Mennon, that lordly sire!			
We were echon of him a-dred.			Mennon,
How sclow he the gode kyng Ced!		11376	
So did he kyng Polenete.			Ced(ius),
He fond no man that to him was mete.			Polynetes,
He sclow also kyng Alphynor,			
And so he did kyng Prouenor		11380	Alpenor,
That was a kyng of gret genterie,			Procenor,
Off douȝtines and chivalrie.			
¶ How sclow he with his force			
The myghti kyng of douȝti Corce!		11384	the King of
He died with dynt : so he gart			Corce,
The noble kyng Piloȝenart.			Pilogenart,

<sup>1</sup> *ti* over the line, inserted by another hand.

336 *Agamemnon enumerates more Victims of Hector's Sword.*

Yside,	¶ He sclow also the kyng Yside.	[lf. 168, bk.]	11387
	No man durst him a-byde.		11388
	He did also to dethe sone		
Letabone,	The douȝti kyng Letabone.		
Humere,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Humere ?		
	I wist neuere man that was his pere.		11392
Archilogus,	¶ He sclow oure kyng Archilogus,		
Episcropus,	And the kyng also Episcropus ;		
Archomene,	And so he did kyng Archomene,		
Palymene,	And the hardy kyng Palymene.		11396
Antipe,	Ne sclow he not the kyng Antipe ?		
Sanxipe,	And so he did kyng Sanxipe.		
	¶ He did vs moche sorwe and tene :		
Philoxene,	He sclow the gode kyng Philoxene ;		11400
	He smot to dethe vndir his fete		
Polibete,	The noble kyng Polibete,		
Phiebete,	Kyng Phiebete, and kyng Leankes,		
Leankes,	Alle he sclow oure gret vnthankes,		11404
	He smot her bodyes euen In-two ;		
	So did he other mo also.		
	We auȝt wele his bodi wary !		
Fume, Dary,	¶ He sclow kyng Fume & kyng Dary,		11408
and many others.	And Many duk and Amerelles ;		
	He sclow oure lordes & robbed oure halles,		
	And bar a-wey coffre & chest.		
Blest be he who slew Hec- tor ! Now he is dead,	He that him sclow mot be blest !		11412
	For now—I hope—he is ded		
	That did vs schame and qued,		
	That oure men so foule sclow,		
we can master all the others.	And we hem alle schal Maystre now		11416
	With-Inne a while at oure wille.		
Hearken to my plan !	But herkenes now ! this is my skylle :		
	¶ Thoow it be so that he be slayn,		
	Hap of ffyght is no certayn ;		
		<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">No ma<sup>1</sup></div>	11420

<sup>1</sup> n is struck out after *ma*.



- ¶ No man wot how it schal schape, [lf. 169.] 11421 Nobody knows  
 Who schal dye & who schal skape. the future.  
 Wherfore I say : sithe it so is  
 That by Achilles douȝtines 11424 So, as by  
 We are now brouȝt to oure aboue, Achilles we are  
 Me thinke it were to oure behoue "brought to  
 That we In feld fight no more, our above,"  
 Vn-til Achilles heled wore ; 11428 I think we  
 For we ar noght alle sure & sekir should not be-  
 With-oute him to wynne this bekir. gin fighting  
 With-oute him & his pouste again till  
 In certayn hope we may not be Achilles is  
 To haue of hem the victorie, healed,  
 Thoow thei for Ector be sorie. 11432
- ¶ Wherfore this is my menyng :  
 That it were good, at my wetyng, 11436  
 That we sende by kyng or knyȝt  
 To Priamus, to aske respit,  
 That we .viij. wekes the pees may haunte,  
 If thei the trewes so longe wol graunte, 11440 and we  
 And the dedes were enseled. should ask  
 By than may Achilles be heled, Priamus for a  
 And we may make oure-self clene truce of eight  
 Off sore woundes that doth vs tene.' weeks.' 11444
- W**Hen Agamenoun thus hadde sayd,  
 The lordis were alle wel a-payd :  
 Thei held his conseyl good & lele,  
 To haue the pees til he hadde hele ; 11448 All the lords  
 Thei held it alle wel y-do, agree and  
 Thei graunted echon his conseyl to ; assent to  
 This lordes alle ȝaue ther assent Agamemnon's  
 To his counseyl & Iugement : 11452 advice.  
 That with-oute him and his absence  
 Wold thei not fight in ther presence. yj

338 *Greek Messengers ask for and get a Truce of two Months from Priamus.*

¶ *Hic Greci pecierunt pacem Troianorum*<sup>1</sup> *per .viij. septimanas.*

The messengers prepare for their ride to Troy.	¶ The messageres were rapely dyght [lf. 169, bk.] Opon her erande to wende right, Thei busked hem & maked zare Opon her erande for to fare : Riche robes on hem are done, Thei toke her hors & zede sone— As kynges gode, kene, and wraske— The treus of hem of Troye to aske.	11455 11456    11460
They are let into that city, and tell Priamus	¶ When thei were comen to her Cite, In forme of pes thei asked entre ; Thei fond no man that hem werned. To Priamus told thei that erand :	11464
that they want a respite of two months,	“Two Monthes to haue [respit] ent[e]re <sup>2</sup> — For thei were comen as Messangere— Pees & trues, that thei myzt reste ; For thei ther-of hadde gret breste, For thei myzt not the stenche sustayn Off dede bodies that were ther slayn ;	11468    11472
to burn their dead, Priamus,	Thei wolde haue space ther bodyes brenne.” Priamus the treus graunt thenne By assent of his consayl ;	
not wishing to have a battle so soon after his son's death, grants the truce.	Thei hadde no wil to haue batayl So sone afftir his sones ded ; For he was heuyer then the led, For Ector was so slayn him fro, That he sayde not to hem ones ‘no.’	11476    11480
The messengers return very glad,	<b>T</b> Hese Messageres haue sone y-sped, Off no man <sup>3</sup> ar thei now a-dred ; Thei ride hamward muri siggande <sup>4</sup> And tolde her men of this tydande : “How thei haue graunted thair grithe To be In pes two monethe.”	11484
and all the Greeks are joyful.	Thei were alle glad of her sawes, Thei zaff hem alle to gamen & playes.	11488

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troian*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. . . . to haue entre; entre from l. 11464.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *noman*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *siggande*.



¶ **Hic Palamides Rex iratus fuit cum Imperatore**<sup>1</sup>.

Saue the kyng Palamides—

[lf. 170.] 11489

Only Palamydes complains of Agamemnon, of whom he is envious, and says he is not worthy.

He was neuere no tyme In pes,

He playned him of his Emperour

That was her alther gouernour,

11492

And seyde: "he was not worthi

To haue of hem suche seruageri;

Ther were other better then he

To haue forsothe that dignite."

11496

¶ Vpon a day it so befel:

Agamenoun—the sothe to tel—

Agamemnon convokes a council of war.

Hadde sent afftir the lordes alle

"Thei scholde come In-to his halle";

11500

And as thei sete at most spekyng

"How thei scholde to ende bryng

Ther purpos & her gode espleyt,"

They deliberate how to bring their purpose to an end.

Palamides be-thougt him streyt

11504

To put him out of his office:

Palamydes tries to oust Agamemnon from his post.

And ther-of did he as the vn-wyse.

¶ Hit was a3eyn his genterie

To haue to him so foule envye

11508

With-oute disert<sup>2</sup> or any mysdede;

But not-for-thi so longe he 3ede:

At the laste was he remeued,

And another mad & newed.

11512

**P**Alamydes as he sat there,

Palamydes scolds Agamemnon,

Off his spekyng coude blynne neuere,

To Agamenoun offte he flote

And made to him wordes hote;

11516

He seyde: "it was a-3eyn resoun

That he hadde ben alle sesoun

So longe vudir his gouernayle;

Ther were other that coude more a-vayle

11520

And were more profitable,

and says it is against reason to have always the same Emperor; there are others fitter for the place.

For he was not—he sayde—able

y ij

<sup>1</sup> The sign in blue, the words in red.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *dishert*.

340 *Agamemnon answers that he has been chosen by general Assent.*

	Suche a state to reioye."	[lf. 170, bk.]	11523
	Agamenoun sat wel stille & coye,		11524
	When he hadde sayd his gret gole;		
Agamemnon full soberly answers Palamydes :	Agamenoun ful entempre		
	Answered him soburly,—		
	For he was euere wis & sly,—		11528
	¶ He seyde : ' Palamides,		
' I wonder why you can't cease your scolding.	I haue gret wondir thow can not sese		
	Off thi wordes & thi carpyng,		
	Whan we be thus In oure gaderyng.		11532
	Hopes thow, sire, I haue desire		
	To be ouer ȝow other lord or sire ?		
I don't desire to be your leader,	Nay certes, I desire it not !		
	Ne neuere with word ther-fore be-souȝt		11536
	To kyng ne knyȝt, sir, by my thrift !—		
	Ne neuere ther-fore ȝit ȝaff ȝift.		
for I had nothing but troubles from this post ;	¶ For I hadde neuere vauntage ther-In,		
	But gret trauayle & mychel vn-wyn,		11540
	And of my body mychel vnrest		
	To ordayne ȝow wel, & kest		
	That alle thes folk were saueli led,		
	And how we myȝt sonnest be sped.		11544
but I was chosen by general assent two years before you met us at Athens.	I was chosen by comune assent,		
	By playn counseyl In parlement		
	Off alle the lordes that ther were,		
	Saue ȝe alone that was not there.		11548
	¶ We hadde ben ȝit In Athenes,		
	Hadde we not a-biden the, Palamydes ;		
	For we dwelled ther two ȝer and more,		
	Or thow to vs comen wore.		11552
	I hadde ther-fore not thin acord,		
	When I was chosen ȝoure Aleres lord ;		
	For thow was not tho present,		
	But aftir longe fro vs absent.		11556



- ¶ But, Palamydes, thow myzt not say [lf. 171.] 11557 You can't say that anything has gone wrong through mis-leading.
- That euere fel vs by nyzt or day  
—I thanked it god—oure spedying  
By myn vn-wit or mysledying; 11560  
And also I am redi now & ay,  
For-whi it be,—3ow to pay—  
Off myn office to be deposed,  
For I wold not 3e supposed 11564  
No pride In me—nother sibbe ne frende,—  
I wold fayn of this office wende.  
And chese another—where 3e lyke—  
To haue my state—by heuene ryke!— 11568  
And I wol be vndir his byddying  
As other kynges of this gaderyng.'
- T**Hese lordes were alle gretly dered,  
Ther was non that answered;  
But bad hem: "be In pees bothe,  
For thei wold not that thei were wrothe";  
Thei bad hem alle: "thei scholde not greue,"  
And ros vp alle and toke here leue; 11576  
Thei wente alle hamward <sup>1</sup> sone,  
Off that was ther no more to done.  
But sone a3eyn euen-tyde  
Agamenoun wold not abyde, 11580  
¶ Thorow alle that ost he did him crye:  
"That eche a man,—bothe lowe and hye,  
Kyng & duk and amerale,  
And alle the lordes gret & smale, 11584  
And alle that hadde tent or teld,  
Or any that was knyzt of any scheld,—  
Schuld be at morwe next folwande,—  
When it was day, the sonne schynande,— 11588  
At Agamenoun riche tent  
To holde a solenne parlement,

But I'm quite ready to go;

and then you can choose another commander.'

All the lords are angry,

and bid the disputants be at peace.

They go to their tents.

But in the evening Agamemnon summons them

to another meeting next morning.

y iij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hamward*.

- Off certayn thynges to entrete; [lf. 171, bk.] 11591  
 And that thei scholde on no wise lete, 11592  
 For thei most nede hit alle I-here—  
 Kyng, duk, & bachelere,  
 And that were of that ost  
 Bothe the leste & the most." 11596
- Next morning  
 the Greek  
 lords meet  
 in Agamem-  
 non's tent.
- T**He day is comen, the nyght is gon;  
 The lordes aysen euerychon,  
 To Agamenoun Ar thei went,  
 To wete whi he afftir hem sent. 11600  
 When thei were comen & set doun alle  
 By Agamenoun In his halle,
- He says:  
 ' As Palamydes  
 is angry with  
 my leadership,
- ¶ Agamenoun to hem sayde  
 " Off Palamydes and his vpbrayde, 11604  
 That be-gan so vpon him playne  
 That he was made her souerayne,"—  
 ' And is ful wroth with my persone
- and my royal  
 election,
- And for my rial eleccione, 11608  
 And says " that I can not 3ow lede."  
 That dignite ther-fore I bede  
 To him or other, whan 3e wol chese,  
 For I wol fayn this honour lese. 11612
- I bid you  
 choose him or  
 any other;  
 I'll gladly give  
 up this honour.
- ¶ And not-for-thi, my bretheren<sup>1</sup> dere,  
 Kynges & dukes that now be here,—  
 Sithen we come fro Athenes,  
 That 3e 3oure souerayne ther me ches, 11616  
 And come thenne hidur In bote & barge,  
 Haue I among 3ow born charge  
 Off alle oure ost & oure meygne  
 In mechel thoght—and that wot 3e. 11620
- I have borne  
 this charge all  
 the time since  
 you chose me  
 at Athens,
- ¶ Gret besynes of 3oure kepyng  
 Hath refft me many nyzt slepyng,  
 To saue this ost fro perelle,  
 That scathe ne harm to 3ow non felle. 11624
- and it cost me  
 many nights'  
 sleep.

<sup>1</sup> Altered from *brotheren*.



¶ *Hic Agamenoun mutatur de officio suo. & Palamides electus  
est ad officium Imperatoris.*

- And yet haue þe so wele be kept, [lf. 172.] 11625 And yet you  
Whether that þe woke or slept, have been well  
That we ar comen to oure aboute ; kept during  
my leadership.
- ¶ Suche a chaunce is fallen to oure byhoue 11628
- Vndir me & my ledyng.  
But I wol, som other kyng,  
Duk, prince, whether thei wil,  
Haue now the charge—& that is skyl : 11632 But I will now  
For I haue nede to be In pes. resign it. May  
I wol therfore this state reles some one else  
And be with other an vndirlyng, bear this  
To haue my reste and my likyng.' 11636 charge !'
- A**lle that were there In the halle,  
Kynges & dukes and Ameralle, 11640 The kings  
Drow hem out vpon a rowe retire from the  
By-side the tent vnder the wowe, tent  
To take her avisement : 11644
- Thei haue alle þeuen here Iugement,  
That thei wole him remewe  
And haue another of hem newe. 11648 and resolve to  
remove  
Agamemnon,  
and appoint  
Palamydes.
- ¶ The Iugement is þeuen & taken :  
Agamenoun is for-saken,  
He is put out of his office ;  
Palamydes is chosen y-wys 11648
- To be here alther emperour  
And here alther comaundour.
- ¶ This conseil is fully ent,  
And euery lord is home went 11652 The parlia-  
ment ends ;  
To here tentis & pauplounes. the lords go  
home.
- Her-of spake the Murmidones  
And told this tydynges to Achilles  
Off that newe lord Palamydes : 11656 The Myr-  
midons tell  
Achilles of  
Palamydes's  
election.
- "How he was chosen here alther lord  
By the lordis comune acorde."

344 *Achilles is angry at the Change in Leadership, but assents.*

When Achilles hears of this, he is very angry,	When Achilles herde this tydandis, [lf. 172, bk.] Out of his bed sclong he his handes, As he that was euel payde Off these tythandis that him were sayde; His woundes bledde for-sothe & brake. With so gret herte Achilles spak To alle that stode aboute his bed,	11659 11660     11664
and says :	And seyde : "that this was euel y-red To make among hem suche a chaunge"— 'Now hope I that alle thei caunge ! ¶ For of vs alle—so mot I the !—	11668
'None was so wise as Agamemnon.	Was ther non so wys as he, Ne non that coude so lede oure ost With witt and skylle, with-outen bost. But I wol not be occasioun To vndo þoure eleccioun ; Sithe he is chosen, I holde it gode.' And her eleccioun thus so stode, And he belefft here Emperour As he was chosen with honour.	11672      11676
Thus Pala- mydes is Emperor. When the truce is ended,	<b>T</b> He two Monthes are past, Bothe the parties dight hem fast, Bothe the Troyens and the Grues ; Her day is comen out of her trues. Kyng Priamus wolde be venged fayn His sones deth that was sclayn, He seide : "he wolde him go To fight that day to venge his fo."	11680
Priamus—to avenge Hector's death—	¶ His batayles alle him-self ordeynes, With his right hond he hem ensaynes And ȝeuet hem leue forth to wende ; He prayes hem alle to venge her frende, Her Prince that was & gouernour, That som tyme was ther sauour.	11684   11688  11692
arranges the Trojan forces, and blesses them.		



¶ *Hic Incipit bellum.*

Twenti thousandis knyztis fre	[lf. 173.]	11693	20,000 knights are in Pri- amus's battalion.
In his batayle than hadde he,			
I dar right wel & boldely say			
That ȝede to fyzt with him that day		11696	
An hundrid & fyffti thousand			
Off myghti men on hors ridand.			
<b>D</b> Ephebus ferst with his batayle			The first Trojan leaders are: Dephebus,
ȝede the Grekys <sup>1</sup> for to Assayle;		11700	Paris and the king of Persia,
Afftir him ȝede thanne Paris,			
With the kyng of Perce y-wys,			
And alle his men that he loued wele—			
With-uten Iren, with-uten stele,—		11704	
Bowes & arwes the Persays hadde,			(the Persians have bows and arrows,)
Thei wente forth sore a-dradde.			Priamus,
Priamus lad him-selff the thridde			
With xx <sup>ti</sup> thousand knyztis him amydde;		11708	
He bad Eueas scholde lede the fourthe			Eneas,
And leue him not for gode In erthe.			
¶ The fyffthe lad kyng Mennon;			Mennon,
And thus were thei In-sunder gon.		11712	
The sixte lad Polidomas.			Polidomas, and others.
And other lordes, as her wille was,			
Ladd all that other, as he hem bad.			
Thei rode forth with semblaunt sad		11716	
To hem of Grece that thei aȝeyn stand			They meet the Greeks,
Al redy dight with spere In hand			
That thanne abode and here comyng:			
Hit was gret at her metyng.		11720	
¶ Euerychon of hem on other renne,			
Thei ferde as it had ben wod menne,			
Thei thrilled scheldes & speres brast,			A fierce battle follows.
Some were slayn, & som down cast		11724	
Opon the grounde & lay flat,			
Thei ȝaff be-twene hem many a sqwat.			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *grekys* on erasure, by another hand.

*Hic Priamus. Rex. et Palamides pugnauerunt r̃f.*

Priamus gets  
sight of the  
new Greek  
Emperor Pala-  
mydes, meets  
him, and cuts  
him down.

**P**riamus saw Palamydes [lf. 173, bk.] 11727  
The Gregeis to her newe lord ches; 11728  
He rod to him with mychel strengthe

And bare him ouer his speres lengthe :

So Priamus bar Palamydes

And bad him reste ther In pes.

11731

Among Gregeis stroke he his stede,

The strongest of hem to grounde ȝede

That he mette with In his gret Ire.

The Gregeis alle be-gan to spire

11736

What he was that him so bare,

Among hem alle that made suche fare :

¶ He sclow hem so & bare hem down,

He wan that day ful gret renoun ;

11740

Moche prise & mochel los

Wan he that day among his fos.

He fights with  
all.

To eche a man his scheld he bedis,

Alle men spake ther of his dedis :

11744

He bare him so at that semble

That alle the los of that iourne<sup>1</sup>

He is the best  
of all in battle  
this day,

Be-lefft with him of more [&] lesse,

Off his gode dedis and his prowessse.

11748

for Achilles  
may not yet  
fight and must  
be at home.

For Achilles myȝt not ȝit ride,

Therfore at home he most abide ;

But hadde he ben ther with-oute drede,

He wolde haue tauȝt him for to rede

11752

And to synge a sori sang,

Hadde he ben hem among.

Dephebus and  
the other  
Trojans slay  
many Greeks  
too.

¶ Dephebus folwes his fader,

He sclow down Gregeis al to-gader ;

11756

And then come Paris with his bowes

And castes men down and ouer-throwes,

With hem of Perce and her Turkes,

And schot Arwes among the Grues.

11760

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ione*.

- But thanne come thedir sikerly [lf. 174.] 11761 Neoptolomus  
The stalwortheſt man of Grece party,  
¶ Neoptolamus was his name ;  
Kyng Sarpedoun thoght he to lame : 11764 attacks  
He 3aff him certes ſuche a dynt Sarpedon, and  
That Sarpedoun his ſtiropes tynt, bears him  
He made him backward ſo ſtoupe down.  
That he fel ouer his hors croupe. 11768  
But Sarpedoun was not ſore hurt,  
But haſtly vpward ſtirt,  
As wroghe<sup>1</sup> as he myzt be,  
And ſmot the kyng vpon the ye, 11772 and cleaves  
¶ That he cleue his naſe In two peſe. Neoptolomus's  
Then come thedur many of Grece noſe.  
And leyde on him on euery a ſide ; Then many  
He moſt nede on fote abyde, 11776 Greeks aſſail  
For he myzt not his hors come to him,  
For no thyng that he myzt do, ſo that he  
He was for-ſothe In gret perel, cannot get to  
For ffele Gregeis opon him ffele. 11780 his horſe.  
The kyng of Perſe, when he was war The king of  
How Sarpedoun on fote fau3t thar, Perſia reſcues  
And thei of Grece ſtode enviroun,— Sarpedon's  
With alle his men come he thanne doun, horſe from the  
And Sarpedoun his hors did take Greeks.  
For al that euere thei coude make. 11784  
¶ And that ſaw duk Athenes,  
And the noble kny3t Menescenes, 11788 Menescene  
He bad his men him folwe than,  
An hard werre he ther by-gan.  
Menelaus als aboute his hals  
Keſt his ſcheld and 3ede doun als, 11792 and Menelaus  
And bad that al his retenaunce join the  
Schold him ſewe with ſpere & launce. battle.

<sup>1</sup> The e on erasure.



348 *The Trojans are driven back, but Priamus slays many Greeks.*

	Euery a burne him busked ȝare	[lf. 174, bk.]	11795
	To that assaut for to fare,		11796
	To that torpel <sup>1</sup> come alle that route		
	And be-kest that place aboute :		
Menescene and Menelaus slay the king of Persia, and drive his men back ;	¶ The kyng of Perce stode & fauȝt, Thei slow him certes at that assaut, And al his men on bak thei schoff, And with force aȝeyn hem droff.		11800
and though Sarpedon withstands them,	But Sarpedoun hem with-stode The proude Gregeis with hardi mode,		11804
	¶ Him was ful loth thenne to fle, Gret meruayle that tyme did he. But thei of Grece were so assamed, That thei of Troie no-thing gamed :		11808
his men are driven back too,	Wolde or nolde, on bak thei ȝede, For sikerli thei most nede.		
Priamus	<b>B</b> Vt Priamus, that kyng of age, As wood was as a best sauage :		11812
	When his men hadde lorn that place, The swot brast out at his face ; He rod thedur with-oute dwellyng, Ther was noyse & gret ȝellyng.		11816
	¶ Priamus rod to and fro, He thoght on hem to venge his wo ; Off slaȝter certis neuere he blynnes, He cleues hem down by the chynnes.		11820
rides to the battle-field	But the Gregeis euere stille stode And fauȝt aȝeyn as thei were wode, Many of Troie that tyme thei perced, And many man to grounde reuersed.		11824
and slays many Greeks.	¶ The Gregeis then aboute be-held, Ther thei fauȝt In the feld ; Thei saw hem fro the toun proloigned, And thei with hem so foule regroyned.		11828
But the Greeks hold their own.			

<sup>1</sup> MS. *terpel*.

¶ **Magnum Bellum.**

Thei toke conseil hem be-twene,	[lf. 175.]	11829	The Greeks deliberate how to betray the Trojans.
How thei myȝt hem traye and tene;			
Thei were be-thoght of sleght & art,			
Thei seyde: "thei wolde here folk depart		11832	
Be-twene the toun & hem to wende,			They try to cut them off from the city;
And so schold thei hem sonest schende."			
Thei rode ouer dale and doune			
To go be-twene hem & the toun.		11836	
¶ But Priamus fful wel perceued			but Priamus
How thei wolde haue him disceyued,			
With his men scely he turned			
And that way ful sone he werned.		11840	turns with his men and bars the Greeks' way.
With-uten dwellyng or any abode			
With his folk he thedur rode,			
Ther thei wolde haue had entre			
Be-twene hem & her Cite.		11844	
He brouȝt with him gret multitude			
And laide vpon him strokes vnrude;			
He droff hem doun a-ȝeyns her wille,			
Maugre her tethe be-twene the hille.		11848	He drives them back against their will.
¶ Gret defence the kyng made hath,			
Thei toke not of him that path;			
The Gregeis wolde the pase haue had.			
The Troiens lente hem strokes sad,		11852	They fight fiercely.
The Gregeis laid on faste ynow,			
Many of Troye ther thei sclow.			
A thousand were with blode be-ronnen,			
For thei that pase wolde haue wonnen;		11856	
Thei defende & thei assayle,			
Ther was be-twene hem a strong batayle.			
<b>B</b> Vt Paris com thanne on trauerse			Paris arrives with his men and the Persians.
With men of Armes and hem of Perse,		11860	
He come thedur with his buschement,			
With bolde bowes redy bent <sup>1</sup> :			

<sup>1</sup> Some indistinct scribblings at the foot of the page.

350 *A great Battle, only ended by Night. The King of Persia's Death.*

	They come sidelynge & ouer-twert, [lf. 175, bk.]	11863
	The Gregeis so foule ofte thei hert.	11864
Menelaus joins the Greeks.	But then come thedur Menelaus, With alle his folk he come thus :	
A great battle,	Gret was the sauȝt ther was be-gunnen, But tho thei lakked lyght of sonne.	11868
	Many dede bodies lay ther on grounde And lite went ther hole & sounde ;	
	¶ For hadde thei had lyght of sonne, The Gregeis the pase thenne had wonne.	11872
which is only ended by night.	But thei departed for faute of lyght And riden home with al her myght ; The Troiens riden to the toun, And the Gregeis to ther paულoun.	11876
The Trojans bewail the death of the king of Persia.	<b>T</b> He Troiens now her sorwe reherse For the kynges deth of Perse : Ther was non that longed to Troie, Kyng ne knyȝt, sqwyer ne boye,	11880
	That thei [ne] made gret del & sorwe Bothe an euen and on morwe.	
Specially does Paris mourn, who had loved him much.	Was non that made such wayment As did Paris verament :	11884
	He sorwed day & also nyght, For he him loued with al his myght.	
Paris counsels the embalming of the king's corpse, and sending it to Persia	¶ This was ther-fore Paris rede : " To boyle him and put him In lede, And lede him hom to his contre With taper & torche & gret rialte, With gret plente of fele candeles ; That he myght haue his burieles	11888
for burial.	And ligge among his antecessoures, The riche kynges, his predecessoures, And be ther grauen honorably By-fore his sones that dwelles ther-by,	11892
		11896



¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem ad inuicem per magnum tempus.*

In his londis that kynges schal be [lf. 176.] 11897  
Afftir him In gret pouste."

**N**ight is comen, & day is gon, Night comes ;  
The[i] gon to bedde & slepen euerychon. 11900 all go to bed.

On morwe when it was day lyght, Next morning

The sonne was resen & schon bryght,

Kyng Priamus sente doun his sonde

To alle the Gregeis liggand on the stronde, 11904  
To Aske the trues—as Dares sais—  
A certeyn tyme to ben In pais. Priamus sends  
to the Greeks  
and demands  
a truce, as  
Dares says ;

But it is In his bokes wane

How longe the trues were tane ; but neither  
Dares nor  
Dites say  
for how long  
a time. 11908

How long that thei schold holde,

Dites ne Dares non ther tolde.

But thei haue graunt & surte founden <sup>1</sup>, The truce is  
granted. 11912

Many a rop was thanne vn-wounden,

Many a cope & many an hode

That were praysed worthe mechel gode,

Off gold, of silk, and som of say,

For then was Ector put a-way, 11916

That thei scholde holde riche festis—  
As I fynde In here gestes. As Hector is  
dead, the  
Greeks will  
hold rich  
festivals.

**N**ow Ector Menyng-day schal be holden : The funeral of  
Hector is being  
prepared ; 11920

In Troye bene robis riche vnfolden

That were layd vp be-fore the dayes,

With silke y-filed and riche arais,

And other newe lordis did make

For honour of that festis sake. 11924

Thorow the toun was hit done cry :

"That riche & poure, lowe & hy,

That eueze longed In-to Troye,

Off ffyftene dayes schuld make no ioye, 11928

But lyue In wepyng & gret sorwe

The .xv. dayes euen & morwe, it is to last  
fifteen days.

<sup>1</sup> This line on erasure, but by the same hand.

352 *Greeks and Trojans visit each other. Achilles goes to see Hector's Corpse.*

With-oute karole, with-oute daunce, [lf. 176, bk.] 11931  
In gode Ector remembraunce." 11932

¶ In his remembraunce & his mynde  
Ther was that heuynesse—as I fynde—  
Off Priamus and of riche kynges  
And of other grete lordynges;— 11936

After the  
fifteen days of  
woe, they are to  
dance and  
make merry.

"And whan the ffyftene dayes of wo  
Were fulfilled and a-go,  
Thei scholde make rialte,  
Mechel daunce & mechel gle." 11940

During the  
respice, the  
Trojans and  
Greeks visit  
each other.

**T**He while the festes thus endured,  
And eueryche were to other ensured,  
Thei of Troye hadde here comyng  
To hem of Grece & here spekyng; 11944  
And Gregeis come In-to the touz  
And where thei wolde vp & doun,  
Saue & sound where so hem liked;  
Thei fond no man that hem be-swiked. 11948

Achilles,  
who wants to  
see the Trojans'  
festival and  
how they live,

¶ Achilles wolde that tyme gange  
To se her festes and here sange,  
He thought algates he wolde se  
In Troye gret solennite. 11952  
Here contenaunce & here porture,  
Here myght, here sorwe, & here voysure,  
Here doying of there chere deuout,  
And how thei did Ector about. 11956

goes to the  
temple of  
Apollo, where  
the corpse of  
Hector lies in  
state.

¶ Achilles made him redi swithe,  
In-to the touz wente he blyue,  
And to the temple Apolynys  
ȝede he to se, what Ioye & blis 11960  
Aboute Ector Troyens made:  
He fond ther non that was glade,  
But makyng dele & gret wepyng;  
Be-fore Ector saw he sittyng

{Ectuba} 11964

- ¶ Ectuba, the semely quene, [lf. 177.] 11965 Hectuba, Pollexena, and other ladies are there, bewailing Hector's death;
- And hir douȝter Pollexene ;
- And fele ladies of gret genterie
- Here ther In that companye. 11968
- Thair heer faire a-boute hem spred,
- On eyther halff hit was fair sched,
- Hit hinged down by-nethe her pappes,
- By-nethe here mydeles, by-nethe here lappes. 11972
- ¶ Thei made gret del & sykyng,
- Thei were echon In euel lykyng,
- Mechel del & mechel mone
- A-boute Ector made thei echone. 11976
- Ector ȝit sat als entere
- And so fair In his solere,
- As he was furst ther ordeyned ;
- The baume so his body susteyned 11980
- Fro al appayryng & alle sauour,
- And ffro chaungyng of his colour.
- T**He tabernacle on eche a syde
- Was vn-done and opened wyde, 11984
- That eche man, bothe ȝong & old,
- On eche a syde Ector behold.
- ¶ Achilles loked on that werk faste ;
- As he his eyen aboute him caste,
- So was he war of Pollexene
- Faste sittynge by the quene,
- He loked vpon the damysele
- And saw the teres fro hir fele. 11992
- But thoow that lady fair & swete
- Wonder sore & hertly grete,
- ¶ Not-for-thi for alle hir payne
- Sche wex nother pale ne wayne, 11996
- Sche lost not of her fayrnesse,
- Off hir beaute ne hir swetnesse.



	¶ <b>Hic Achilles Amat Pollexenam Filiam Regis Troiani<sup>1</sup>,</b>	
All the woo cannot deprive her of her beauty.	Al hir wo ne al hir pyne	[lf. 177, bk.] 11999
	Made hir not hur fayrnes tyne,	12000
	The teres that so fro hur ran	
	Made hir nother blo ne wan ;	
	Hit for-did no-thing hir sight,	
	Hir eyen were euere clere and bryght,	12004
	For alle here wepyng were thei not dym,	
	Ne sche not apayred In neuere <sup>2</sup> a lym.	
Nobody can describe her loveliness.	Ther is no man that is on lyne,	
	Hir fairnesse that myght discryue—	12008
	For siker sche was as fair a woman	
	As man scholde sette his eyen vpan.	
Achilles con- stantly gazes on her ; he never saw such a fair woman ;	<b>A</b> Chilles loked euere In on ;	
	So ffair a thyng as sche was on	12012
	Saw he neuere In al his lyne—	
	Widwe, ne mayden, ne non wyue.	
	As he loked In hir vysage,	
	His herte torned & his corage,	12016
he falls in love with her,	Him hadde leuere than any thyng	
	He hadde ben siker of that swetyng :	
	Alle his herte and his delite	
	Was to haue of hure a sight,	12020
and looks on her as if he were mad.	He loked on hir as he were mad.	
	The more loking to hir he had,	
The more he looks, the more he grows in love with her :	¶ His long loking hir louely sight	
	Be-rafft him clene of his myght ;	12024
	But he myght not his loking leue,	
	That thocht myght no man him byreue :	
he looks on her till night.	He loked to hir the while he myght,	
	Til the day was gon, & hit was nyght.	12028
	Off alle thinges that euere was wroght	
	Was non so mochel In his thocht ;	
	Him thocht it ȝede thorow his hert,	
	So sore sche made him ake and smert.	12032

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troiaid*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *neuere y*.

- W**hen it was nyzt, the quene vp ros, [lf. 178.] 12033  
 And Pollexene home with here gos;  
 Achilles loked aftir that wenche  
 With more longyng than man may theuche, 12036  
 Til sche out of the temple was went.  
 Achilles In hir loue then brent;  
 And this was al the bygynnyng  
 Off his sekenes and his lyggyng, 12040  
 That he aftir In his bed lay  
 For loue & longyng of that may.  
 ¶ When he myght hir no lenger se,  
 His herte for sorwe brast on thre, 12044  
 He turned him hom to his tent  
 And In his bed as-tite he went.  
 That nyght for-sothe litel he seleped,  
 He turned him offte & sore weped; 12048  
 Hir loue hade wounded him so depe,  
 That he myght not that nyght slepe.  
 He saw hir loue on him was gret,  
 Al his body brast on swete, 12052  
 He tholed for hir gret penaunce,  
 He waried thanne that foule myschaunce:  
 ¶ ‘Alas,’ seide he, ‘that I was born!  
 That I am now thus foule lorn 12056  
 Thorow a mayden that is so tendre,  
 With-oute myzt, feble, & sklendre.  
 And he that was so mychel of myght,  
 The strengest that was In any fyght, 12060  
 Ector of Troye, that doughti man,  
 That price & honour of alle men wan,—  
 That alle the men that stalworthe wore  
 He ouercome with strokes sore, 12064  
 Alle that were styff & strong  
 That doughti knyzt to dethe throng; 2 ij

When Pollexena leaves the temple in the evening, Achilles, enamoured, looks after her.

He returns to his tent, and goes to bed; but for love he cannot sleep.

‘Alas!’ says he, ‘that I am vanquished by a frail maiden!’

And though Hector, who was the strongest of all men,

and overcame all knights,

¶ *Lamentacio amoris Achillis.*

	I knewe neuere non that hadde that myght,— [lf. 178, bk.]	
	That was so strong ne douȝti <sup>1</sup> wyght,—	12068
	Aȝeyn him that myȝt stonde,	
	Whil he leued In this londe——	
could not van- quish me,	And ȝit he with alle his fforce	
	Ne myȝt ouercome my carful corse !	12072
yet now I'm thus overcome by a frail woman !	And now am I thus ouercomen, That al my myght is fro me nomen	
	¶ Thorow a mayden feble & frele !	
How shall I be healed ?	How schal I come to my hele ?	12076
	Ho schal do me any medecyn ?	
She hates me for her brother whom I slew.	Sche hatis me & al my kyn For hir brother that I slow ;	
	I may not keuere,—I wot neuere how ?	12080
I can't draw her heart to me !	For I may not vnto me drawe Her hert for-sothe for loue ne awe !	
I cannot en- treat her for her love ;	Ne with prayeres may I not spede ; I may not to <sup>2</sup> hir my loue bede,	12084
	¶ I may not so of loue hir pray, I may not so that lady assay.	
nor can my riches tempt her, for she is richer than I am ;	Ne my richesse ne my gret giffe May not hir hert to me lyfte,	12088
	For sche is richer for-sothe then I ; I wot neuere how to come hir by ?	
nor can I win her by my strength.	Ne—I wote wele—I may not spede Thorow my strengthe & my kynrede,	12092
Moreover, she is gentler than I am.	¶ For thoow my kyn be gentil & gode, Sche is comen of genteler blode Then I or any of my lynage.	
How shall I manage it ?	How schal I my sorwe aswage, When I no wise, no way can fynde By strengthe, richesse, ne by kynde, Ne with prayers hir loue to wynne ?	12096
My woe is great !	The wo is gret that I am Inne	12100

<sup>1</sup> MS. *strong douȝti ne.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *so.*



¶ *Hic Achilles mandat nuncium ad Reginam.*

In gret wodnes am I now broght! [lf. 179.] 12101

Alas! how com I in-to this thoght!

I can not wete—so god me saue!—

How that I here loue schal haue? 12104

He leued that nyzt In that gret sorwe;

The sonne was risen faire at morwe,

A carful nyzt he thenne hadde lede,

Til he was risen vp of his bede. 12108

**A**T morwe whan he was rysen,

Off him selff was he a-grysen,

Off his sorwe so strong In myzt

That he hadde al that long nyzt. 12112

He called to him a siker man,

Al his consayl him telle bygan

And sayde: 'if thow wol trewe be,

Ful riche 3iftes 3eue I the; 12116

For-sothe schal I faile the neuere,

I schal the make riche for euere.

¶ Go to Hectuba, the quene,

And say: "I loue so Pollexene,

That I schal falle for-sothe In rage, 12120

But I haue hir In mariage."

Bid hir sicurly my werdes byleue,

And if sche wol me hir doghter 3eue 12124

To me hastly In wedlak,

That I schal remewe al this pak:

The Gregeis alle schal I make go

To the lond that I come fro. 12128

¶ Al this ost schal I remewe—

As I am a knyzt trewe!—

Kynges & dukes, lord & sires,—

To gret honour to hire & hires 12132

With couenaunt & condicioune,

Iff sche wol haue me to hir sone.

Alas, that I  
know not how  
to get her  
love!

When the sun  
rises, Achilles  
has had a  
sorrowful  
night.  
In the morning  
he is afraid of  
himself;

he sends a mes-  
senger to  
Hectuba

asking for Pol-  
lexena as his  
wife,

and pledging  
himself to  
make all the  
Greeks go  
home.

358 *Achilles's Messenger comes to Hectuba. She deliberates with Priamus.*

Moreover, Achilles engages that the Greeks will not take any revenge,	Ne thei schal neuere amendes make, [lf. 179, bk.] 12135 Harne ne schame ne slaunder take, 12136 For alle the harne & vylony, Slauzt of men, ne robry <sup>1</sup> To hem of Grece that thei haue done— By him that made sonne & mone!— 12140 Ne for the quene dame Eleyne rape— If my couenauzt wille skape,— But Paris schal hir stille holde Vnto his wyff, be he right bolde.' 12144
even for the rape of Eleyne.	
The messenger ¶ goes to meet Hectuba,	This man was trewe as any stele, He vndirstode his erand wele, He wiste wel what he scholde say : He hyed him faste vpon his way, 12148 As faste as he myzt gone ; To Hectuba he come anone, He tolde hir al his mayster thought, Word by word for-zate he noght. 12152
and tells her Achilles's mes- sage.	
She says	<b>H</b> ectuba, the quene of pris, Was ful witti & ful wis, Sche seyde to him as lufly hende : 'Abyde me here, my louely frende! 12156 This thyng may not be ent With-uten my lord kyng assent. I schal ther-fore vn-til him gange, Sicurly I dwelle not lange. 12160 What he wol say, I wol the telle ; Ful longe schal I not fro the dwelle.'
that she must first consult with her hus- band.	
Hectuba goes to Priamus, and tells him Achilles's offer.	¶ Vnto the kyng the quene hir hyed, To him this consayl sche discryed : 12164 'What Achilles to him bed, For-whi his doughter he most wed ; How he scholde alle the Gregeis gare In-to ther contre for to fare, 12168

<sup>1</sup> Some indistinct scribblings under *br*.

¶ *Hic Priamus miratus est.*

And remewe & leue the sege, [lf. 180.] 12169

And be-come his man lege,

And Elayn leue with Alysaundre

With-outen amendis, with-oute slaundre." 12172

**P** Ryamus chaunged al his blod,

When he al this vndirstod ;

Al his blod be-gan to colde,

When Hectuba thes wordes tolde ; 12176

In his herte ran many a thoght,

That he the quene hadde be-soght.

An hundrid sithe sore he siked,

When he thought how he be-swiked 12180

His sone Ector that he sclow ;

At his herte was care y-now,

He thoght on his deth so fast,

The water of his eyen out-brast. 12184

'Alas, the while!'—the kyng seyde tho—

'To graunte this thyng that me is wo !

How scholde I fynde In my wil

His askyng now to fulfil ? 12188

How scholde I loue In body or gost

Thing In erthe I hate most ?

That refft me al my worldis Ioye,

That slow my sone, Ector of Troye !— 12192

But for to eschewe al other perrel,

That more harm not to vs fel,

Azeyn this thyng may I not stryue ;

That I may haue myne other on lyue, 12196

Myne other sones to haue lyuand,

I graunt his bone myn vn-willand :

So that he do furst alle these thynges

That he sente hidur In tydynges, 12200

That we be [be-]trayed noght,

When we haue graunted al his thoght.'

Priamus is very much astonished at Hectuba's words.

He sighs very often, thinking of his son's murderer.

He weeps.  
'Alas !' says he, 'how can I grant this ?

How can I love him whom I hate most ?

But to prevent the death of my other sons,

I will grant Achilles's proposal, provided that he fulfils his promises in advance.'



¶ *Hic Priamus concedit Pollexenam Achilli.*

Hectuba re- turns to the messenger and tells him that Priamus, Paris,	Hectuba, worthi In wede, To the Messenger a-zeyn ȝede :	[lf. 180, bk.] 12203 12204
and herself agree to the proposal of Achilles.	'I haue'—sche seide—'thin erand sayd To Priamus, that wel is payd Off his askyng ; so is Paris : Bothe are thei payde of his y-wys.	12208
The messenger thanks her for the news,	¶ Schal do his wille, that schal he se ; So that no thyng be broght to ende, Or euere my doghter fro me wende.'	12212
returns, sing- ing, home,	The Messenger held vp his hondes And thonked hir of tho tythandes ; When he hadde graunt of his askyng, On his way ȝede he syngyng :	12216
and gladdens his lord Achilles with the good news.	He toke his leue, for he was blythe. Ham-ward wente he thanne swithe, He made his lord bothe blythe & glad, He tolde him what answer he had Off Priamus, and of Hectuba, And of Paris ; he seyde also :	12220
Never did a bird in sum- mer sing more merrily	"How thei hadde alle graunt his bone"— 'Alle thi wille for-sothe schal be done ; Iff ȝe wol do that ȝe haue hete, Al schal be done with-oute lete.'	12224
than Achilles rejoices now.	<b>I</b> N somer was neuere no nyghtyngale, The throstel ne no wodewale, The throche ne the lauerok, The papeiay ne the throstel-cok So mery syngand In thaire note, As he be-gan thanne to lote ; When that he was of here assured, Ne hadde not elles his wo endured.	12228 12232
He considers how best to carry out his promise.	But than be-gan he for to kest, How he myght do this thing best.	12236

¶ **Hic Achilles mandauit post Reges Grecorum.**

That he be-het to the quene [lf. 181.] 12237

For hir douȝter Pollexene

By his man, his Messenger ;

For hit was not In his power 12240

To remewe that company.

He thoght he hadde done foly,

That he hadde hight hem suche a thyng

That he myght not to ende bryng. 12244

¶ But not-for-thi, what vp so down,

He traist so mechel In his renoun,

In his grete dedes & his chyua[1]rie

That he hadde done be-fore here eye, 12248

That if<sup>1</sup> he lefte hem In that byker,

In his herte was he sekir

That thei scholde leue al her querel,

For drede of harm & perel 12252

That hem schulde falle In that stour,

Iff thei for-ȝede his socour.

**H** It was a day whil trewes last,

Achilles In his hert cast 12256

That he wolde make the lordes alle

That were of Grece come to his halle :

His Messenger anon he sende

To alle the lordes that were him hende, 12260

And bad hem come al at ones

To speke with him In his wones.

¶ Ther was no lord that with-stode,

That ne thei als sone to him ȝode. 12264

When thei were comen thedur euerychon,

Thei sat as stille as any ston ;

Achilles sayde : ' lordynges, my peres,

Herkenes now to me and heres, 12268

Why that I sende afftir ȝow

For thing that is for ȝowre prow.

Achilles  
thinks he was  
foolish to  
promise so  
much,  
but he still  
hopes that for  
his great deeds

the dukes will  
grant his re-  
quest,

as they cannot  
do without him  
in the war.

Achilles re-  
solves to  
summon the  
Greek lords to  
his tent.

He sends his  
messenger

to invite them.

All come,

and sit down.

Achilles ad-  
dresses them.

<sup>1</sup> *if* inserted over line.

Achilles says:	I haue meruayle what vs ayled	[lf. 181, bk.]	12271
	That we the kyng of Troye <sup>1</sup> assayled,		12272
	Whi that we this werre be-gan		
	For the loue of a womman?		
	We haue by-gonne folily this striff.		
" Was it not folly to begin a war for Menelaus's wife's sake?	¶ For Menelaus the kynges wiff.		12276
	¶ What deucl ayled us to leue oure londes		
	In other straunge mennes hondes?		
	As thoght we roght not of oure lyues <sup>2</sup>		
to leave our children and wives alone at home?	Off oure childryn & oure wyues		12280
	At home that we behynde vs lefte;		
	An aunter were we schal se hem effte.		
	And we ar here at gret dispence		
	To make of this werre defence;		12284
	Oure goodis fast begynnes to waste,		
	We may be beggeres alle In haste.		
and to expose ourselves here to hunger and wounds?	¶ We suffur wo of oure bodyes		
	As men—me thynke—that are vn-wyse;		12288
	We take here not but woundes		
	And ligge In dikes as dede houndes.		
	Ne here is non a-monges vs alle		
	That wot w[h]at wol him by-falle;		12292
	For the beste of vs echon		
	May haue harm, and thei non,		
	In woundes sore & gret brosurcs.		
A fool is he who relies upon his strength, for even I myself have to suffer much,	He is a fole that him ensures		12296
	In his strengthe & In his myght,		
	For I my-selff haue ben euel dyght:		
	¶ Many a wounde haue I here tholed,		
	My body hath ben y-holed.		12300
	Was I not hurt so sore now last		
	That I wende neuere to haue I-past?		
and was just now nearly given up by you.	I was for-sothe the deth so hende,		
	That non of 3ow my lyff ne wende.		12304

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troyl*, the *l* only badly altered to *e*.  
is following l. 12280.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. l. 12279



¶ *Hic consiluit eos ad reuertendum ad patriam.*

— —<sup>1</sup> With sorwe but ligge and dethe a-bide— [lf. 182.]

Off oure liggynge may not be-tyde 12306

But gret periles & drede of deth.

We take to vs an euel breth, 12308

¶ When we be-gonne furst this batayle,

And lefft oure contre euery dele,

And come her to gete batayle

On stronge men & hem assayle; 12312

So fele gode as we ther-by

Haue lorn of oures dispitously

That haue here ben a-mong vs slayn,

And al for the loue of dame Elayn! 12316

**B**y him that me to man has wrought!

We haue to dere hir lyff aboght,  
And many good men has sche mad sterue.

Another womman may we serue 12320

Menelaus for to haue

To his wyff,—so god me saue!—

That schal be genteler than was sche,

In many landes & many contre. 12324

¶ And we may remewe by skyl

With-oute blame, when so we wil;

For we haue take shenful vengauce

Off the wrong and of the greuauce, 12328

Off the schame & of the slaunder

That to vs did Alysaunder:

For we haue slayn the dou3tiest man

That lyued In erthe, sithen we be-gan— 12332

¶ Ector that we haue don to dede,

He was alther lord and hede,

He was alther mayntenour.

Off his dedis with gret honour 12336

Now haue we wonne suche worschepe,

That we may wel with-oute schenchipe.

We did  
wrong, when  
we exposed  
ourselves to  
death, leaving  
our country  
for Eleyne's  
sake.

We may pro-  
cure another  
wife for Mene-  
laus,

and return  
home with  
honour,

for we haue  
slain the  
maintainer of  
all our foes,  
Hector.

<sup>1</sup> No gap in MS., but the copyist seems to have dropt some lines.

¶ *Hic omnes Reges contradixerunt eum.*

We may now return home without shame;	And with-uten any schame,	[lf. 182, bk.]	12339
	With-oute reproues or any blame,		12340
	When so we wil, hamward wende To oure contre & oure frende.		
and I advise you to do so.'	And sicurly I rede also		
Thoas	With-oute dwellyng that we go.'		12344
and Menescene oppose him, and say :	<b>A</b> Non that riche kyng Thoas, That Achilles Cosyn was, And the duk Menescene		
'Achilles, we must not leave the siege	With-sayde him with mychel tene		12348
	And seyde : ' Achilles, wold neuere god That we scholde now for euene or od Leue the sege we haue by-gonnen,		
before we have won the town.	Er we this Cite hadde y-wonnen,		12352
	Sithen he is ded, roten & graven That the toun & hem did sauen !		
If we do so, the Trojans will think us cowards.'	Iff we leue it In suche a wyse, Hit scholde be holden for cowardise ;		12356
	Men wolde holde vs recreaunt. God for-bede we to this graunt !'		
Achilles gets angry	¶ Achilles was wonder wrothe ; Be-fore hem alle he made his othe :		12360
	"That he scholde neuere day ne nyzt Helpe hem more with his myzt ; He nolde no thyng do for hem alle For no thing that myzt be-falle !		12364
and orders his men not to help the Greeks any longer.	¶ But thei wolde saue thaire lyf or lym ; And as thei loued derly him, That thei scholde helpe no more Gregeis, But holde hem stille & be In pays,		12368
	And let hem do echon her best, For he & alle his wolde be In rest."		
	¶ And thus partid thei ful hirously, Thei hadde meruayle how-gatis & whi		12372

That he was broght In suche a wille; [lf. 183.] 12373

But thei sayde net, but helde hem stille.

**A**chilles was euel apayed  
That thei his wille so with-sayd, 12376

To helpe hem more has he not ment,

He sayde: "thei schal sore repent

That thei haue azeyn him spoken";

He thoght on hem wel be wroken, 12380

He wolde no more jiff tent to thaym

Thenne he hadde<sup>1</sup> neuere ben on of hem.

¶ In this tyme her mete hem fayles,

Thei haue gret faute of her vitayles: 12384

Hem<sup>2</sup> fayles fische, hem lakkes flesche,

Thei haue no corn for to thresche,

Thei haue but litel mete or drynke,

Ne other vitayles but litel thinke. 12388

¶ Palamydes, her Emperour,

Hadde ther-of gret hydour;

He toke consayl among his peres:

"Who scholde be here messageres 12392

To wende to feche hem drynk or mete,

That thei hadde somdel to ete,

That thei died not for defaute?

Vnnethe myzt thei for feble maute." 12396

¶ Kyng & duk & euery a lord

Were echon at his acord,

That Agamenon thei wolde charge

Therfore to wende with bote & barge, 12400

To brynge hem som refeccioun,

Corn, & wyn, & venysoun,

Mele, & salt, & other store,

And vitayle hem—as thei were ore— 12404

Vn-to the kyng sir Thelaphus,

For his land was plenteuous

Achilles is resolved not to help the Greeks any more.

Famine appears in the Greek camp.

Palamydes convokes a parliament.

They send Agamemnon to King Thelaphus for fresh victuals.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *halde*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Thei*.



	¶ <b>Hic Imperator misit Agamenon ad Thelaphum Regem.</b>	
	Off corn, of best, of alle manere goode [lf. 183, bk.]	12407
	That was to mannes note & foode.	12408
Agamemnon sails off with many ships;	<b>A</b> Gamenon with gode entent Did his Princes comaundement, With many schippes forth he ȝede;	
	Thei sayled forth with gode spede,	12412
the wind is good.	The wynde was good & eke schrille, Hit blew wel sone the lond vn-tille. When thei hadde the lond y-lauȝt,	
Thelaphus gives them all sorts of vic- tuals:	Her schippes were sone vitayled & frauȝt. ¶ Thelapus was of hem ful glad:	12416
meat,	What-so thei wolde of him thei had, He frauȝt he[r] schippes & here Coggis With salt beffe & fat hoggis,	12420
corn, and wine.	With many a bole & wilde bore, Vnto her schippes myȝt holde no more Off corn, of flour, & gentil wynes, Off seynt-pro-seynt, and maluesynes	12424
Agamemnon hies back;	As gode as come of grapes. Agamenoun faste him rapes With alle his schippis to take the se, For he was frauȝt as he wolde be;	12428
the wind is again good.	¶ The wynd was to hem good y-now, Thei turned ster, and sail vp drow, And sayled forth aft by the wynde— Some be-fore & some be-hynde—	12432
	With alle her schippes & dromondes To Troy aȝeyn to here bondes. With mychel Ioye were thei keped ther, Ful fayn the Gregais of hem were,	12436
They are re- ceived with much joy by the Greeks, who are very badly off from hunger.	For thei haue ben ful eucl at ese, For honger thei were ful mys-ese. Thei grond the corn as sone & boke; Tho myȝt thei speke & eke loke,	12440

When thei were sikur of gode vitayle. [lf. 184.] 12441

Palamydes lete reparayle

Alle the schippes that ther stode

With-Inne the hauen In the flode; 12444

He did hem alle ful wel amende,

When thei hadde nede efft to wende,

When thei of vitayles hadde nede<sup>1</sup>,

Off corn & wyn hem al to fede. 12448

**P**Alamydes arayes his naue,

Off vitayles haue thei plente;

The lowest of hem was fat & strong,

Thei ben echon bothe wilde & wlong. 12452

And day is went out of her trewes,

Michel bale among hem brewes;

Eche man lokes now al his gere,

That it be stiff & strong to were, 12456

That no thyng wante of hem ne fayle,

That thei may helpe with clowe or mayle.

¶ Thei are now redi In her armures

And heled aboute with couertoures 12460

Off siluer & gold, riche & dere,

Eche a man In his armure,

Thei of Troye & Grefounes.

But thei hadde the Murondones; 12464

But thei therfore leuen now In pes

With hem that tyme with Achilles.

Troiens thoght hem ded & foy,

Sithen thei hadde selayn Ector of Troy; 12468

But ȝit fond thei, when thei were met,

Off her purpos wo that hem let,

And did gret schame & vylony

To alle the grete company. 12472

**I**N fel[d] ben thei now prest & proude,

Thei blew her hornes schrille & loude,

Palamydes  
orders the  
ships to be  
repaired.

The Greeks  
have now  
victuals  
enough, so  
that the  
lowest man  
can appease  
his hunger.

After the end  
of the truce all  
prepare for a  
new battle.

Both the  
Greeks and  
the Trojans  
are now well  
armed.

Only the  
Myrmidons  
remain at  
home with  
Achilles,

who thus did  
his men much  
shame.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. l. 12447 is following l. 12448.

## ¶ Incipit Bellum.

They ride together.	The batayles faste to-gedir drow,	[lf. 184, bk.]	12475
	The baneres with the wynd blew.		12476
	These osten were bothe long & brod :		
A great battle follows : many fall.	When thei with spere to-gedir rod,		
	On ayther syde faste thei die ;		
	Her horses <sup>1</sup> snoure wel faste & nye,		12480
	On eche a syde thei strike & wynse.		
	Thei sclow ther many a prinse,		
	Many a gentil Erl & knyzt,		
	Kynges, dukes of mechel myzt.		12484
Dephebus, leader of the first Trojan battalion, meets the Greek King Croseus ;	¶ The furst batayle led Dephebus,		
	Azeyn him come kyng Croseus ;		
	The two men to-gedur samen—		
	Al on earnest & not on gamen—		12488
	Thei lete her brideles alle a-bandoun		
they break their spears,	And ran to-gedir with gret randoun,		
	That bothe her speres In-sunder brast.		
but Croseus is cast to the ground and dies.	But Croseus was to grounde cast,		12492
	That he myght neuere vp arise ;		
	He died anon In that ilke wyse.		
When the Greeks see Croseus dead,	¶ Ther was noyse and eke cry		
	Amonges the Gregeis witterly,		12496
	When thei saw him his lymes out-streke,		
	And that he myzt no more speke.		
they take re-venge for his death	Tho layd thei on as thei were wode :		
	Many walowed In his blode,		1250
	Thei sclow ther Troyens that it was wonder ;		
by slaying many hundred Trojans.	Ther was sclayn many an hunder		
	For the deth <sup>2</sup> of the riche kyng,		
	Many a Troyen toke ther his endyng.		12504
Palamydes and Diomedes with 20,000 knights join the battle.	<b>B</b> Vt then come thedir Palamydes,		
	Her Emperour, & Diamedes,		
	With twenti thousand gode knyztas		
	Armed wel at alle riztes.		
		{ Thelamaneus }	12508

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sorses*.<sup>2</sup> *deth* inserted by another hand over line.



¶ *Hic Palamides occidit Dephebum.*

Thelamaneus come with him <sup>1</sup> als,	[lf. 185.]	12509	Thelamonius arrives too ;
With his sword aboute his hals,			
With alle his men of gode assise			
Come he doun to that porprise.		12512	
Thelaman rode to sir Sisene,			he attacks
A noble knyzt, a good Troyene,			Sisene, a bas-
The kynges sone y-bore on bast :			tard son of
Thelamon rod to him In hast		12516	Priamus,
He smot him so—with-oute fable,—			and beats him
To fyght was he euere vn-able ;			down.
Afttirward In al his lyff			
Might sir Cisene neuere thriff.		12520	
¶ When Dephebus saw the wounde,			When Dephe-
And his brother falle to grounde,			bus sees his
Wel sore him greued In his red blod :			brother on the
He rod to Thelaman as he were wod,		12524	ground,
He smot him with so gret affray,			he attacks
He bar him fro his hors a-way ;			Thelamonius,
Wel sore he fel vpon the grounde			and unhorses
With a wide grysly wounde.		12528	and wounds
			him.
<b>P</b> Alamydes saw that he was doune <sup>2</sup> ,			Palamydes,
His feet hiere than his croune ;			on seeing this,
He swor he scholde that strok venge,			swears to take
Er that he went out of that renge.		12532	revenge.
He toke to him a stalworthe spere,			With a spear
To Dephebus he gan it bere ;			he attacks De-
To Iuste with him he him biddes,			phebus,
He bare him thorow the scheld ymyddes,		12536	and wounds
Thorow his plates In-to his brest ;			him severely
Opon the grounde ful stille he rest,			in the breast.
For In his body left the stompe,			
That he fel doun as it were a lompe.		12540	
¶ Sir Paris saw Dephebus falland,			Paris sees
For he was him nier-hand ;			Dephebus fall.
		¶ [j]	

<sup>1</sup> This word in the MS. is very indistinctly written, and looks more like *han* than *him*.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *done*, the *v* inserted by another hand.

370 *Dephebus bids Paris take Revenge. Paris returns to the Battle.*

	He weped for him with bothe his eye, [lf. 185, bk.]	12543
	He wiste wel he scholde deye :	12544
Paris drags Dephebus away,	He drow him fro <sup>1</sup> the horses fete With michel care & herte grete, He bare him ney vn-to the toun Liggande ther In a ded swoun ;	12548
and lays him under the walls of Troy.	Thei leyde him doun vnder the walles, And Paris fast opoun him <sup>2</sup> fallas :	
Dephebus then ¶ opens his eyes,	His eyen be-gan he than to open That were faste to-geder stoken,	12552
	He loked vp vpon Paris, He sayde : ' Paris, thow art not wys.'	
and addresses Paris : ' Why dost thou stand here ?	He seyde : ' Paris, my brother dere, Whi stondis thow by me here ?	12556
Wilt thou not avenge me ?	Wolde thow suffer me to tyne My lyff, Paris, my brother myne, Er I be venged on my bane ?	
The spear must not be taken from my breast before I hear that my bane is dead.	Out of my brest schal neuere be tane The spere, til I haue herd tythandes That he be ded of thy two handes. As I haue loued the, Paris, brother, In al my lyff be-fore alle other—	12560 12564
Go and kill him !'	Go aȝeyn & worche wisly, That he be ded rather than I !'	
Paris returns to the battle,	<b>P</b> aris sone did him to gone With carful herte & mochel mone, He hadde of him gret compassioun, That al-most he fel a-doun : In-to that fight ȝede he wepande, And lefft his brother ther lygande.	12568 12572
takes out his bow,	When he come ther, a bowe he hente That was strong & wel y-bente ;	
and considers how best to hit Palamydes.	He kest aboute In al his wit Where he myȝt that kyng best hit,	12576

<sup>1</sup> MS. *for*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *his*.

¶ **Hic Paris occidit Palamidem Imperatorem.**

- So that he myȝt him sone ſclo, [lf. 186.] 12577  
 That he on lyff went him not fro.  
 He ſoght afftir Palamydes, Paris looks for  
 Were he myȝt fynde him In that pres; 12580 Palamydes;  
 He was war, where he stode he ſees him  
 Fyghtand faſt as he were wode fighting with  
 A-ȝeyn the gode kyng Sarpedoun<sup>1</sup>, King Sarpe-  
 And he toke gode kepe ther-on. 12584 don.  
 ¶ Sarpedon hadde he aſſayled, Sarpedon is  
 That the blod fro him doun rayled; bleeding, but  
 But that kyng Palamydes Palamydes  
 Leſſt Sarpedoun not ſo In pes: 12588  
 Opon his hede ſmote he him ſo, ſmites him  
 That he cleue it euen at-two; again on the  
 And he fel doun vpon the grounde head,  
 And died with-Inne a litel ſtounde. 12592 ſo that he is  
 When Paris ſaw what harm he did, cloven in two  
 What gret ſorwe ther was be-tid, and dies.  
 He toke an arwe that was entouched When Paris  
 With foule venym—as alle men ſouched:— ſees this,  
 12596 he takes a  
 ¶ His bowe was bent, his takel redy, poisoned arrow,  
 And of his ſchot he was ſpedy, bends his bow,  
 Paris neuere be-lan for to wayte,  
 Til he hadde dreuen him to a bayte: 12600  
 When he ſaw him, at him he ſchet  
 And hitte him In his gorget, and ſhoots  
 That it ȝede thorow his peſayn Palamydes in  
 And cut In-two his mayſter-veyn, 12604 the throat,  
 And ſmot him thorow-out his gorge ſo that he  
 That he fel ded—by ſeynt Iorge! falls down  
 dead.  
 DElful cri & hidous, 12608  
 A gret noyſe & a meruelous The Greeks  
 Among Gregais was vp rayſed; make a great  
 He myȝt not a-monges hem be peſed. 12612 noise.

¶ ij

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Sarpedon*.



372     *The Trojans pursue the Greeks, and plunder their Camp.*

The Greeks bewail the death of Palamydes,	Thei hadde suche del of here gyour, [lf. 186, bk.]	12611
	That he was dede so In that stour :	12612
	Afftir Paris thei folowed. faste ;	
	But he was tho ful sore a-gaste,	
and put Paris to flight.	He smot his stede and hamward rode,	
	For drede of hem no lenger a-bode.	12616
Then they re- turn to their tents.	¶ The Gregeis turned to her tent,	
	The Emperour was sore bement.	
The Trojans follow them.	The Troyens sone that aspied,	
	And to the Gregeis thei sone <sup>1</sup> relied :	12620
	Thei folwed hem with bryght swordis,	
	As bestis gone be-fore the herdis—	
	For-sothe at my discrecioun :	
	The Gregeis fley to her paupyloun.	12624
When they come to their halls,	But whan thei come to here haies,	
the Greeks dismount, and defend their dikes.	Ther the Gregeis made here stales,	
The Trojans alight,	¶ Off her hors thei gon descende	
	And here dikes thei gan defende.	12628
	¶ When thei of Troye were y-war	
	What arest thei made thar,	
	Doun of her hors echone thei lyght,—	
	Kyng & squyer, duk & knyzt,—	12632
and fight on the dikes.	And sette her fet azeyn the dykes,	
	And euery man at other strikes.	
At last they enter the Grecian camp,	<b>T</b> hei entred In at the laste ;	
	Tho were the Gregeis sore a-gaste,	12636
	For her dikes thei hadde wonne	
	And In here Paupylons thei were ronne.	
and plunder it.	Thei robbed & refft alle that thei founde,	
	Thei sente to Troye many a fair sonde :	12640
	Coupes of gold, siluer vesseles,	
	Clothes of gold, and other Iuueles,	
	And al other thing that thei myght lacche :	
	Broches, rynges, what thei myght cacche.	12644

<sup>1</sup> MS. *fone*.

<b>P</b> Aris thenne & <sup>1</sup> Troylus 3ede	[lf. 187.]	12645	Paris and Troylus, with 30,000 men, arrive
To the se with mochel spede			
With xxx <sup>ti</sup> thousand strong men,			
The Gregeis schippes for to bren;		12648	
Thei kest wildfir In here schippes,			and set fire to the Greek ships.
Fro schip to schip aboute it hippes.			
The schippes were sone on a blase,			
Thei brande bothe mast & wynlase,		12652	
Sterne & stere, ore & sprete,			
The schipmen In the water fletes.			
Ther ros a-boute hem many a spark,			
For the wynd was sumdel stark		12656	The wind being strong, the flames rise high,
And made the lowe rise on hey,			
That it be-ffaumed al the sky;			
Thei myght it se wel In-to Troye,			and the fire may be seen in Troy.
Thei hadde ther-fore mychel Ioye.		12660	Thelamonus
¶ But then come Thelamanyus,			
That noble kny3t & vigorous,			
And duk Nestor, that noble knyght,			and Nestor arrive,
With Men of Grece, with mochel myght:		12664	
When thei come to-gedir & met,			
Troyle bad faste the fir be bet,			
But Thelamon bad his men hit slek			and order the fire to be quenched.
With water of broke or of bek.		12668	
Gret was the assant that thei be-gonne,			A great battle.
Euery man on other ronne;			
¶ Hedes reled aboute ouer-al,			Heads reel about as at football.
As men playe at the fote-bal;		12672	
Thei lay a-boute hem wonder thikke.			
The fight was lyther & eke wikke,			
Hit was gret ruthe for to se			
What men died at that medle!		12676	
Sicurly the sothe it is:			
Ne hadde it be Ayax prowes,		¶ iij	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *to*.

- If Ajax and Nestor had not come, all the ships would have been burnt.
- And Nestor, the duk, that with him went— [lf. 187, bk.]  
 Alle her schippes hadde ben brent, 12680  
 That thei made brenne al to coles,  
 With mochel wo that day thei tholes.
- ¶ The Gregeis were wel foule to-hewe,  
 Off hem vn-hurt were ther but fewe, 12684  
 For al the gras that was so grene  
 It was for-bled with knyghtes kene;  
 For thei myght not endure  
 For gret hete In thaire armure : 12688  
 Many drow out of that batayle  
 And kest of helm & her ventayle;  
 To cacche the wynd thei were fayn,  
 And went to batayle sone a-3eyn. 12692
- Heber, son of the king of Thrace, is sorely wounded with a spear,
- T**He kynges sone of Trase, Heber,  
 He rod down by her tentes ther,  
 He was wounded with a spere  
 Thorow his body In that were, 12696  
 Hede & tre lefft bothe In him;  
 His eyen be-gan to waxe dym,  
 For sicurly his lyff was ent.  
 Vntil Achilles Heber went, 12700  
 That<sup>1</sup> dwelled at home with mochel tene  
 For the loue of Pollexene;  
 He In his herte Gregeis defied,  
 To wende with hem he denyed. 12704
- but he runs to the tent of Achilles
- ¶ The kynges sone that so was lamed,  
 Achilles strongly he tho blamed :  
 "That he that day at hom him held  
 With alle his men—so hit is teld,— 12708  
 And lete ther naue so be brend,  
 And Gregays foule slayn & schend";  
 'And thow myght saue hem fro this wo,  
 Iff thow wolde to fight go, 12712
- and blames him for his not helping the Greeks in their sad distress.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Thei*.



¶ *Hic Heber mortuus est.*

With thi strengthe & thi myght,	[lf. 188.]	12713	
Iff thou hadde ben to-day at fight.			
Hit comes the of euel wil,			'It is evil will
That thou schalt holde the thus stil		12716	to stay at
And wol not helpe thi contre-men,			home and not
Thow hast lorn of hem <sup>1</sup> M ten.'			to help your
¶ Thus Heber foule Achilles myssayd			countrymen.'
And of vnkyndenes him foule vmbrayd ;		12720	says Heber to
'How myght thou'—he sayde—'In herte fynde			Achilles ;
To thi peple be so vn-kynde,			'how can you
And wold not haue of hem mercy ?			besounnatural
It is so sothe thi vilony !		12724	and unmerci-
Men wol say opon the tresoun,			ful ?
Sithen thou leuest with-oute resoun.'			People will
¶ Heber bad that men scholde drawe			call you a
The spere that sat thorow his mawe ;		12728	traitor.'
Achilles men that spere out-drow,			Then Heber
And he fel down ther In a swow :			asks Achilles's
He died by-fore Achilles eyene			men to draw
With mochel wo & mychel pyne.		12732	the spear from
<b>A</b> litel while—as I 3ow telle—			his wound.
Herkenes now, how it be-felle !			This done,
Achilles cleped him to a seruant,			he falls in a
A strong man, a gode seriaunt,—		12736	swoon and
At that batayle hadde y-benz,			dies before
That hadde the slaught of Gregeis sene,			Achilles's eyes.
How thei died & how thei fore ;—			
He come then ridand In at the dore,		12740	Achilles asks a
Ther his lord Achilles standes.			sergeant
Achilles asked : 'what tydandes ?			returning from
How done the Gregeis, by thi fayth ?			the battle,
What was that noyse that was so layth ?		12744	
Is any lord of oures selayn ?			how it fares
Loke the sothe thou not layn !'			with the
			Greeks.

¶ *Hic vnus homo narrauit Achillem de prelio.*

The sergeant  
says: 'I was  
in the battle.

The seriaunt seide: 'I was, lord, thare; [lf. 188, bk.]  
I schal 3ow telle how thei fare: 12748

I think none  
will escape  
without death  
or deadly  
wounds.  
The Trojans  
have burnt  
many of our  
ships, and slain  
our men like  
frogs.  
There are so  
many Trojans,

Thei may say the wrother-hayle  
That thei this day 3ede to batayle;  
For sicurly: but better schape,  
I trowe non of hem skape 12752

that neither  
man nor boy  
remains in the  
city.

With-oute deth or dethes woundes.  
Thei haue brent many of oure dromondes  
And many schippes & cogges,  
And slayn oure men as frogges; 12756  
¶ Some are ded, & some home fle.  
Ther is suche novmbre & plente,  
My lord, for-sothe of hem of Troye:

I trowe forsothe, not a boye, 12760  
Ne man that may his heued were,  
Swerd or staff to batayle bere  
For-sothe with-Inne the Cite walle,  
That thei ne are come to batayle alle. 12764

And Pala-  
mydes has  
been slain by  
Paris, because  
he slew De-  
phebus.

**A**nd Palamydes, oure Emperour,  
He is slayn In that stour;  
For that he sclow Dephebus,  
Paris hath him slayn thus. 12768

But ye might  
now win great  
praise,  
and beauenged  
on them.

But wold 3e, lord, do my rede,  
3e scholde do a worschip-dede,  
¶ Iff I durst hit to 3ow speke:  
3e my3t now on hem be wreke, 12772  
3e myght now take suche vengauce,  
For euere 3e scholde 3oure los enhaunce;  
The Troiens alle 3e may now schende  
And wyne 3owre los with-uten ende. 12776

I can show you  
the way; and  
the Trojans  
are so wearied  
that they'll  
be frightened.

I can 3ow schewe to batayle now,  
3e may se In batayle, howe  
The Troyens ar so for-fouzten & weri;  
Thei schal be ferd and so dreri, 12780

*But Achilles is so bound with Love, that he can't resolve on going to fight.* 377

And thei saw 3ow thedur ride,	[lf. 189.]	12781	As soon as the Trojans see you come on,
Thei durst not on of hem abide			
For al the good of mydelerd;			
Thei scholde of 3ow be so aferd,		12784	they will flee,
And thei hadde ones of the a sight.			
For thei ben now al out of myght,			as they are now worn out.
Thei may hem not defende longe;			
And thei dreden 3ow, for 3e ben stronge.		12788	
¶ Thorow al this world scholde it be spoken,			And every- body then will say,
How 3e haue 3ow of hem wroken,—			
And say that 3oure selff alone			that you alone van- quished the Trojans.
Discomfited hem of Troye euerychone,		12792	
And that 3oure selff In 3oure persone			
Did more then kynges and kynges sone,			
And more than al the men of Grece;			
To 3oure honour gretly it lyse.		12796	You will slay them, and win great honour by it.'
3e <sup>1</sup> schal sle hem as ratons and mys,			
And wyn gret los for euere & prys.'			
<b>A</b> Chilles stode as he were founden;			Achilles is stupefied; but he is so in love with Pollexena
Wel stronge he was In loue bounden,		12800	
That maketh a man to morne & pyne,			
And makes hem offte his worschipe tyne,			
Hit makes men leue her honour,			
And makes hem take gret dishonour.		12804	
And so ferd it with-oute les			
By the lord sir Achilles:			
He herkenes al that euere this man			
Off the batayle telle can,		12808	
¶ But he wolde not for his prechyng,			that for all the messenger's preaching and sermonizing he cannot turn his heart,
Ne for al his sermonyng,			
Ne for no gode knyghtes dede			
Turne his herte & do his rede;		12812	
For he loued so dame Pollex[e]ne,			as he fears to anger his sweetheart.
And he was ferd he scholde her tene;			

<sup>1</sup> MS. 3e.



378 *The Battle ends. Dephebus bids Men draw the Spear from his Chest.*

Achilles prefers to lose his honour rather than ir- ritate his love.	And leuere him was his los for-go [lf. 189, bk.] 12815 Then for to falle In suche a wo. 12816 Loue hath broght him In hir chare, On his bak derne loue he bare ;
False fortune never stopped chasing him, till he lost his life through her.	Fals fortune of him now filles, He put him riȝt In hir thilles, 12820 And sche be-lan neuere that knyȝt to chase, Til he by hir his lyff <sup>1</sup> lase.
	¶ The fight was sesed of that day, Thei wente homward In aray ; 12824 It was nyȝt, the sonne wente down, Troyle & Paris ȝede to toun, And thei of Grece went al at ones <sup>1</sup> To her tentis with weri bones. 12828
Night ends the battle. All go home : Troylus and Paris go to Troy ; the Greeks to their tents. Dephebus is yet living, when Paris and Troylus return ;	¶ Dephebus was ȝit on lyue, When Paris come be-fore him blyue, And Troyle, his brother, sore wepand ; Dephebus was ȝit lyuand. 12832 Thei wepe & crye as bestes braye, Thei wolde her lyff hadde ben a-waye ; For his deth were thei so wrothe, Thei wolde ther die with him bothe. 12836
they weep and cry for his death.	Dephebus lyfft vp his eye-lid, And asked his brether what thei did ; Than Dephebus to Paris saythe : ' Telle me, Paris, by thi faythe, 12840 My dere brother, if that thow wot : Where he be ded that me thus smot ? '
Dephebus asks Paris if Palamydes is dead.	¶ Paris saide : ' my brother hende, God let me neuere my bowe bende 12844 Ne drawe tacle of Aspyn wandis, But I sclow him with my handis ! ' He bad hem than that stode him next, Draw the spere out of his brest ; 12848
Paris says : ' I slew him with my own hands.' Dephebus orders the spear to be drawn from his breast.	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *atones*.

¶ *Dephebus mortuus est.*

Thei drow hit out byfore his eyen,	[lf. 190.]	12849	
Anon Dephebus gan to dyen.			Dephebus dies.
Thei wepe In Troye for his deth,			The Trojans
Thei spilled for him meche breth.		12852	weep for his
Bothe Priamus and Hectuba,			death,
Polixene & Cassandra,			

¶ Paris als and dou3ti Troyle,			
Thei prayed her god his soule assoyle;		12856	and pray to
And the Citesens & ladies alle			their god for
That were tho In that halle.			his soul.
But what scholde I longer dwelle,			
What del thei made 3ow to telle?		12860	But I must
I my3t not to-day ne to-morwe			not dwell any
Telle for-sothe her grete sorwe!			longer on the
			description of
			their great
			sorrow.

<b>P</b> riamus let make a molde			Priamus orders
Off Iasper-stones & riche golde,		12864	a golden coffin
And layd ther-In his sone so dere			to be made for
			his son,

With sore wepyng & heuy chere.			
Another tombe dede he also make			and another
For Sarpedoun the kynges sake,		12868	tomb for
And led him by his sone there			Sarpedon.
With wepyng sore of many a tere.			
For sicurly kyng Sarpedoun			
Was In his tyme a stalworth man,		12872	
A noble kny3t of vasselage,			
Hardi, & bold, and right sauage.			

¶ Among the Gregeis with-oute wenyng			The Greeks
Was mychel del & mornyng		12876	mourn for
For that kyng Palamydes.			Palamydes,
A newe leder the Gregeis ches,			
For thei myght not be with-oute			and choose a
An Emperour for that were doute.		12880	new com-
Thei toke consayle, wham thei wolde haue			mander.
That best coude ordeyne hem & saue;			

Agamemnon is again elected commander of the Greeks.	¶ <i>Hic Agamenoun electus est ad officium Imperatoris.</i> Agamenon a3eyn thei chase, [lf. 190, bk.] 12883 The eleccioun <sup>1</sup> of hem alle he hase; 12884 And that was most by duk Nestor, For he spak most ther-for.
He orders them to be ready for a new battle next morning.	A Gamenoun is now Emperour I-mad a-3eyn with honour; 12888 Alle the lordes he comaundes, That thei be redy In the landes Erly at morwe, whan it was day; For 3it wol thei eft assay, 12892 How thei may spede a-3eyn Dardanes, And venge hem on tho fel Troianes That haue thus slayn the doughti kyng Dispitously with their schotyng. 12896
When the day dawns,	¶ The sterres passen and alle the cloudes, The day dawes, the Crowe croudes, The larkis syng, the cokkes crowe, The waytes faste her pipes blowe: 12900
the Greeks rise, and not- withstanding their wounds	The Gregeis risen vp of her couches With many woundes & many bocches, But thei let not ther-fore to go Vnto the fyght that thei come fro. 12904
go to fight again.	The sqwyers toke her harneis,
They prepare their horses,	Her knaues ordeyned her palfreys, Thei[r] sadel-stedis & her cou[r]seres;
and ride out.	And rides forth kny3tes & sqwyers. 12908
The Trojans do the same.	¶ Agamenoun In that matyne Ordaynet hem as thei schold bene. And thei of Troye by than were 3are Toward Gregeis for to fare. 12912
It storms, rains, and thunders when the battle begins,	With-Inne a while come thei to-gedur; But it made tho a lothely wedur, Hit raynes faste, thondres, & blowes, That wel was him that was with-Inne woves. 12916

<sup>1</sup> The second *c* may be a *t*.



- But for al that wedur & the rayn [lf. 191.] 12917 Notwith-  
 Many a gode man ther was sclayn, standing the  
 Many a knyzt was ouer-thrown, bad weather,  
 Her bodies lay thik sawen. 12920 many are slain,
- ¶ Off Troye died many, but mo Griffons. but more  
 Troyle come ouer the dounes, Greeks than  
 With hardy hert & gret fferte Trojans.  
 Come he thedur to that poygne. 12924
- When he was comen a-mong that pres, Troylus slays  
 The Gregeis faste to dethe he sles ; many.  
 Thei were In poynt to lese the plase ;  
 But then come—as thei hadde grace— 12928  
 The gode douzti Diomedes  
 With his felawe Vlixes,  
 With twenti thousand doughti In place ;  
 The proude Troyens<sup>1</sup> thei gone to chace. 12932
- ¶ Gret slauzt was on bothe side ;  
 But thei myzt not longe abide,  
 The thonder & lyghtyng was so strong,  
 That gret sorwe hit wrouzt hem among : 12936  
 Thei with-drow hem sone for that wedur,  
 And toke her conseyl al to-gedur  
 To go home for that gret tempest,  
 For hem thoght hit was the best ; 12940  
 For so faste doun the water zet,  
 That thei were alle thorow wet.  
 as they are all  
 wet through.
- N**ow are thei alle herbare & housed  
 Al be-rayned and be-toused, 12944  
 Thei did of armes & ded on clothes ;  
 Many of hem her lyff loses  
 For the wo that thei are Inne.  
 I holde : he hadde gret synne 12948  
 That furst the were of hem by-gan,  
 For he was bane of many a man.  
 Woe to him  
 who first began  
 this war !

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Gregeis*.

382 *Next Morning the Battle begins again. Troylus slays many Greeks.*

The troops sup, bewail their dead,	¶ When thei were comen, thei ȝede & souped, [lf. 191, bk.] And many on for his frend drouped And for hem-self thei seide 'alas' Thei wende neuere to passe that plas; And ȝit were thei so envious, So ful of Pride and meruelous, That hem was leuere echon to dye Than any of other mercy to crye.	12952        12956
and go to sleep; many a widow weeps.	When thei hadde souped, thei ȝede & sleped, And many a wydwe thanne weped, And made gret del & sikyng sore For her ffrendes thei hadde lore.	12960
Next morning they rise early,  take up arms,	<b>W</b> Hen thei hadde scleped & saw tyme, Thei ros vp be-fore the prime And tok her hors & her atyres, Swerd, bowes, and heded vires, And ȝede aȝeyn In-to the ffieldes Out of her toun & here teldis, And mete to-gedur with strokes hard.	12964       12968
There are no cowards among them;	Amonges hem alle was no coward, Echon other to sle coueytes, And alle men to sle waytes:	12972
no one yields himself up.	Many a man to grounde was feld; But ther was non that euere him ȝeld, Whil thei myght hold swerd In honde, Or on her feet whil thei myȝt stonde.	12976
Troylus and his company arrive;	¶ But Troile come thanne with his couyne; He bar a scheld of asure fyne, A lyoun of gold ther-on was paynt. When he was comen to that prasynt Ther Troye <sup>1</sup> & Grece to-gedur ware, Many a man to grounde he bare, Many a lord that day he slow And fro her horsis doun hem drow.	12980        12984

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Troyl.*

¶ Then come thedir Diomedes, And his falawe Vlixes, And the gode Thelamanyus, A strong knyzt & a vigorous, Duk Menescene, and kyng Thoas ; Thei made ther sone a ferly chas. And Agamenoun, her Emperour, Come to that peple In that stour. Lord ! the Peple that ther was ded ! Thei smot of many Troyen hed,	[lf. 192]	12985	Diomedes, Ulixes, and Thelamonius,
		12988	Menescene, Thoas, and
		12992	Agamem- non arrive.
¶ The Peple lay as thikke as strawe, Or the corn whan it was sawe. Thei held to-gedur fight mortel Seuen dayes <i>continuel</i> ; They fauzt to-gedir seuen dayes With-outen rest, with-oute delays, Til al the feld ouer-al a-boute Was be-sprad—euery a cloute— Off gode bodies that lay ded Off Troye & Grece—so god me red ! Seuen dayes to-gedir thei fauzt, That thei rest neuere but the nauzt. When thei hadde fouzten a ful seuen nyght, The Gregeis asked then respit, Thei asked trewes & gryt[h]e To haue reste a two monethe, Til the dede men were leyd in graue ; No lenger wolde thei then craue.		12996	Many Trojans are killed.
		13000	The fight lasts seven days without interruption,
		13004	till the whole field is covered with dead bodies ;
		13008	they abstain only at night.
		13012	Then the Greeks ask for a truce of two months :
<b>T</b> Hei sent her men to Priamus, Ful witti men, & seyde thus : “That al the feld lay be-throng With dede bodyes with sauour strong” ; Thei asked the trewes wekes eyzte, For elles myght thei not fyzte ;		13016	they send messengers to Priamus.



	¶ <i>Hic ceperunt pacem ad inuicem .viij<sup>to</sup>. septimanas.</i>	
	Til alle the bodyes were y-graue,	[lf. 192, bk.] 13019
	So long wolde thei the trewes haue.	13020
Priamus grants the truce.	The kyng hem graunted by a-visement And ther-to made he his surment To holde hem stable, and thei also, And no dissait ther-In do.	13024
During the truce, Aga- memnon meditates how to win back Achilles.	<b>T</b> He while that the trues last, Agamenon In his herte cast, How he myȝt best Achilles brynge With hem aȝeyn to here fyghtyng.	13028
He sends for Diomedes, Nestor, and Ulixes,	He sente afftir Diomedes, Duk Nestor, and Vlixes; When thei were comen, he bad hem tho:	
and bids them beseech Achilles to come and fight again.	“That thei scholde to Achilles go, And thei scholde him by-seke With faire wordes and with meke, That he wolde come with hem to fyght”; ‘Now,’ seyde he, ‘kythe ȝoure slyght!	13032 13036
	¶ Let se now ȝoure qwayntyse, That he ne late vs In no wyse!’	
They go to Achilles;	Thei did her princes comaundement,	¶ <i>Hic miserunt ad Achillem<sup>1</sup>.</i>
he is glad to see them.	To Achilles alle thei went; Off her comyng was he glad, The lordis to sitte by him he bad; Thei sette hem down—as he hem bade,— Thei dronken the wyn and made hem glade.	13041 13044
Ulixes asks Achilles,	<b>U</b> Lixes, that most was wis,— Coude non so wel say his devys,— He seyde: ‘Achilles, be ȝoure leue! That I schal say, take it not on greue: I haue mervayle with-oute any othe, Whi ȝe be with vs so wrothe? That ȝe of vs on this wise fille, And haue turned ȝoure hert & wille	13048
why he keeps back from the Greeks.		<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Aȝeyn vs afft</span> 13052

<sup>1</sup> On the left side in MS.

- Azeyn vs alle and 3oure owne dede, [lf. 193.] 13053  
 And 3e ben not with vs at rede.  
 That 3e of vs on wyse fille,  
 And haue turned 3oure herte & wille 13056  
 Azeyn vs alle & 3oure owne dede,  
 That 3e ben not with vs a rede'.  
 Lete vs not dye In deth cruel!  
 For-sothe 3e may helpe vs wel! 13060  
 ¶<sup>2</sup> Was it not furst 3oure owne entent,  
 And alle the lordes that with 3ow went,  
 Kynges, & princes off gret power,  
 And alle the lordes that now ligge her,— 13064  
 Oure owne londis for to leue  
 And Priamus his landis be-reue?  
 To sle alle his and exile,  
 And do him-self to dethe vile? 13068  
 This riche Cite to ouerthrowe,  
 The gaye toures to ligge lowe?  
**H**ow may this be 3e ben thus straunge  
 That azeyn vs thi hert chaunge? 13072  
 That 3e haue now on newe taken,  
 And 3oure furst wil forsaken  
 Afftir the grete harme that thei haue done,  
 And 3it are redi to do alsone? 13076  
 Thei haue sclayn many kynges of oures,  
 And wounded 3ow, & sclayn of 3oures;  
 ¶ Thei haue vs ofte foule y-toyled,  
 Oure Paulyons foule dispoyled, 13080  
 Robbed oure godis & fro vs refft,  
 Litel haue thei with vs lefft;  
 Oure schippis haue thei many brent  
 And many tyme In poynt to be schent. 13084  
 For 3e haue with 3oure strengthe & myght  
 Slayn that stalworth man In fyght, 25 [j]

'Let us not die,' he says, 'for you may help us. Was it not your idea, as well as that of all the other kings,

to leave Greece and bereave Priamus of his land?

Why then have you now changed your heart and left us,

when the Trojans do us so much harm?

They have slain so many of ours and of yours,

robbed us of our goods,

and burnt our ships.

You have slain Hector,

<sup>1</sup> ll. 13055-8 are an almost word-by-word repetition of ll. 13051-4.

<sup>2</sup> This sign almost blotted away.

	That al her socour & trust was In ; [lf. 193, bk.]	13087
we are now on the point of winning,	We are now hem In poynt to wyn	13088
	And for to sle eueryche a man,	
	Iff 3e helpe vs, as 3e by-gan.	
and Dephebus is dead too ;	And also Dephebus is now ded,	
	And thei are alle with-outen red ;	13092
	Were 3e sen Armed In the felde,	
they would surrender at once, if they saw you in the field.	Thei schal for drede of 3ow hem 3elde.	
Don't you re- member the worship and the honour you won in this war ?	<b>A</b> Chilles sir, for him 3ow wrought !	
	Haue 3e for-3eten, ne thenke 3e noght,	13096
	What los & worschepe 3e haue wonne	
	With dedes that 3e haue her bygonne ?	
	3e haue done dedis In this stour,	
	3e haue wonne 3ow gret honour ;	13100
	In al the world, brode ne lang,	
None is so strong as you are now.	Is non so dou3ti ne so strang—	
	I holde certes—as 3e are now,	
	Sithen 3e doghti Ector scelow !	13104
Will you lose your honour,	¶ Haue 3e no thought, sir, & mynde	
	That 3oure los thus schal be tynd ?	
and let the Greeks be slain ?	And suffre 3oure kynges and 3oure Gregeis	
	Be sclayn & storuen In this mareis,	13108
	That 3e haue saued noble & kept	
	With my3t & strengthe eueryche a step ?	
	Michel blode haue 3e dispende,	
	To saue vs alle and to defende.	13112
We pray you; for God's sake, to help us,	¶ We pray 3ow, sir, for goddis sake,	
	That 3e to 3owre furst wil take ?	
	That 3e lese not thus sone 3oure los,	
and not to let us die.	Ne lete vs not dye of oure fos,	13116
	And help vs & saue vs also !	
	For we may not with-oute 3ow do.	
	Oure Emperour—the sothe to say—	
	Sente vs hidur 3ow to pray,	13120



¶ **Hic Achilles contradixerunt eos.**

That 3e scholde vs In no wise ffayle, [lf. 194.] 13121

But be with vs at the nexte batayle  
To flyght a3eyn oure wicked enemys ;  
That we by 3ow may wyne the pris,  
And than schal we haue the victori,  
And but thow do thus, we ben sori.'

Come and  
rescue us in  
the next battle,

13124

**A**Chilles seyde to Ulixes :

'Certis, sir, it is no les !

13128

Alle that 3e say, I knowe it wel ;

But that was foly euery a del :

That when we were In suche a-tent,

I say that we were foully blent.

13132

Hit was open surfetrie,

And on gret pride & folye,

else we shall  
be very sorry.'  
Achilles  
answers :

'All you say I  
know well.  
But it was  
folly

¶ When alle these kynges scholde leue here londis

For-sothe In vncouth the mennes hondis—

13136

Her rentes faire & gret Cites,—

To com & werre In straunge contres.

And al for loue of a womman

This perelous werre we by-gan,

13140

And alle these kynges haue [ben] sclayn

For the loue of dame Elayn.

to leave our  
lands and  
goods in the  
hands of stran-  
gers,

and to make  
war in foreign  
lands,

all for the love  
of Eleyne.

¶ Say me now, sir Vlixes,

The noble kyng, Palamydes,

13144

Hadde him not better <sup>1</sup> ben—I say—

Died at hom In his contray,

Then haue died In this prouince ?

Him and euery another prince

13148

That haue died here thus wickedly ?

And al for loue of that lady !

Would not  
Palamydes  
have better  
died in his  
own land than  
here ?

And all the  
other princes ?

¶ Also the man that most was bold

Off stalworthnes, & most of told,—

13152

Ector of Troie with-oute pere—

Died he not In foule manere ?

And Hector  
the peerless,

25 [ij]

did he not  
die in foul  
manner ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. *be better*.

So might I lose my life too, like Hector.	I se therefore: so mote I	[lf. 194, bk.]	13155
	Lese my lyff so witterly!		13156
Don't speak any more to me about this!	I warne 3ow ther-fore, lordynges, To me speke 3e not of suche thynges, No more therfore 3e me say! Off suche thynges 3e may not pray, A3eyn Troyens to 3eue batayle— For hit is but lorn trauayle!		13160
Rather will I lose my fame and good name than my life.	<b>M</b> E is leuere lese my name, Alle my los, & my gode fame, Then here to dye In wo & pyne And lye here stynkyng as a swyne.		13164
Nestor and Diomedes repeat  that their Emperor, too, entreats Achilles to help them;  but in vain.	¶ Nestor duk and Diomedes Thei prayed bothe sir Achilles And seyde: "her Emperour him be-soght, That he wolde leue that wil & thought That he was In, and Armes bere, And help hem to mayntene the werre." But alle her prayer and her sawe Were not that tyme worth an hawe.		13168
	¶ Her fair speche myzt him not brynge, Ne prayer nother of duk ne of kyng Put of his herte & his purpos, For noght that euere thei myght glos, Ne her alther Emperour.		13176
He says: 'It is greater honour to ask Priamus for peace than to be killed here.'	But sayde "that it was more honour At Priamus to aske the pes, Then be to-hewen as other wes."		13180
The kings return to Agamemnon's tent.	¶ The kynges saw thei myght not spede, Thei toke her leue and home 3ede; Thei fond her Emperour In his halle, Wel curteysly thei gret him alle. He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped"— 'What hath Achilles to 3ow seyd?		13184 13188

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam.*

Haue þe gotten any grace ?	[lf. 195.]	13189	On Aga- memnon's de- mand the mes- sengers relate to him the whole of Achilles's re- fusal.
Thei seyde be-fore godis face,			
Thei tolde him al her answer :			
"How he nolde Troiens dere,		13192	
Ne come"—he sayde—"In batayle mortel" ;			
But seyde : "if that we wold do wel,			
We scholde aske pes at Priamus,			
And schold we neuere saue vs."		13196	

'G Od that made bothe lond & se,'— ¶ *Hic Agamenon*

Seide Agamenoun—"what may this be, timuit.			Agamemnon wonders why Achilles will not fight any longer,
That this gode knyȝt sir Achilles			
Longeth thus sore afftir the pees ?		13200	
I wot neuere what it may be-mene.'			
He bad the kynges alle be-dene,			and summons a council of all the Greek leaders.
All that euere were In that ost			
Schold come bothe lest & most,		13204	
And alle these other lordes also,			
For thynges he wolde say hem to.			
With-Inne a while were thei alle met			Within a short while they all meet.
Ther to-geder and doun set.		13208	

¶ Agamenoun tolde his tale			Agamemnon tells them,
To alle the lordis In that sale :			
"How he hadde sent Diomedes,			how he sent Diomedes,
Duk Nestor, and Vlixes,		13212	Nestor, and Ulixes, to ask Achilles for help,
To pray Achilles for charite,"—			
'And for the loue of ȝow and me,			
That he wolde vs helpe In oure werre.			

And we of him be neuere the nerre,		13216	but that he swore never to bear arms against the Trojans.
For he swore gret othes to hem thore,			
He scholde bere armes neuere more			

¶ Kyng Priamus to distroye,			
Ne non of his to anoye,—		13220	
For nouȝt that we may do or bidde.			
He wold not die as other didde.			



- Agamemnon asks the lords  
to give their opinions.
- And this [is] al the skyl whi [lf. 195, bk.] 13223  
That I for þow sende witterly, 13224  
To here þoure alther a-visement,  
Of<sup>1</sup> euer[y]che a man his Iugement.  
Telles here now þoure best consayl:  
What schal we do of this batayl? 13228
- Menelaussays:  
'He is unwise who assents to peace;
- now Hector and Dephebus are dead,  
it will be easy—even without Achilles's help—to vanquish the others.'
- Menelaus rose vp now anon  
And seyde: "he held him no wyse man  
Vn-to that pes that wolde assent;  
For the batayle was as good as ent, 13232  
Sithen thei hadde sclayn the knyght vigorous,  
Sir Ector, and Dephebus";  
'Thes other are ether to quercome,  
Thei schal alle dye on a throme. 13236  
And thoow it be that Achilles  
Help vs not, but holde his pees,—  
With-oute his help & his vertu  
We schal these other sone vencu.' 13240
- But Nestor ¶ But then ros vp Duk Nestor  
That I spak of right now be-for<sup>2</sup>,  
and Ulixes And the wise knyzt sir Vlixes  
That sat to-gedir on the des; 13244  
Thei seyde: 'it is no wonder, sir,  
Thoow thow batayle more desir.  
Al ffor the & for thi wiff  
These gode lordes haue lost her lyff, 13248  
And so may we lyghtly do,  
But we wil not that it<sup>3</sup> be so.  
¶ For thi wyff this werre be-gan,  
we give it up, We geue it vp here euery a man; 13252  
For hir haue we done here gret perel,  
But we forsake here oure querel; ¶ Hic nolunt pug-  
and will have We wol haue the pes euerychon, nare vltorius<sup>4</sup>.  
peace.' Ther-ageyn of vs is non; 13256

<sup>1</sup> MS. *To*.<sup>2</sup> After this last word *n* is erased.<sup>3</sup> MS. *is*.<sup>4</sup> In the left margin in MS.

¶ *Consilium Grecorum ad reuertendum ad patriam suam*<sup>1</sup>.

- For we haue lyued her many 3eres.' [lf. 196.] 13257
- When sir Calcas that conseil heres,— When Calchas  
When these kynges were at that acorde, hears this  
And dukes also and many a lorde, 13260 counsel,  
To lete the werre and haue the pees,—  
He bad hem alle lete that res;  
¶ He cried loude as he were wod he rushes up  
Among the Gregeis ther thei stod, 13264 like a madman,  
He sayde: 'alas, that 3e ben mased! and says:  
3oure<sup>2</sup> wit is lorn and ful dased! 'You are all  
Hope 3e, lordynges, it is not ille mad!  
To do a3eyn 3oure godis wille, 13268 Don't you  
That he wol do 3ow alle him dispise? think it bad  
God for-sakes him & hise. to act against  
God hath 3ow for-sothe be-hight the will of the  
The victorye—my treuthe I plyght!— 13272 god?  
Off alle 3oure enemys & 3oure fos; He promised  
My-selff hit herde of god In Delos you the vic-  
That he the mastery 3ow be-het. tory—I bear  
3oure<sup>2</sup> herte craftly ther-on 3e set, 13276 witness!—over  
¶ Traystes wel In his prowesse! all your ene-  
For I herd it & bere witnesse, mies.  
For I it herde In that Il[d]e:  
"That 3e scholde be lordes with herte mylde, 13280 I heard it my-  
And that 3e scholde haue al the maystrye." self in Delos,  
Loke 3e be bold ther-fore for-thi, that ye should  
Beth right bold, & trust In god! vanquish.  
And leues hem not for euen ne od, 13284 Therefore, be  
Til 3e haue wonnen the victory— bold and trust  
As god be-het 3ow trustely!' in god,  
**W**hen this Clerk, sir Calcas,— till you have  
In Troye sumtyme bysshop was— 13288 the victory  
Hadde sayde these wordes amonges hem alle, prophesied to  
Fro her purpos be-gan thei falle 25 [iiij] you.'

<sup>1</sup> This rubric is just the same as that on lf. 195.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *3oure*.

392 *On Calchas's Advice the Greeks resolve on pursuing the War.*

On Calchas's address, the Greeks vow never to leave this land with- out having cast down Troy and slain Priamus, Troilus, and Paris.	And toke aȝeyn her herte & wille, [lf. 196, bk.] 13291 And made a vow her god vn-tille : 13292 "Thei wold neuere passe of ther marches, Til proud Ilyon and alle his arches Were cast doun, and Priamus, And that douȝti knyȝt Troilus, 13296 And fair Paris that was his sone, Were foule slayn with-oute raunsone.
Even without Achilles's help they trust to have the vic- tory.	¶ Thoow Achilles helpe hem noght, Thei vowed to god that thei ne roght; 13300 Thow Achilles hem for-soke, Her godis scholde vn-to hem loke. Iff he be ferd of any chaunce, Lete him sitte & rede romaunce!" 13304
They all agree ¶ not to go home,	¶ Now are the kynges all at red : Out of the place, for drede of ded, To her contres wil thei not wende, Til thei haue broght that fyght to ende. 13308 Off no thyng are thei a-bayst, In her goddis haue thei suche traist; With-oute Achilles ar thei bold
but to fight on. Achilles is for- gotten, as if he had never been among them.	The fyght aȝeyn to take & hold. 13312 He is for-ȝeten with feble & strong, As thoow he hadde not ben hem among. Thei wente alle hom to here ostel,
They make merry, till the truce ends.	Thei daunsed & sang & made revel. 13316 The terme is went & passed a-way, The morwe next schal be her day That thei schal fyght to-gedur In feld, Ther schal be reuen many a scheld, 13320 Many a bryght basenet Schal be with blod foule y-wet.
Next day fighting will be renewed,	<b>D</b> Ay is went out of the trewes, Ther is gret noyse among the Grwes, 13324



¶ Hic faciebant Magnum Bellum.

Thei Arme hem faste at that tyde, [lf. 197.] 13325

To hem of Troye thei faste ride,

Armed wel In her harneis.

Now gon to-gedur Troiens & Gregeis: 13328

The vanwardis met with gret hidoure,  
Thei rod to-gedur with gret vigoure;

¶ A thousand speres brast In-sonder,  
Ther died kny3tes many hunder. 13332

When thei to-gedir with speres rides,

Many on the dethe ther abydes ;

Thei toke ther many an euel garter,

Some loste al his on quarter, 13336 and many are wounded.

Some his hede, & som his guttis;

Eche man other douz puttis.

¶ The stour was strong & perilous,

The day was hote, the men yrouis: 13340

Thei schotte arwes & keste gaelokkis,  
They shoot  
their arrows,

Thei dyght foule her paltokkis;

Knyghtes falle, and stedis stray,		knights fall,
The dede bodyes on hepe lay.	13344	and steeds stray.

**B**Vt then come theder douzti Troyle  
Troilus comes  
up, and,

And be-gan amonges hem royle,

Among Gregeis be-gan he pugne,

That thei made many a lothely groyne. 13348

For his brother that thei sclow	revenging his
He did hem sorwe & wo y-now ;	brother's
His brother both he hadde In mynde	death, slays
	many Greeks.

His brother deth he hādde In mynde,—

As thei of Grece fforsothe fynde,— 13352

Ful shrewedly hem dyghtes,

He slow that day many knyghtes.

¶ Then come Menelaus ride Menelaus and

With men of Armes And mychel pride, 13356

And the doghti Diomedes  
Diomedes  
come up.

With mychel peple to that pres,

394 *Night ends the Battle, which is taken up again next Morning.*

	With many knyghtes stronge & gode; [lf. 197; bk.]	13359
Menelaus and Diomedes slay many Trojans.	Thei sclow Troiens as thei were wode, And felde hem thikke vpon the grounde. Ther died of hem many thousande, On bothe halff thei sle men faste Al the day, til euen laste.	13360     13364
Night ends the battle;	For hit was nyght, the sonne goth west, Thei drow hem homward to her rest, Thei parted so fro that fyght	   13368
they go home.	And ȝede hom alle, for it was nyght.	
	<b>T</b> Hei of Troie are In the toun, And Gregeis In her paupyloun; Euery man goth to his rescet,	
They take supper,	Her mete is dyght and to hem fet, Thei sitte alle for to soupe	13372
	With many a lyuer, longe, & croupe;	
and then go to bed,	Many a man among hem drouped And ȝede to bedde, whan thei hadde souped, And rest hem til hit was day, That thei myȝt make a foule deray.	13376
The Greeks are ashamed of their defeat,	¶ For thei of Grece were sore a-gramed And gretly tened and sore a-schamed Off hem of Troye for that day be-forn, For her gode men thei hadde lorn :	13380
and prepare to take re- venge next morning.	Thei samed hem alle on an hepe, Thei toke her hors & vpward lepe, Thei rod so forth vpon a renge, For thei wolde hem fayn venge;	13384
They ride out of their camp	¶ Thei alle are went of here hales, Thei passe her piles & her pales. Wel hard thei to-geder rode	13388
with splendid banners.	With baneres faire & eke brode, Som of sandel, som of ynde, To-geder betande with the wynde.	13392

- The Gregeis toke thenne the feld; [lf. 198.] 13393  
 And thei of Troye that be-held  
 That thei were so to hem comande,  
 Thei ȝede a-ȝeyns hem faste ridande 13396 The Trojans  
 Off gode aray & gode manere, ride against  
 With many a spere and brod banere. the Greeks.  
 When thei come ner, to-gedur thei ran,  
 And sclow be-twene hem many a man; 13400 They meet;  
 Scheldes and helmes ȝede al to dust, many are  
 Thei toke ther many a sori crust. slain.  
**B**Vt the douȝti Diomedes 13404 Diomedes cuts  
 Ful wondirly the Troiens sles: down many  
 He smot of hondis with alle the nayles, Trojans.  
 He made hem greued—it was meruayles,—  
 He pared her chekes al aboute,  
 That al here tethe fellen oute. 13408  
 He sclow and woundid & bar to erthe  
 Two & thre and so the fferthe,  
 ¶ He smot of hedes, leg, & arme;  
 That day did he moche harme 13412  
 To hem of Troye & her meygne.  
 Troyle knewe, that it was he  
 That did his men that vilony;  
 He vowed to god: “he scholde a-by; 13416  
 Iff he myȝt ride as he hath ment,  
 On of hem scholde haue a dent.”  
 ¶ Diomedes he ascried,  
 And afftirward he him defied: 13420 and defies him.  
 ‘War the wel’—seyde he—‘fro me!  
 For thi dedis I defye the!’  
 ‘And I the!’ seyde the knyght,  
 ‘Her my treuthe to the I plyght: 13424  
 I wol the not certis refuse,  
 Ne thow schalt the fro me ascuse.’



Troylus and Diomedes rush together.	Thei to-gedur as ffaucouns flyes, [lf. 198, bk.] 13427 For-sothe that on of hem a-byes : 13428 Diomedes brast his spere, But he did Troyle no-thing dere ;
Troylus smites Diomedes with all his might, wounds, and unhorses him.	¶ But Troyle smot him with al his mayn That ney-hande he hadde ben slayn, 13432 He fel him fro his hors swonande Among her hors ded neyhande. When he was thus on grounde y-layd <sup>1</sup> ,
Troylus mocks and reviles him for his leman Brix- aida.	Troyle ful foule him missayd 13436 For Brixaida that was his leff, He reuyled him as he were a theff.
Diomedes's men drag him from beneath his horse, lay him on his shield, and bring him away to his tent.	But his men were for him dred : Thei drow him fro her hors tred, 14440 Thei leyd him on his scheld soffte And led him hom vn-to his loffte ; Wel sore y-hurt, In a swone, Thei bare him to his Paulyone. 13444
When Mene- laus sees this,	¶ When Menelaus that was him by Saw Troyle that knyght so sturdy For that wounde that Diomedes laught, He hadde ther-fore wel mechel aught, 13448 He wyste ful wel that he was hurt.
he rushes towards Troy- lus,	Menelaus to Troyle sturt, He by-gan sir Troyle ban[n]e For him & rode to him thanne 13452
and, to avenge the fall of Diomedes, assails him ;	To venge the kyng Diomedes ; For or thei parted, he bouzt that res : ¶ Troylus spere was with-ouen brekyng As he felde with that other kyng ; 13456
but he is wounded se- verely.	To Menelaus Troylus whirled That scheld and hauberk bothe thrilled, He bare him vndir his hors fete, Off his blod he was al wete. 13460

<sup>1</sup> MS. A second *thus* between *grounde* and *y-layd* in MS.

*Other Greek Kings come to the Rescue. Troylus is severely wounded. 397*

His men then qwyk him drow,— [lf. 199.] 13461

For him thei hadde sorwe y-now,—

Thei toke & layde him on his scheld

And bare him home vn-to his teld. 13464

**W**Han Agamenoun, her Emperour,  
Saw his men so fare In that stour,—  
Thei were almost with-oute myght,

Thei were ney-hande put to flyght,— 13468

He gadered his men to-gedur samen,

And than be-gan a newe gamen ;

Then come thedur Vlixes <sup>1</sup>

With men of armes, a huge pres, 13472

¶ And the gode kyng Thoas

That sori was ffor that kynges cas,

And the gode kyng Thelamaneus,

And the gode kyng Menesceus. 13476

Lord, the sorwe that ther by-gan !

Ther was slayn many a man,

Many a man and many a knyght

Was slayn that day In that fight. 13480

Thei sclow Troyens down to grounde,

And many flowe with hidous wounde.

¶ Thelameneus tok a spere

And to Troyle began it bere : 13484

He 3aff Troyle suche a weshayle

That he flow ouer his hors tayle,

And 3aff him a wounde bitter and sore

That on his scheld he was hom bore ; 13488

His hors was eke tho y-slawe,

Out of that batayle he was drawe.

¶ Paris ferd as he were wod,

Many a Grew ther lost his blod ; 13492

Thei leyde hem faste to grounde

With many an hidous wounde.

Menelaus too  
is carried to  
his tent.

When Aga-  
memnon sees  
that the Greeks  
are almost put  
to flight,

he gathers his  
men.

Ulixes,

Thoas,

Thelamonius,

and Mene-  
scene come to  
the rescue,

and slay many  
Trojans,

Thelamonius  
severely  
wounds  
Troylus with a  
spear ;

Troylus is car-  
ried from the  
battle-field.

Paris slays  
many Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> Something erased after 'Vlixes.'

398 *The Greeks are driven back. Diomedes and Menelaus lie in Bed.*

	Gret was the slaucht and the wo	[lf. 199, bk.]	13495
	That among the Gregeis was tho.		13496
Agamemnon is sorely wounded.	¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour, Was sore hurt In that stour, And so was many a gode knyzt Dede & wounded In that fyght.		13500
The Greeks are driven back to their tents.	The stour was gret, the fyght plener, But Gregeis were of non <sup>1</sup> power A3eyn hem lengur to holde fight; And eke it was ney the nyght,		13504
	For to her Paunloun anon he went; For hadde thei abeden, thei hadde ben schent.		
	¶ Thei fledde echone with-Inne the diches With gret sorwe and sore sikes,		13508
Night ends the battle; the Trojans return home.	The Troyens ffolwed with her myght; But it was tho al at nyght: Thei wente hom to her Cite With her knyzttes & her meygne.		13512
Agamemnon is very sad, as he himself	<b>A</b> Gamenoun coude no gale, He hadde y-bled, he was pale; He saw what wo & perel		
and Diomedes are hurt so severely.	To him & his that day befel, How Diomedes, that doughti kyng, Was hurt so sore at that Iustyng, And he myzt not him selff helpe;		13516
	His sorwe coude he to no man zelpe.		13520
Menelaus is wounded too.	And Menelaus <sup>2</sup> , his brother, eke He was so hurt that he lay seke.		
Both kings lie abed.	Bothe thes kynges In bed lay For harm thei toke of Troyle that day;		13524
	Wonder sore and delfully He was hurt & greuously, He dredde him sore to ffyght lengur, Til thei & he myght be strengur;		13528

<sup>1</sup> MS. *nom.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Meñelaus.*



¶ *Hic ceperunt Pacem ad inuicem per .vj. menses.*

For if he did, he hoped wele [lf. 200.] 13529

Off his men to lese gret dele.

He sente ther-fore to Priamus,

To Paris, and to sir Troylus,

To haue a trewe a six moneth,

That thei myght rest In pes & grith.

¶ Priamus and his consayle

Graunte trewes with-oute fayle.

And that was certis azeyn her wille

Off many of tho that longed him till;e;

Thei seyde: "it was foly strong

To graunte Gregeis a trewe so long."

But wham it likes & wam it rewes,

On bothe parties ben graunted trewes.

**B** Ryxeida that louely was,—

The Biscop[es] doghter Calcas,

That fair louely womman,

That sumtyme was sir Troyle lemman,—

When the tydandes to hir was seyde

That Diomedes In bed was layde,

Azeyn hir fadur comaundement

To vysite him ful ofte sche went;

For sche wiste he toke the falle

Off Troyle that was hir specialle.

¶ Sche wiste wel In hir thoght

Off Troyle scholde sche neuere haue noght;

Sche hoped neuere of him mariage;

Sche chaunged her wil & corage:

Doghti Troyle sche gan forsake,

To Diomedes sche gan hir take:

Sche sayde sche wolde with him dele

For any man, whan he hadde hele;

For to him sche ȝaff al hir talent,

For he hadde mechel on hir y-spent,

Agamemnon  
sends to the  
Trojans for a  
truce of six  
months.

It is granted  
by Priamus,

against the  
will of many  
Trojans.

Brixaida,  
the daughter  
of Calchas,

on hearing  
that Diomedes  
is in bed,  
goes often  
to his tent  
against her  
father's will,

and, giving up  
the hope of  
ever being able  
to marry Troy-  
lus,

falls in love  
with Dio-  
medes,

	And loued hir wel, and sche him als— [lf. 200, bk.]	13563
	As wymmen doth that often ben fals.	13564
For half a year they may now rest :	h If <sup>1</sup> a 3er may thei now reste,	
they heal their wounds ;	<b>A</b> The trewe is so be-twene hem feste ; Thei may hele wele the whiles	
	Alle her bocchis & her biles,	13568
	Thei may hem hele In here soiornyng.	
	But it be In mys-kepyng,	
	Thei are mury In alle her woundes,	
they go to hunt	Thei go & hunte with her grehoundes,	13572
	With hauke, brache, & with kenetes <sup>2</sup> ,	
	Thei hunte conynges with here ffirettes.	
rabbits with ferrets. Agamemnon fears the Greeks might not succeed in the next battle without the help of Achilles. He sends for Nestor.	¶ But Agamenoun hadde gret care That the Gregeis scholde In fyght mysfare,	13576
	But if thei myght Achilles pray That he wolde helpe another Iornay.	
	He sent after by a knyght Afftir duk Nestor, that man of myght ;	13580
	He come to him at his sendyng, And he was fayn of his comyng.	
Both go to Achilles and ask him to help the Greeks.	To Achilles bothe thai 3ede To loke if that thei may spede ;	13584
	¶ Agamenoun his wil assayed, Ful ffaire Achilles he ther prayed :	
	“ That he wolde turne his herte & wil And let the Gregeis so not spil,	13588
	And come with hem In her batayle And at her nede no more hem fayle.”	
But notwith- standing all their begging he refuses. He swears : ‘ T’ill no more help you ; but this I’ll grant you,	But for al that thei be-souzt, Ne myzt thei him chaunge right nouzt ;	13592
	He swore his othe & made a vow ; ‘ I wol no more helpe 3ow ! But this wol I for thi loue do, And for thin, Nestor, also :	
	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">Alle my men</div>	13596

<sup>1</sup> *h* inserted by later hand, erasure of some three or four letters after *lf*; the first writing seems to have been *Affter*. <sup>2</sup> Altered from *kenetf* for the sake of the rhyme.

Alle my men I wol ȝow graunte	[lf. 201.]	13597	to send to your help all my troops,
That ben so stronge and vaylaunte,			
I wol that ȝe tho with ȝow haue			
For ȝoure loue—so god me saue!		13600	
But non Armes my-selff wil bere,			
Non of Troye to do no dere.			
Thei were bothe fayn—by seynt Cristofore!—			They are both glad of his offer,
Off his gode wil & profre,		13604	
¶ Thei thonked him an hundred sithe:			and thank him.
“That he hadde mad hem so blythe,			
That thei myght haue the Murmidones			
To go to fyght with here Gryffones,		13608	
For thei were styff & eke stalworth.”			
Thei toke her leue and went forth			They return to their tents,
Bothe to-gedur In to her hales,			
Thei tolde the kynges this Ioyful tales:		13612	and tell the kings the good news.
“How of his men thei hadde grauntise			
But thei myght not gete him in no wyse.”			
¶ The kynges were fayn and wonder glad			All are glad of Achilles's promise, but they would have liked better to have himself, than 1,200 of his men.
That thei graunt of his men had,		13616	
But hem were leuere haue had him-selff			
Then of his men hundres twelff.			
<b>W</b> Hen <sup>1</sup> it come ner the half ȝere <sup>2</sup> ende			When the truce nears its end,
That the trues scholde out-wende,		13620	
And it nyed ner the day			
That the trewes passed away,			
The Gregeis made her harneis clene			they prepare for a new battle,
And grond her speres scharp & kene;		13624	
And thei of Troye did the same,			both the Greeks and the Trojans.
For ayther thoght do other schame.			
¶ When day was comen out of her trewes,			
Agamenoun <sup>3</sup> bad the Grwes:		13628	
“To Arme hem and dight hem faste,			
For it was tyme that thei were paste		26 j	

<sup>1</sup> The capital *W* is somewhat blotted.      <sup>2</sup> Between *the* and *ȝere*, *laste* is cancelled, and *half* inserted over line by another hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Agamenon*.



¶ *Aliud Bellum.*

	In-to the feld a-ȝeyn her fos."	[lf. 201, bk.]	13631
They arm themselves,	Eche man to Arme him gos.		13632
	Ther was thanne a semely syght Off many a gentil man & knyght That semely set vpon her stedis;		
mount their horses,	. . . . .	. <sup>1</sup>	13636
	Many a sadel was ouergiltis, Many a sword with golden hiltis. Many baner blew a-boute, Ful loude the wynd hem made route.		13640
and take their swords.	¶ Achilles gadered his knyghtes alle Aboute him thanne In-to his halle, He bad thei scholde her Armes take For Agamenoun loue <sup>2</sup> and his sake;		13644
Achilles bids his men, for Agamemnon's sake, to go to the fight,	To alle his men worthi & digne Delyuered he a newe signe As red as any blod, And ȝaff hem leue with heuy mode To wende forthe to her batayle, Here foos boldly to assayle.		13648
and he gives them a new ensign.	<b>A</b> Chilles weped an hundred teres At her wending vpon his leres; His men echon forthe stalked; Vnto the folk ful soffte thei walked. Ther was by-gonne wel that tyme, For it was thanne half way Prime :		13652
Achilles weeps when they start.	¶ The Troyens felde & slow Gregeis Ful wonderly—as Dares says;— Troyle falles al that he hittes, Many of hem her hert-blod spittes. And thei of Troye died faste As thikke as men myght caste . . . . .		13656 13660
The Trojans slay many Greeks,	¶ The Gregeis hem cleuen alle down And bere hem ouer her hors arsoun That men myght here a perlusoun.		13664
but are borne down by them.			

<sup>1</sup> No gap in MS.<sup>2</sup> MS. *loue*.

- ¶ Duk Menescene defendis his folk, [lf. 202.] 13667 Menescene  
 He smot many In the nekke holk; 13668  
 And duk Nestor him wele halpe: and Nestor  
 Thei 3aff the Troyens many a talpe; slay many  
 On ayther syde thei fel to grounde Trojans.  
 With many a grym hidous wounde. 13672
- ¶ Thei fauzt al day whil the sonne schyned, They fight as  
 Fro the morwe that thei hadde dyned long as the  
 Vntil thei hadde of day no lyght; sun is shining;  
 Thei 3ede home for defaute of syght, only  
 And euery man wente to his Inne— night ends  
 Til thei myzt eftt her note by-gynne. the battle. 13676
- D**ay is comen, & nyght is gone, Next morning  
 The Gregeis are vppe & dyght echone, 13680  
 And thei of Troye are comen down,  
 Armed wel, out of the toun.  
 Thei ran to-geder as wode thinges,  
 Echon other al to-diggis; they begin  
 Many of hem ligge In a dwale, fighting anew. 13684  
 May no man make acorde fynale.
- ¶ In erthe was neuere suche a semble: A greater  
 And that may alle men here & se battle never  
 That romaunce may vndirstonde & rede, was, 13688  
 Other therto wol take hede.  
 In alle the bokes that men haue sene  
 Off dou3ti men that haue bene, 13692  
 When thei are thorow soght,  
 Sicurly ne fynde men noght  
 That suche a fyght In erthe befel,  
 Sithe Eue bare Caym and gode Abel; 13696 since Eue bore  
 ¶ That so fele kynges, dukes, and lordes Cain and Abel.  
 Were gadered to-gedur for on discordes.  
 Hit was neuere, lord! In geste ne sang  
 Off werre In erthe that last so lang, 26 ij 13700

- Ne that so many men to dethe wente [lf. 202, bk.] 13701  
 As did ther, or the batayle ente ;—
- Never a siege lasted, nor will last, so long. Ne neuere of sege that so longe lay,  
 Ne neuere schal to domysday ;— 13704
- Never men fought so bravely and so long. Ne men that myght so longe endure  
 To fight every day In her Armure  
 With-oute reste and with-oute sese,  
 That thei toke neuere trewe ne pese. 13708
- ¶ Ne held thei not sumtyme assaut,  
 They fought every day. Day be day to-gedur thei faut,  
 That thei rest neuere ful doughtily  
 A ful monethe contynuely. 13712
- One may see thereby what strength they had.  
 No one could now fight as long as they did. ¶ But men may se ther-by that can,  
 What strengthe & myzt ther hadde a man ;  
 ¶ For now lyues nother man ne knyzt  
 That if thei were put to that fyzt, 13716  
 That thei ne scholde be for-done,  
 Long tyme or it were none ;  
 And thei be-gan at sonne rysyng.  
 But that liggis not In my spekyng, 13720  
 I wol speke ther-of no more,  
 But turne a-zeyn ther I was ore.
- The Trojans attack first. **T**He stoure haue thei of Troye be-gonne,  
 And thei of Grece ben to hem ronne 13724  
 And made In her armure many a brek,  
 Many a man lay slawe ded sterk.
- Philomene A riche kyng was called Philomene,  
 A worthi knyzt, a kynde Troiene, 13728
- and Polidomas attack Thoas, And also sir Palidomas,—  
 Thei two to-gedir met kyng Thoas :
- ¶ Thei layd vpon him bothe at ones,  
 Thei brosed his flesch and eke his bones ; 13732  
 His myght vayled him not of two lekes,  
 Thei toke him maugre his chekes.
- and take him prisoner.



- Off that prese drow thei him out, [lf. 203.] 13735  
 And drow him forth fro alle his rout. 13736
- ¶ But that saw thenne the Murmydones,  
 How he was lad ffro his Gryffones;  
 But thei wolde him not so lete passe,  
 Thei gadered alle a-boute Thoas: 13740  
 Thei tere for him many a ribbe  
 Off many lord & many sibbe,  
 And many an hed thei al to-schyuered,  
 And fro her hand thei him delyuered. 13744
- T**Ho was Troyle ful sore tened:  
 That he was so dyght sore he mened,  
 He swor by god & by his swyre:  
 "Thei scholde abyge that dyntes dere." 13748  
 He strok his stede amonges hem alle,  
 Some he sclow & some mad falle,  
 He brak her hedes vnder her hode.  
 But thei manly a-geyn him stode, 13752
- ¶ Thei sclow vndir him his stede  
 That Troylus down to grounde ȝede—  
 As he most nede—when his hors fayled.  
 But he lepe vp & hem assayled, 13756  
 Gret defence gan he make;  
 But thei were besy him to take,  
 But he was closed him-self alone  
 Amonges hem on fote echone. 13760
- ¶ But Paris thanne—whan he it wiste—  
 Amonges the Gregeis In he thriste;  
 His halff-brother with-al him with,  
 And many another of that kyth: 13764  
 Thei brak with force her scheltoun,  
 And sclow ther many a Murmidoun.  
 Another hors to Troyle was broght,  
 And he lepe vp—as he neuere roght 26 i[ij] 13768
- The Myrmi-  
 dons come to  
 the rescue of  
 Thoas,  
  
 and deliver  
 him.  
 Troylus is  
 enraged;  
  
 he will take  
 revenge.  
  
 He slays many  
 Myrmidons;  
  
 but they kill  
 his horse.  
  
 He leaps up  
 again;  
  
 they surround  
 him.  
  
 Paris  
  
 and others  
  
 bring a new  
 horse to Troy-  
 lus.

	Off no lyues man that was his foo— [lf. 203, bk.]	13769
	He lepe vp sone as a roo.	
A great battle between Paris and the	For sir Troyle delyueraunce An hard batayle & gret distaunce	13772
Myrmidons for the deliverance of Troylus.	Be-gan Paris & hem be-twene, For Murimdones hadde mochel tene, Gret Angwys, & mochel wo That Troylus scholde so qwit go :	13776
The Myrmi- dons slay Margariton, a half-brother of Troylus (but cf. l. 10486 sqq.), and many others.	Thei leyde thanne Troiens hard vpon, Thei sclow that tyme Margariton, That was sir Troylus half-brother ; Ther died of Troyens many an <sup>1</sup> other	13780
Troylus	For the delyueraunce of sir Troyle, Many a Troien to dethe did royle.	
	<b>T</b> Royle was horsed atte devise Vpon a stede of moche prise.	13784
plans to take revenge.	He thoght thei scholde not pas qwite ; He thoght to venge that foule dispite And vilony that thei hadde tan, Off hem that were his brothr ban :	13788
He slays many of the Myrmi- dons ; but they are clever :	He wounded hem, he felde & sclow, And of her horses doun hem drow ; But thei were wyse of werre & sclye, Styff & strong, & ful dou3tye :	13792
they make a 'roundel' and a castle of themselves ; notwithstand- ing, they are put to flight at last.	<b>T</b> hei saw thei were In gret perel, Thei drow hem alle on a roundel And of hem-self made thei castel. But that vayled hem not a wastel— For Troyle was euere on hem so asper, That many a riche ston of Iasper Smot he a-way vpon her crestes, And sclow hem as thei hadde ben bestes ; Thei lafft the feld & fledde hamward. Then was comynge thedirward	13796     13800

The Emperour Agamenon	[lf. 204.]	13803	Agamemnon
And The duk Thelamon,		13804	and other
With alle here men Vlixes,			Greek leaders
So did the gentil Diomedes ;			come to the
Menelaus come with hem thanne			rescue of the
With many a thousand armed menne :		13808	Myrmidons ;
The Murimdones thanne wel rescowed,			
To the Troyens than no game growed,			these are re-
For thei were some I-bore to grounde,			encouraged ;
And many ther dede In that stounde.		13812	many Trojans
But when Troyle saw hem come socour			are slain ;
And sclow his men so In that stour,			
¶ No longer thanne sir Troyle abode <sup>1</sup> ,			but Troylus
In-to that Cite sone he rode.		13816	comes to help
Ther his men were most trauayled,			his men,
And he the lordis alle assayled :			
He sclow her men & fouly fouled,			and slays
With hem so Troylus toyled,		13820	many of the
That only thorow sir Troylus myght			Greeks ;
So were the Gregeis al discomfyght			
And flende faste as thei were wod,			he puts them
That Troyle reved many his blod.		13824	even to flight.
<b>B</b> Vt <sup>2</sup> Ajax Thelamaneus,			Ajax,
That noble knyzt & vigorous,			
Come than doun with many a spere			
The Troyens alle for to dere.		13828	
Duk Nestor with alle his myzt			Nestor,
Come theder tho with many a knyzt,			
And the noble kyng Thoas.			and Thoas
Tho by-gan a grisly cas :		13832	arrive to help
Thei that fledde turned aȝeyn,			them ;
Thei sclow the Troyens with myzt & mayn ;			they drive the
¶ The Gregeis wan aȝeyn the feld			Trojans back.
And droff hem than fro her tent & teld,	26 iii[j]	13836	

<sup>1</sup> ' *Hic deficit* ' written in the margin by another hand.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *BVut.*



- ¶ **Hic Achilles Interrogauit de hominibus suisque nouA.**  
 And droff hem thanne a-ȝeyn her wil [lf. 204, bk.] 13837  
 With gret sorwe that place vn-til.  
 But for Troyle & al his myght
- The Trojans  
 are put to  
 flight.
- The Troyens were y-put to flyght, 13840  
 The Gregeys folewes & made hem falle,  
 Thei flow to Troye the Troyens alle.
- Night ends the  
 battle.
- The day was gon, the nyght was comen,  
 The Gregeis went hom al & somen, 13844  
 Thei wente home al vpon a rase  
 With her prisouns & her purchase.
- T**He Gregeis were fayn that it was nyzt,  
 For thei hadde trauayled a-ȝeyn her myzt; 13848  
 For if the sonne had lenger schyned,  
 Off her folk schold thei haue tyned.
- The Myrmi-  
 dons return to  
 Achilles,
- The Murimdones to-gedur alle  
 ȝede to her lordes halle, 13852  
 Alle for-wounded & for-bled.  
 He asked hem: "how thei hadde sped."
- ¶ Thei made to him a lothely playnt
- and tell him  
 their disasters.
- And seyde: "thei were alle a-taynt 13856  
 For gret angwys of that Iornay  
 That thei hadde suffred In fight that day."  
 Thei seyde also: "that many of his  
 Were slayn at that gret appris." 13860
- He counts  
 them;
- He made hem come before him than  
 And tolde the bodyes of euery a man:
- ¶ When thei were rekened & told be tale
- 1,000 are  
 wanting,
- Be-fore Achilles In his hale, 13864  
 He fond a thousand of hem fayled  
 Off knyȝtes that were y-rolled & tayled.  
 When thei were soght & alle ded founden,  
 He seyde: 'alas, that I was bounden 13868  
 In womannes loue & womannes bounde!  
 Whan so many were ded founde,

He siked sore for hem & drouped.	[lf. 205.]	13871	Achilles sighs much, and cannot eat.
Ful litel mete that nyght he souped,		13872	He goes to bed very sorrowful.
To his bed Achilles went			
With carful herte & gret torment:			
He wolde him-self hadde ben ded,			
He wist neuere what was his red,		13876	He does not know whether he will
Whether he myght to batayle wende			avenge his friends now,
To venge his men or eke his frende,			or wait a while.
Or he scholde 3it abyde			
To wete wat grace my3t be-tyde.		13880	
He thought al nyght so faste & wepe,			He deliberates about it the whole night,
That he myght for no thyng slepe:			and cannot sleep.
¶ He thought he wolde go at morne			Now he thinks he'll take re-venge,
And venge his men that were y-lorne,		13884	
That thei of Troye hadde foule sclayn;			and now he thinks he'll not go,
But then thoght he a3eyn			
That if he [to] batayle 3ede,			
Off his erand he scholde not spede,		13888	because he would lose his sweetheart
Ne haue that louely to his wiff			
That he loued more than his lyff:			
That kynges dou3ter Pollexene—			
For he hadde het trewely the quene		13892	by breaking the promise he made to the Trojan queen.
¶ That he scholde neuere helpe Gregeis,			
But lete hem worthe & holde his pays.			
And if he 3ede tho & bikerd			
A3eyn the trouthe that he hadde sikerd,		13896	
He myght lyghtly that louely [greue],			
And thei scholde him no more leue,			
But sey it were a fals couyne—			
And so scholde he that lady tyne;		13900	
And leuer were him his lyff to-gang,			
Er he for-3ede hir loue out lang.			
<b>M</b> Any dayes lyued he so lange			So he passes many days.
In these paynes styff & strange,		13904	

- Achilles waits,  
till the battle  
begins again ;
- for the foes  
will not stop  
till one party  
is victorious.
- But I cannot  
relate *all* the  
fightis between  
Greeks and  
Trojans.
- The day comes,  
on which they  
begin to fight  
again.
- They are ready  
for battle.
- When they  
meet, they  
shoot each  
other.
- Many are  
slain ;
- I cannot name  
all of them.  
They fight  
seven days  
without inter-  
ruption.
- With-oute murthe and eke Ioye, [lf. 205, bk.] 13905
- Til thei of Grece & thei of Troye  
Scholde assemble to-gedur efft,
- For that wolde thei for no thyng were lefft. 13908
- Til that on part Maystres were,  
Wold thei not leue her werre there.
- ¶ But it were ouer-gret takyng,  
And wel gret the makyng,— 13912
- To telle the fightis that thei fauȝt  
And alle her dedis at alle her sauȝt,  
To telle here dedis and here fyght  
Be-twene Troy & Grece—by goddis myght ! 13916
- Alle her dedis may I not telle,  
For ther-vpon I wol not dwelle.
- T**He day is comen thei schul mete ;  
That foule baret wolde thei not lete, 13920  
Thei hadde to-geder so gret envy  
That thei wold not leue her foly.
- Bothe<sup>1</sup> parties were redi dight,  
Thei wente to-geder with al her myght : 13924
- And whan thei were to-geder met,  
Echon of hem on other schet—  
As thei hadde ben wode & mad.
- Ther died many a lord & lad, 13928  
Many knyght & eke baroun,  
And many other proude Gryffoun.
- ¶ Many a lord & gentil man  
Was ded ther, er thei be-lan, 13932  
Many a kynges sone of kynde—  
I may not make of alle mynde.  
But seuen dayes with-oute les  
Fauȝt thei to-geder with outen pes, 13936  
Day be day with-oute trewes,  
Til thei hadde lorn many of the Grwes.

<sup>1</sup> *Bothe* over *But* inserted by another hand.



- ¶ Achilles euere In pes him held, [lf. 206.] 13939 Achilles does  
That he bar neuere helme ne scheld 13940 not fight.
- Off al that while a-ȝeyn Troiens,  
To dere none of here Citesens.  
The Grewes by-gan faste to fayle,  
The Emperour seyde thanne: 'hylhayle! 13944 The Greeks  
We may now sone be al for-done, begin to fail,  
But if this lord helpe vs sone;  
But Achilles on vs rewe,  
Ther schal not skape of vs a Grewe!' 13948
- W**Hen thei hadde fouȝten seuen dayes,  
Agamenon Priamus prayes  
To graunte a trewes by othe & treuthe;  
For it to se hit was moche reuthe, 13952  
How alle the feld lay ful of men  
And lay & stank In that fen.  
Trewes longe wolde thei haue had,  
For Agamenon was sore a-drad 13956  
That he scholde many of his men lese  
With hem of Troye & of Frese,  
Iff thei mayntened lenger that stour;  
Thei asked therfore a long soiour. 13960
- ¶ But the Troyens seyde: "thei scholde now haue  
But that thei myght her dede men graue;"  
Thei wold no lenger the trewes graunte,  
Thei held hem alle recreaunt. 13964  
And that rewed Agamenon sore  
And alle the Gregeis that with him wore,  
Thei myȝt no lenger the trewes haue;  
That rewed hem sore—so god me saue!— 13968  
For thei were wounded and al to-bete,  
And hadde biles and bocches grete  
For strokes thei ȝaff & eke toke,  
Whil thei to-gedur flauȝt that woke. 13972
- After having  
fought seven  
days, Aga-  
memnon asks  
Priamus for a  
long truce,
- fearing he may  
lose still more  
men
- if the battle  
went on;
- but the Trojans  
grant only  
time to bury  
the dead.
- The Greeks are  
discontented  
therewith,
- as they have so  
many wounds.

412 *When the Battle recommences, Menelaus and Paris unhorse each other.*

The Greeks  
are glad that  
they may bury  
their dead.

But ȝit were thei of that trewe fayn [lf. 206, bk.] 13973

That thei myȝt bery that thei hadde sclayn,

Thei gadered alle the bodyes colde

That lay ther ded vpon the wolde; 13976

And did alle the bodyes be brende,

Or the trewes was fully ende,—

Longe or the trewes was comen to ende,

That thei scholde efft to batayle wende. 13980

After the  
truce, war is  
resumed,

**T**He trewes ar went that thei had set,

The day is comen of her baret :

Thei toke ther many a strok & ffylche,

Thei tare her plates and her pilche, 13984

When bothe the parties to-geder were comen ;

many are  
slain.

Many Ane<sup>1</sup> his lyff was him be-nomen,

When bothe parties were met thare,

And to that batayle were alle ȝare. 13988

Menelaus  
attacks Paris;

¶ Sir Menelaus Paris sawe,

To him he thought for to drawe ;

He hadde gret wil & couetyse

To se sir Paris feet a-ryse. 13992

He strok his stede & to him ran

For the loue of his lemman,

they unhorse  
each other.

To grounde were thei y-bore bothe,—

The knyȝtes were that tyme so wrothe. 13996

Polidomas

¶ Polidamas, Antenor sone,

With gret envy & gret raundone

For alle the men and al the pres

smites Ulixes.

With his swerd he smot Vlixes ; 14000

But he ȝaff not ther-of an hawe,

For he him held with swerd y-drawe.

Menescene  
dashes An-  
tenor to the  
ground.

The noble vaylaunt Menescene

Smot Antenor—& that was sene,— 14004

He ȝaff him suche a romelowe,

That he wente ouer his sadil-bowe ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Aue*.

¶ *Hic Archilogus interfecit Gryme Gwynel.*

- |   |            |       |                 |
|---|------------|-------|-----------------|
| He layde him as brod & flat                     | [lf. 207.] | 14007 |                 |
| As is a pike when he is splat.                  |            | 14008 |                 |
| ¶ Then come ridande Philomene,                  |            |       | Philomene       |
| A doghti kyng, a knyght Troyene :               |            |       | assails Aga-    |
| Agamenon he assayled                            |            |       | memnon,         |
| That the blod of him doun rayled.               |            | 14012 | wounds him,     |
| Philomene, of so gret myght,                    |            |       |                 |
| Wolde ful euel haue him dyght,—                 |            |       | and would       |
| But that him come socour sone,                  |            |       | have killed     |
| I trowe his dayes hadde ben done.               |            | 14016 | him, if succour |
|   |            |       | had not come.   |
| ¶ But Thelameus to him toke hede                |            |       | But Thelameus   |
| And saw that he of help hadde nede,             |            |       | arrives,        |
| He toke a spere that was stalworthe,            |            |       |                 |
| And turned his hors & rod forthe :              |            | 14020 |                 |
| To Agamenon he him hyed                         |            |       |                 |
| And smot Philomene that he doun syed            |            |       | and smites      |
| Fro <sup>1</sup> his hors for his labour,       |            |       | Philomene       |
| For he wolde for to her Emperour.               |            | 14024 | down.           |
| <b>S</b> Trong was the stour, perelous, & fel ; |            |       |                 |
| Ther was a knyzt, het Gryme Gwynel,             |            |       | Gryme Gwy-      |
| He was on of Priamus sones—                     |            |       | nel, one of the |
| As I fynde In thes Canones—                     |            | 14028 | bastards of     |
| That he hadde geten In his purchase,            |            |       | Priamus,        |
| In his murthe & his solace.                     |            |       |                 |
| Duk Nestor hadde a sone also,                   |            |       |                 |
| A doghti knyght, Archilogo ;                    |            | 14032 |                 |
| Thei mette to-geder, he & Gryme,—               |            |       |                 |
| A gret vn-hap ! a foule fortune !               |            |       |                 |
| ¶ Archilogus bare sir Gryme thorowe,            |            |       | is slain by     |
| And lefft him ded In a forwe.                   |            | 14036 | Archilogus, a   |
|   |            |       | son of Nestor.  |
| The Troyens made gret del ther-fore,            |            |       |                 |
| Ther died for him mo thenne foure score ;       |            |       |                 |
| For when that tale to Troyle was told,          |            |       |                 |
| He myzt not for him fro wepyng hold,            |            | 14040 |                 |

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ffor*.



- For he loued him with al his myght [lf. 207, bk.] 14041  
 For that he was so doghti a knyght.  
 Troylus eyen be-gan to slyse,  
 The Gregeis sone he gan dispyse: 14044
- Troylus  
 avenges  
 Gryme's death,  
 Many for him he be-bedit,  
 Echon fro other he sone schedit;  
 Thei fled echon sir Troylus fro,  
 Thei made him way & lete him go; 14048
- and drives the  
 Greeks back.  
 He droff hem faste ouer doune & dale,  
 Among hem wrought he suche bale.  
 ¶ Thei were ney dreven to her Panylons,  
 Ne hadde thanne comen the Murondons; 14052
- Even the  
 Myrmidons,  
 who come to  
 their rescue,  
 But the[i] styffly aȝeyn him stode,  
 But Troylus ferd as he were wode:  
 Whan he saw hem aȝeyn him stande,  
 He rod to hem faste manassande; 14056
- are badly  
 beaten and  
 wounded.  
 Vpon her hedes sette he suche dyntes,  
 The fyr fley out as it were of flyntes.  
 ¶ He was so sore with hem greued,  
 That many an hed he ther to-cleued, 14060
- Here scheldes fro her scho[1]dres racched;  
 Ful many a Gregeis he ther atached,  
 He bete hem so and so defouled,  
 That thei with blod were al be-stouled, 14064
- As thei were paynt with rede coloures;  
 He made hem like tormentoures,  
 Thei toke of him many a cloute.  
 Tho with al the haste that thei moute 14068
- They flee,  
 ¶ Thei turned the bak and fro him ȝede,—  
 On rounsi prekand, and on stede,—  
 Til thei were comen to her hales,  
 To saue her lyff ther In her sales. 14072
- till they come  
 to their tents;  
 But Troylus  
 slays many in  
 their flight.  
 Thei sclow many of hem that fled;

¶ *Hic fugerunt ad tentorias suas.*

To her tentis he hem droff.	[lf. 208.]	14075	The Greeks are driven towards their tents,
But ther turned thei a-3eyn & stroff,		14076	
For thei of Troye her dyche wolde wyne,			
But thei wolde not that thei come Inne :			
¶ Thei gadered alle vpon a route,			but there they gather, and defend their camp.
To holde the Troyens tho with-oute ;		14080	However, the Trojans dismount,
But Troyens down of her hors lyght,			
And than be-gan the perilous fyght :			
For Troyens be-gan foule to fare ;			
Than by-gan Gregeis kare,		14084	and slay many Greeks.
The Troyens felde hem In her dike ;			
Tho by-gan thei sore to sike ;			
¶ Her myzt was nouzt a-3eyn Troiens.			
Troylus then, & Philomens,		14088	Troilus, Philomene, and Mennon put them to flight ;
And kyng Mennon made thanne entre			
And made hem fro her men to fle ;			
Thei flowe alle In-to her tentis,			they flee into their tents.
Many of the Gregeis her deth hentes :		14092	
<b>T</b> Hei made of hem gret tormentry,			
Ther was an hidous noyse & cry,			The clamour and noise of the Greeks slaughtered in their camp
Thei sclow hem In her paunylons ;		14096	
Wel delful was of hem the sounes,			
So wonderful and meruelous			
That hit was dredful & hidous :			
Hit ferde as hit hadde thondrid,			is so loud that Achilles hears it ;
Achilles was ther-of a-wondrid		14100	
¶ Off wham he herde that delful cry,			
He saw men come prikande him by			
That fiede fro that scomfiture,			
Makyng sorwe with-oute mesure.		14104	some fugitives tell him the sad news.
Thei seyde : " alas that thei come thore,			
For thei were lorn for euere-more ! "			
With-out his tent smartly sterte he,			
To se what dele that myght be.		14108	

Achilles  
wonders what  
ails the  
Greeks,

and asks what  
the noise is  
about.

The fugitives  
say: 'We are  
so hurt

that we can't  
fight any  
longer.

You will never  
see Greeks or  
Myrmidons  
alive again.

They will soon  
be all dead.

All are fled to  
their tents,  
where many  
are slain.

They want  
succour very  
badly, and  
the clamour  
you hear comes  
from the  
dying.

You will soon  
see more than  
55,000 men  
attack you,

Achilles was gretly meruayled [lf. 208, bk.] 14109  
What hem of Grece ayled.  
He asked hem: "whi thei so ferde?

And what was the noyse that he herde?"— 14112

'How dos oure kynges, and oure Gregeis?

How bere thei hem a-3eyn the Frigais?'

¶ 'Louely lord'—sayde thei that fledde—

'We are so hurt and so for-bledded, 14116

That we Are alle of nonpower

A3eyn hem to fyght any lenger.

Iff 3e wol off vs tydandis here,

Carful tydandes may 3e lere; 14120

¶ Herkenes now of oure tythandes!

Sicurly, lord, now vndirstandes:

3e schal neuere on lyue se Gryffons,

Ne non of alle 3oure Murimdots. 14124

We telle 3ow, lord, that thei of Grece

Schal sone be hewen al to pece,

For thei are alle discomfit

And alle haue taken the flyt; 14128

¶ Thei are alle fled In-to her tentis,

Ther many of hem the dethe hentis.

Thei defended here entres,

But thei felde down bothe cordes & tres, 14132

And sclow oure Gregeis cruelly,

Woundes & stikes with-oute mercy.

Hem fayles now the grete socour,

And this is, lord, the grete clamour 14136

Off hem that dye, that grysly bray,—

That 3e haue herd and 3it may.

¶ Thei schal alle dye, er that thei sese;

And 3e that wene to stonde In pese, 14140

3e schal se sone on 3ow comande

Mo then fyue & fyfty thousande

{ Off Armed men }



**Hic Achilles Iratus est.**

Off armed men & armed knyghtes	[lf. 209.]	14143	who have already slain 10,000 Myrmidons.
That haue slayn 3oure men now rightes,—		14144	
For thei haue slayn of 3oure gode men,			
Er we come thedir, thousandes ten,			
¶ And yet to sele thei not be-lyn;—			
And iff thai fynde the her-In		14148	When they come and see you standing naked and unarmed in your tent, they will immediately kill you,
In 3oure tent naked stondande,			
Thei leue the not on lyue lyuande;			
For al the gold of hethen Spayne			
Leue 3e not here vnsclayne,		14152	as they hate you more than anybody for Hector's death.
For thei hate 3ow ouer alle thyng.			
For Ector deth—by heuene kyng!—			
That were, lord, her herte wil,			
Might thei, lord, thi body spil.'		14156	
<b>A</b> Chilles chaunged al his mode,			Achilles looks around as if he were mad,
He loked aboute as he were wode			
When he herde this tydynges :			
He clapped his hondes, and alle his rynges		14160	and behaves like a lunatic;
Sicurly In-sonder brast;			
To and fro his armes he cast,			
As he hadde ben a wod man;			
Wel harde to swete he be-gan.		14164	
¶ Achilles seyde on that wolde			
To him that these tydandes tolde :			he asks if Troylus is among the Trojans;
'Is ouzt Troyle In that place,			
That makes oure men thus to chase?'		14168	they answer 'yes.'
He sayde: 'lord, ther he is,			
And alle oure men he dos amys;			
For his wodnesse & his deray			
Alle oure men ben fled a-way;		14172	
¶ For he is so strong In his myght,			
Ther may non a-byde him In fight.'			
'Alas!' he seyde, 'that euere Moder me bar!			'Alas!' says he, 'that ever mother bore me!
Whi ne were I right now thar?	27 [j]	14176	

¶ *Hic Achilles Iratus est.*

Alas! that

Alas that euere me Moder bounde [lf. 209, bk.] 14177  
 Or euere In <sup>1</sup> cradel me be-wounde!

for a woman's  
 love I let my  
 enemies mur-  
 der my kins-  
 men.

That I scholde for a wommanes sake  
 Let my enemys suche murther make 14180  
 Off my Men and of my kyn,  
 And do ther-of no medicyn!

He grows so  
 angry, that

¶ He was so ful <sup>2</sup> of tene & ire  
 That he bad fecche his atire; 14184

he forgets  
 Pollexena and  
 his promises  
 given to the  
 queen, has his  
 armour and  
 his steed  
 brought to  
 him,  
 and rushes  
 away.

He for-3ate ther Polexene  
 And al that he be-het the qwene.  
 His stede was sone j<sup>3</sup>-dight  
 With clene harneis & bridel bryght, 14188  
 He lepe vp anon vpon his stede  
 And sprang forth as spark of glede.

Like a mad-  
 man he rides  
 forth,

**A** Chilles rides as a man mad,  
 For his men was he not glad; 14192  
 He myght that tene no lenger thole,

He brende In yre as any cole;  
 When he herde hem so gryslly grone,  
 For hem he made moche mone: 14196

like a lion he  
 goes from his  
 tent to help  
 his men.

As lyoun rampyng forth he went,  
 Wel Armed, out of his tent,  
 To socoure his men and helpe his Danes.  
 When he hem mette a-mong the Troyanes, 14200

He slays many  
 Trojans;

He sclow hem faste as a tyraunt,  
 Many a man made he criaunt;  
 ¶ He slees & felles al that he metes,  
 Thei falle thikkere than heryng fletes 14204

all know him  
 by his broad  
 sword.

In-myddes the se In here scole.  
 Alle men, thei knewe by his tole:  
 His sword was other halff fote brode;  
 Thorow the Troyens bodyis it glode. 14208  
 Thei knewe him that smot so sore,  
 Alle were a-drاد that were thore,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Or euere me In.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *sul.*<sup>3</sup> MS. *l.*

¶ **Hic Achilles pugnauit cum Troianis.**

Whan thei saw that he cam.	[lf. 210.]	14211	
Off hem made he gret Marterdam :		14212	Achilles fills every furrow with corpses ;
Euery forow Achilles filled,			
With dede bodies the erthe he hilled			
That he hadde selayn In that stour,			
Sithe he was comen, In litel hour.		14216	
¶ Ther was kyng ne knyzt so gode,			
That thei ne fled as thei were wode ;			all flee from him.
His noble sword, his bryght bronde,			His sword is bloody down to his hand.
Was bloddy down to his honde		14220	
For men that he hadde ther sclawe,			
Off many a knyght broght he of dawe.			
He fferde as it were a deucl of helle,			Like a devil he slays many Trojans.
Lord ! the peple that he gan qwelle !		14224	
Thei flow tho ffro her tent & hale,			
In the diches thei hadde mochel bale.			
The Murimdones come anon,			The Myrmi-dons turn up and kill Trojans.
Now many Troyen to dethe gon ;		14228	
Thei sorwed & cried as thei were wode,			
Many walwes In his blode.			
<b>T</b> He Gregeis tho were glad & blythe			The Greeks are glad, and thank their gods that Achilles came to battle.
And thonked her goddis offte sythe,		14232	
That he was comen to that batayl.			
Troylus then gan him meruayl :			
“ What deucl In helle hit myzt be			When Troylus sees
That made the Troyens so to fle ? ”		14236	
By his swerd he him ches,			
He wiste ther-by hit was Achilles			that it is Achilles who makes the Trojans flee, he grows wroth
That made his Troyens so to fle ;			
Wod & wrothe thanne gan he be,		14240	
Durste no man aske whi he were wroth,			
When he bare armes aȝeyn his oth.			that he fights against his oath.
¶ As a lyoun rores, to him he cried,			
With hardy herte he him defied :	27 ij	14244	



¶ *Hic Achilles vulneratus est.*

- 'Go to Hell!'      'In helle'—seyde he—'mot thow be loken! [lf. 210, bk.]  
 says Troilus to Achilles;      Hastow now thin owne othe broken?      14246  
 'false traitor,      Thow hast euere ben a fals faytour,  
 have you not      A losenger, a fals traytour!  
 broken your      Were the fro me, I the defy,  
 oath? Defend      For if I may, thow schalt a-by!'      14250  
 yourself!  
 I defy you!'      He let his stede to him flyng  
 He rides to-      Als harde as he myght slyng;  
 wards him;      And he to him with al his myght,  
 Achilles,      For he at him hadde gret dispit      14254  
 in a fury      ¶ For his wordes & his reueri  
 because of his      Bothe of falsnes & losengeri  
 insolent      That he on him bare; that he wolde proue:  
 words,      And ther-to he profered forth his gloue.      14258  
 throws his      Him hadde leuere than al that I can telle,  
 glove to him.      That he myzt Troyle qwelle.  
 Strong & stiff & hardi bothe  
 Were the knyghtes that were wrothe:      14262  
 They meet,      Eyther on other her speres poygned,  
 cleave their      Wel hard to-geder tho thei Ioyned,  
 shields with      Her scheldis roff, here speres brast,  
 their spears,      The knyghtes bothe to grounde were cast,      14266  
 wound and      That nother of hem with-oute wounde  
 unhorse each      Thei myght not rise nother hol ne sounde.  
 other.  
 Achilles rises, ¶ Achilles for-sothe was euell hurt,  
 Vpon his feet wel sone he sturt      14270  
 And drow his swerd as man of myght,  
 And wolde haue sclawe that gentil knyght.  
 But alle the Troyens on an hepe  
 By-fore him than wel sone gan lepe,      14274  
 And doghti Troyle so thei defende  
 That Achilles myght not come him hende,  
 And ladde him home out of that place.  
 Tho was it tyme to leue the chace,      14278

but Troilus is  
taken off by  
his Trojans,

For hit was al atte nyght,	[lf. 211.] 14279	Night ends the battle.
And thei were weri of that fyght,	14280	
That hem lust to take her rest ;		
For that were thanne alther best.		
Achilles gan faste hamward gange ;		
Many day afftir & lange	14284	Achilles lies in bed for several days.
Lay he seke In his bed ;		
Off his wounde was he sore dred,		
For hit greued him so sore,		
He thoght to venge him eft ther-fore.	14288	
<b>T</b> He Troyens thanne to <sup>1</sup> Troye 3ede alle		The Trojans return to Troy.
And Troylus to his fader halle,		Troylus relates the death of Gryme Gwynel ;
He tolde him of the deth of Brunys ;		the Trojan ladies bewail him.
Then were mad hidus tuynes	14292	
Off many a gentil damysel		
For the deth of Gryme Gwynel.		
He tolde him also of the Iornay :		Then he relates the first success of the Trojans,
"How thei hadde fou3ten to-gedur that day,	14296	
And how Gregeis were discomfith		
And foule put to the fly3t ;		
And how thei felde her Pauylons,		
And scholde haue sclayn alle the Gryffons	14300	
¶ Er euen-tyde at his hopyng,		
Hadde thei had no socoryng		and the attack of Achilles ;
Off doghti sir Achilles,		
That foule ferde among her pres ;"—	14304	
'That Ilke knyght him-selff alone		'He alone made our men flee.'
Maked oure men to fle echone		
For any thyng that we coude do,		
And made vs lese oure worschepe so.'	14308	
¶ When Priamus herde these tydandis—		
That Achilles a3eyn couenandis		When Priamus hears that Achilles has broken his oath,
That he hadde made & hem be-het		
At that <sup>2</sup> Iorne hem hadde let	27 [ii] 14312	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *of*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *And at that*. Cf. l. 14313 & note.

- And at that<sup>1</sup> semble slayn his folk,—[lf. 211, bk.] 14313
- he grows very  
sad,  
His herte for tene be-gan to bolke ;  
Off tho tythandes was he not payde,  
and scolds his  
wife :  
His wiff ful foule he myssayde : 14316  
'Oh, that I had  
believed your  
words !'  
he says.  
'Certis, I was'—he seyde—'ful wrecched  
That I scholde by the so be drecched,  
Vn-to thi wordes that I jaff ffayth !'—  
Priamus to his wiff sayth— 14320
- ¶ 'This false  
traitor has  
deceived us ;  
'This fals<sup>2</sup> traytour has vs by-swyked,  
For my doghter vnto him lyked ;  
He dede it certes for oure ille,  
he certainly  
wished to have  
our daughter  
for a leman  
only ;  
For he of here wolde haue his wille 14324  
And holde hir In lecherie  
With his scleyzt & trecherie,  
And do vs alle a foule repreue  
As a fals for-sworen theffe. 14328
- ¶ And that semes by his falshede :  
For<sup>3</sup> now he may not of hir spede  
At his wille by his dissayte ;  
and when he  
saw that he  
might not  
speed,  
he resolved on  
undoing me  
and mine.  
He be-thenkes him now ful strayte, 14332  
How he may best schende me & myne ;  
That myght thow se with thin eyne.  
And elles hadde he holde couenaunt,—  
He is false,  
deceitful, and  
unchivalrous.  
But he is fals & euel thynkand 14336  
And doth alle thyng with gylerye,  
With no manhed ne chyualrie.'
- Hectuba is  
much  
ashamed,  
**H**ectuba was sore aschamed  
Off here lord that sche was blamed, 14340  
Hir Angred sore that euere spak sche  
Ther-of wordes two or thre ;  
and curses  
Achilles's  
wickedness,  
Sche cursed ofte his wickednesse,  
His gylrie and his falsnesse. 14344  
And that mayden Pollexene  
Ther-of was ofte blo & grene,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *At that*. Cf. l. 14312 & note.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *sals*.    <sup>3</sup> MS. *for*.



Hit Angerd hir sore & displesed,	[lf. 212.]	14347	Pollexena, too,
Whan that hir loue hade so <sup>1</sup> spysed		14348	is very angry
That he be-het hir moder & here;			that her lover
Gret othes he made & by god swere,			broke his
That he ne scholde helpe Gregeis more			promise,
The while that thei dwelled thore.		14352	
¶ Sche chaunged chere & eke corage,			
For sche wolde fayn the mariage.			as she would
The kyng & quene were euel lykyng			have liked
For that dede,—by heuene kyng!		14356	marriage
Thei sette trestles & layde bordes			much.
With litel Ioye of any wordes;			The Trojans
When thei hadde souped, thei wente to bedde,			take supper,
Thei swor he scholde hir neuere wedde.		14360	go to bed, and
			swear that he
			shall never
			marry her.
<b>T</b> He Gregeis hem Armed, when it was day;			Next morning
Saue Achilles In his bed lay,			the Greeks
For his woundes he myȝt not ryse			arm them-
For alle the gode In that emprise.		14364	selves;
When Troyens herde the waytes horn,			Achilles stays
Thei ros vp erly on the morn;			in bed because
			of his wounds.
¶ Eche man thanne his armes craues,			The Trojans
Thei bad her ȝomen and her knaues		14368	rise up,
Dight her hors & sadel hem faste.			take their
			arms,
The <sup>2</sup> sadeles on hem sone were caste			
With double gerth as thei most nede,			and saddle
To make hem strong thei toke hede;		14372	their horses.
Many a stede broght thei forthe			
That gret tresour & mechel were worthe;			
¶ Her helmes were on her ventayles sperde.			
Thei lepe vp & forward ferde		14376	They ride out
With-oute the toun vpon a renge.			of the town.
By dere god! hit was elenge			
Eche a day se hem so fare,			
How echon other al to-tare!	27 i[iij]	14380	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hade him so.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Thei.*

	¶ <i>Hic ibant ad prelium &amp; pugnaverunt .vij.<sup>tem</sup> dies.</i>	
	Whentheiwere met,ther was no laughter, [lf. 212, bk.]	14381
	But moche wo & gret slaughter.	
The Trojans array their battalions. The Greeks	<b>T</b> He Troyens had take the Champayn, Thei are batayled In-myddis the playn.	14384
	And thei of Grece when thei beheld How thei of Troy hadde taken the feld,	
send their van- guard before,	Thei sente to hem her vanwarde With brode baneres & hye standarde ;	14388
and come themselves behind.	And thei come afftir with many a knyzt, With kynges & dukes of moche myzt, With many a louely fair pensel Off gold, of Inde, of fair sandel.	14392
A great battle is fought.	Thei ran to-gedir, when thei a-proched, Euery man thorow-out other broched ; With speres, swerdes, & knyues Echon <sup>1</sup> other al to-ryues.	14396
But I can- not relate all their deeds, as I should never come to an end. They fight seven days,	¶ But I may not her dedis alle sigge, Therfore mote I my boke a-bregge ; For to telle al that thei did there <sup>2</sup> Til ende scholde I com nere.	14400
	But .vij. dayes fro thei be-gan, Thei fauzt to-geder & neuere blan, Til thei myzt for wery no more,— Her bodyes & bones were so sore,	14404
	And alle her bones ful sore aked, And thei were wery & for-waked ; And al the feld was be-sprad With dede bodyes,—who myght be glad ?	14408
until they are worn out, and the field is covered with dead bodies.	Off bothe parties were many dede, The nombre of hem coude I not rede. ¶ Seuen dayes fauzt thei to-gedre, And al that while was mury wedre.	14412
	For whan thei hadde fouzten .vij. dayes With-oute rest to-gedur al-weyes,	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Echon on.*<sup>2</sup> MS. *thore.*

¶ *Hic Greci miserunt nuncios suos ad Troianum.*

- ¶ Agamenoun thenne assayed, [lf. 213.] 14415 Agamenon  
Wh[er]e that fight myzt be delayed, 14416 thinks it best  
Vntil Achilles couered wore<sup>1</sup> to delay the  
Off his sekenesse & of his sore; fight until  
For th[e]i were not at no defence, Achilles  
But he were ther In presence. 14420 recovers;
- He sente to Troye his messageres, he sends  
That were wel gode latymeres, messengers  
That coude wele say her Message to Priamus  
And vndirstande many langage. 14424
- ¶ He bad hem wende to Priamus,  
To Paris, & to gode Troylus,  
And pray hem ffor her goddis sake:  
"Be-twene vs a trewe to make 14428 to ask for a  
A six monethe & no day wane,— truce of six  
For dede men are oure alther bane, months,  
We may for hem be lyghtly schent, so that both  
But if thei be the sonner brent. 14432 parties may  
Beue vs leue her bodies brenne, be able to burn  
And hele the while oure seke menne,— the corpses.  
And thei may haue the same merit  
Thorow the trewe & this respit." 14436
- T**He gode kyng Vlixes,  
And his felawe Diomedes, Ulixes and  
To do this erande thei ben chosed: Diomedes are  
Thei did on robes wel a-losed 14440 chosen mes-  
And furred wel with riche Ermyn, sengers;  
As kynges that were of gentil kyn;  
Thei were richly apparayled  
With riche gerdeles wel Anamayled, 14444 they don very  
Thei drow riche hodes of ther pile rich apparel:  
That alle were sewed with riche orivile; furred robes,  
Thei wente to Troye In gode aray,—  
How richeli dyght, can I not say. 14448

<sup>1</sup> o altered from e.



426 *The Messengers are introduced to Priamus and say their Message.*

The Trojans, on seeing them arrive un- armed,	When thei of Troye sei hem come naked, [lf. 213, bk.] 14449	
are glad,	Thei hoped a trewe scholde be maked	
and open the gate.	Be-twene hem and Grece kyng; Glad were thei In here thingkyng.	14452
	¶ Aȝeyns the kynges was done vp the ȝate, The kynges reden In ther-ate; Thei ride hem forth hand In hand With louely chere & fair semblaunt:	14456
The messen- gers go into the palace, greet the king,	Thei wente In-to that riche palais And grete the kyng with wordes curteis; And he ȝeld sone her metyng And thanked sone her wel-comyng,	14460
and are wel- comed by him.	And sayde "thei were wel-come him to," And asked "what thei wolde haue do?"	
Ulixes	Ulixes kyng & his ffelawe By-fore the kyng a gode thrawe	14464
	Stode spekand & told her tale Be-fore the Troyens In that sale; He seyse: 'sir, and ȝoure wille were, Herkenes now vnto me here!	14468
speaks the message:	And I schal telle, sir kyng, to ȝow Whi we are comen hidur now:	
'Agamenon	¶ Agamenoun, oure Emperour, That is oure a[l]ther gouernour,	14472
	Bad vs two hedur go To ȝow, sir kyng, with-uten mo To aske a trewe, if ȝe assent With ȝoure consail & parlement.	14476
asks for a truce,	It is long tyme sithen we vs rest, Off medecyne haue we mechel brest;	
as we have fought so long, and scarcely any of us is unwounded.	¶ We haue fouȝten dayes many, That vnnethes of vs is any That we [n]are wounded or vnhesed, Strongly hurt or envysed,	14480

¶ *Hic pecierunt pacem per .vj. Menses.*

- Or bitterly beten with bitter strokes; [lf. 214.] 14483  
 We wolde ther-fore haue help of leches 14484  
 To hele oure woundes, er we fauȝt efft.  
 We may wilne that it were leſt,  
 Til we<sup>1</sup> be hole—he bad vs say,—  
 A six moneth euery day. 14488
- ¶ He wolde the trewe were be-twene vs fest,  
 Til we were heled In the best,  
 And ȝe ȝoure-selff to reſte haue nede  
 To hele ȝoure ſores—ſo god me ſpede! 14492  
 For I trowe ȝe haue ſom part—  
 Off ſpere or ſword or of dart—  
 Off ſom bryſure or ſom wounde,  
 ȝe are not al hol ne ſounde. 14496  
 I wil therfore ȝow not fode,  
 We mot be-twene vs bere euen lode :  
 ȝiff ȝe the trewes aſſente to,  
 ȝe may hele ȝow, and we alſo.' 14500
- P**riamus ſeyde: ' iff my conſayle  
 Theſe couenandes wil entayle,  
 I ſchal acorde to here Iugement  
 By gode a-surte and ſacrament.' 14504  
 He wente fro hem out of that halle  
 And called his men abouten him alle.
- ¶ He ſeide: ' lordynges, ȝe ben alle here,  
 ȝe are of my counſeyl al plenere, 14508  
 And ȝe haue herd what theſe men aſke.  
 Telles me now ſone In haſte :  
 Hope ȝe hit be oure profite  
 To take ſuche trewe & reſpit? 14512  
 What ſchal I ſay to theſ lordynges,  
 Theſe Meſſageres, theſe riche kynges?  
 Wol ȝe the trewe? what is ȝoure wit?  
 Are ȝe wele auiſed ȝit? 14516

We want the  
 help of ſur-  
 geons, before  
 we fight again;

and you cer-  
 tainly do ſo  
 too.'

Priamus will  
 aſk his coun-  
 cillors if they  
 will aſſent.

He calls them  
 together,

and ſays :

' You have  
 heard what  
 they aſk.  
 Do you think  
 it profitable to  
 make a truce? '

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he*.

	Awise 3ow wel, ar 3e hem graunt,	[lf. 214, bk.]	14517
	That 3e be not afftir repentaunt.'		
The Trojan councillors assent to the truce.	Thei seyde alle : 'sir, we be a-vysed :		
	Thei haue the trewe wel devysed,		14520
	We graunte the trewes a3eyns vs.'		
	' And I for me '—seyde Priamus.		
Priamus re- turns to the hall,	¶ Priamus ran to halle a-valed,		
and tells the Greeks that he and his barons grant the truce.	Ther these kynges to-gedur taled ;		14524
	He sayde : "that he and his baronage		
	Wolde graunte the terme by gode ostage		
	A six monethe til thei were heled,		
	By siker dedes wel asseled."		14528
He bids them safely return,	He bad hem go sauely a3eyn		
for he and his should keep their oath well, and so should the Greeks.	And holde the trewes for-sothe certayn,—		
	¶ "For he & his scholde by her othe		
	Holde hem stable for leue or lothe ;"		14532
	And bad : "that thei scholde do so als,		
	That thei were not founden fals ;		
	And that euery man with-oute debate		
	Scholde gon & come erly and late		14536
	With-uten robbying or reuynng,		
	With-oute any debate-makyng."		
Diomedes and Ulixes swear to do so,	These kynges swor bothe this—		
and take leave.	"So god 3eue hem Ioye and blis."		14540
	Priamus 3aff hem gode conge,		
	To wende her way and wel be.		
They return very glad to	N Ow ride these kynges murily,		
	To-gedir rydande Ioyfully ;		14544
	Thei are ful fayn that thei haue sped,		
	Off no-thing now are thei adrad.		
the camp.	Vnto her tentis are thei reden ;		
	Thei haue ther not longe abyden,		14548
	Thei hied hem to her Emperour,		
	Ther he sat vndir his couertour.		



- In his teldis thei him fond, [lf. 215.] 1455<sup>1</sup> Diomedes and  
 Thei seyde: "thei hadde ben on his sond, 1455<sup>2</sup> Ulixes  
 And that thei hadde wele done his nedis." go to Aga-  
 And [he] hem blessed for her dedis; memnon,  
 He asked: "whether thei treweus hadde and tell him  
 A six monethe, as he hem badde?" 1455<sup>6</sup> the news,  
 And thei seyde: '3e, sir, sicurly!  
 Thei schal be holden treuly  
 ¶ The trewes stable a six monethe, that the truce  
 On payne to lese bothe lym & lythe; is granted for  
 And ther-to haue we hondes holden half a year.  
 And truthis<sup>1</sup> plyzt & fyngres folden.  
 The tydandes ran fro halle to halle,  
 Eche man tolde other this tale: 1456<sup>4</sup> The Greeks  
 "How here kynges haue ben at Troye are very glad  
 And brouzt tydandes of moche Ioye, at this mes-  
 How thei scholde reste a wel gode while." sage;  
 Eche man thanne be-gan to smyle. 1456<sup>8</sup> they smile.  
**A** Gamenoun than was wel glad,  
 And so was euery lord & lad,  
 And euery a knyght that vndirstandis  
 The right sothe of these tythandes. 1457<sup>2</sup>  
 Now euery man helis his soris,  
 Euery man his tentis restoris  
 Off mete & drynke & other store,  
 Wel better than thei were ore. 1457<sup>6</sup> They heal  
 ¶ Thei were fayn of that grace their wounds,  
 Off her trewe so long a space, re-store their  
 Vntil Achilles were y-couered, tents,  
 Many a lord ouer him houered and procure  
 Eche day him to solace; new victuals.  
 He gan Troyle faste manace. 1458<sup>0</sup> Achilles is  
 ¶ He seyde: "when he hadde hele, nursed by  
 That he wolde with Troy[1]e dele, many lords;  
 he menaces  
 Troylus.  
 1458<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thruthis*.

	He wolde not lette for al Fraunce [lf. 215, bk.] 14585	
	But he tok of him vengauunce."	
The Greeks think the Trojans are deceived	Thei sayde : "that Troyens were dissayued, And that thei nere not persayued.	14588
	To graunte the trewes when thei it asked, For thei scholde now be euel a-tasted, Thei graunt the trewes In the dismole.	
and will be all slain, after Achilles is recovered.	For were it so that he were hole, He scholde scle Troyle and alle thos other, As he hadde done Ector, his brother."	14592
	<b>W</b> Ele was hem thei scholde soierne, It was for hem a noble turne :	14596
They gather grasses, make plasters and salves, and heal their wounds ;	Thei gadered gras on eche halue, And made plastres & eke salue, Thei dyght here woundes that sore gored. Off mete & drynke thei ben wel stored,	14600
they play at chess, eat and drink, and tell fables. All the surgeons of the whole army	Thei played at the chesse & tables, And ete & drank and tolde fables. And alle the leches that craftly were In al the ost that tyme there,	14604
	¶ Alle that coude of surgerye, Off Plasteres and of herberye,—	
take care of Achilles ;	Hadde Achilles In that cure To hele his woundes & his visure :	14608
they nurse him well,	Thei zaff to him wel gode kepyng To brynge him to his right slepyng, Thei made him drynkes of gode licour	
and restore him to good health,	And broght a-zeyn his fair colour ; ¶ Thei zaff him drynke many skyns, And heled him vp with medycyns, That he was hole, stalworthe, & fere	14612
	In his strengthe & playn power,	14616
before the truce ends.	Er euere the trewes come fully out. Then were the Gregeis bolde & stout,	

¶ *Hic Troiani ordinauerunt magnum Bellum.*

- Whan he was hole & ȝede on fete. [lf. 216.] 14619
- For tene his herte wex grete, 14620 Achilles is  
That Troyle did him the vilony; angry,
- He hadde to him gret envy,
- He swore by god that dwelled In heuene and swears to  
He scholde him sle for odde or euene. 14624 be revenged on  
Troilus.
- A**Chilles is hol & clene In myȝt,  
Bold and strong, semely In syȝt,  
For he is hol In flesch & fel,
- And as hole as any pykerel. 14628
- Hit drawes faste vnto that day, The truce  
That thei most nede leue her play nears its end,
- And bygynne aȝeyn the werre,
- For no man may ther-fro hem sterre; 14632 No man may  
Vntil that on for ay & euere keep them  
Be al for-done, thei blyn neuere. back from  
fight, as they  
will never  
cease until  
one of them  
is undone.
- ¶ Euery man ordeynes now his gere, 14636 They prepare  
Sadel, & bridel, & stalworthe spere, themselves for  
Fresche atyre, wel gode newe helmes, a new battle.
- And made hem gode staues of oke & elmes
- Ful of warres and of knottis,
- Piked staues with heuy bottis. 14640
- Achilles thinkes day & nyghtis,
- How he may sle douȝti knyȝtis;
- He nolde it lette for non aȝt
- That any man him ȝeue maȝt. 14644
- W**Hen the trewes were alle gone,  
And th[e]i were heled euerychone,  
And day was comen thei scholde fyght,  
And thei were rysen & redy dight,— 14648  
Eche man In his armure
- On gode stedis, be ȝe sure!—
- The Troyens ride to Ilyon;
- Kyng Philomene & Mennon, 14652 the Trojans  
ride to Ilion.



	Odeman & Eueas,	[lf. 216, bk.]	14653
	Antenor and Palamydas,		
	And eche a lord ȝede with his ost;		
The Trojans are waiting in Ilion for the orders of Troilus, how he may array them.	And alle men houed then a-cost		14656
	¶ Aboute Ilyon, that riche palais,		
	To here what Troyle to hem says:		
	“How he here batayles wolde devise,		
	In what manere and what wyse;		14660
	Ho schal haue the vaunwarde,		
	Who the myddel, and ho the rerewarde?”		
	So were thei redi In that mornynge,		
	Al redi dyght by sone rysyng.		14664
Troilus is very careful in arranging his troops well,	<b>D</b> Oghti Troyle faste him payned		
	That thei were wel ordeyned;		
	When thei were ordeyned wele & clene,		
and sends them out	He bad hem go forth al be-dene,		14668
	Euery lord with his Eschele,		
with all good wishes.	And come aȝeyn with Ioye & hele.		
The gate 'Dardanides' is opened;	The ȝate was than vndone & opone		
	That we by-fore hadde of y-spoken,		14672
	That ȝate was cleped Dardanydes:		
they go out,	Ther was of knyȝtes mechel pres,		
	¶ At the ȝates thei outward issed,		
	As doughti Troyle hem hadde wissed;		14676
and ride to- wards the Greek lists.	Thei ride to-gedir vpon a rase		
	Toward Gregeis a gode pase,		
	Til thei were comen nye here lystes.		
	Thei houed stille at here tristes,		14680
	Til thei se Gregeis oute comande		
They wait till the Greeks come out.	With brode baneres a-boute wayvande.		
	¶ Troyle now rides and his Troyanes		
	With his burgeis & Citeȝaynes		14684
	Out off Troye—alas the wo!		
	For he schal dye, er he then come ffro.		
	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">Alas troye</div>		

- Alas Troye ! what is thi grace ? [lf. 217.] 14687 Alas, Troy !  
 To the fel neuere gode trace, 14688  
 To the fel neuere gode chaunce, thou and thine  
 Ne non of alle thi retenaunce ! never had good  
 Thoow thow be gay & glorious, luck.  
 Thow were euere <sup>1</sup> on-gracious ! 14692  
 Off thow hede of Cites were, Though thou  
 Blysful hap to the fel neuere ! wast the head  
 For better men were neuere lyuand, of the cities,  
 Than were that tyme to the longand ; 14696 and thy people  
 And 3it was it here alther schap, were the best  
 That thei died alle by myshap, living,  
 ¶ Ther-fore I trowe In my thoght : they were all  
 Azens godis wille so were thei <sup>2</sup> wrought. 14700 to die.  
 Hadde destyne ben Ector frende, Had destiny  
 Or doghti Troylus that was so hende, been the friend  
 The Gregeis nad not hem sclayn ; of Hector or  
 But destene turned hem a3eyn, 14704 Troylus, the  
 Destyne was here enemy Greeks would  
 And sclow hem bothe vnhappily. not have slain  
 And also died alle that other kynde them.  
 Off gode men that were In mynde. 14708  
**T**He Gregeis saw the Troiens come  
 Out of Troye alle on a throme,  
 Armed wel In her maneres,  
 With faire penseles & brode baneres. 14712  
 The wannward than to hem thei sende,  
 The Middelward <sup>3</sup> come afterhende <sup>4</sup>,  
 The rerwarde dwelled lange.  
 But when Achilles scholde out gange, 14716 Achilles  
 ¶ He gart his men vnto him calle ;  
 And when thei stode aboute him alle,  
 He sayde to hem with glad chere ;  
 ‘ 3e ar my frendes leue & dere, 28 [j] 14720  
 addresses his  
 soldiers.

<sup>1</sup> Some letters erased between *were* and *euere*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Middelward*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *asterhende*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *we*.

¶ *Hic ibant ad prelium.*

Achilles says to his soldiers: 'I know your faithfulness.	I wot wel 3e loue me mechel	[lf. 217, bk.]	14721
	With trewe herte & no-thing fikel, And to do my byddyng are 3e meke;		
Do now what I beseech you!	Now for my loue I 3ow be-seke:		14724
	To my sawe 3e 3eue good tent, And beth to me obedient.		
Ye know how Troylus wounded and unhorsed me the other day.	¶ 3e wot wel what affray I toke of Troyle that other day,		14728
	Wiche an harm and a wounde; And how I fel vpon the grounde; Bode I neuere scuche a dispit.		
Help me now to take revenge for it on that boy!	Now helpis me that it were qwit; But I be venged of that boy, In myn herte gete I neuere Ioy.		14732
	<b>T</b> Her-fore for my loue I 3ow pray That 3e do as I 3ow say:		14736
Don't care for any king or knight,	That 3e this day 3eue no gome To kyng ne knyzt <sup>1</sup> ne to grome, Man to sle ne to take, Ne non assaut to non make,—		14740
but only to get at Troylus.	But beth besi on alle thing, How 3e may him among 3ow bryng!		
	¶ When 3e thedir comen are And 3e of him may be ware,		14744
And when you see him, sur- round him very closely,	Be-closes him al a-boute That he fro 3ow go not oute, And stondis a-boute him on a throme		
that his men may not help him,	That non of his may to him come Him to defende fro myn hond.		14748
and let me fight with him alone.	Ful stille aboute 3it 3e stond, And lete vs two oure myght schewe; And I schal that boy al to-hewe.		14752
	But loke that no man to vs come, That fro my hand that he be nome;		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *knytt*, but the scribe has tried to alter the first *t* to *3*.



¶ *Hic preliauerunt.*

I schal him ful wel qwite [lf. 218.] 14755 I'll take re-  
 That his spere did on me bite, 14756 venge on that  
 And thus may I haue my wille  
 That foule boy for to spille.

¶ Ther-fore I pray 3ow alle—  
 For any thyng that may be-falle, 14760 And I pray you  
 And as I am 3oure a[l]ther lord— to do as I tell  
 That 3e be alle at this acord you.  
 And 3if to no-tyng elles kepe.'

And with that word Achilles wepe,— 14764 Achilles weeps.  
 So wolde he fayn on him be venged.  
 The batayles ben to-gedir renged,  
 Thei of Troye & thei of Grece;  
 Thei hewe here bodies al to pece, 14768 A fierce battle  
 Thei did gret sorwe & mechel wo, begins:  
 Whan thei gan to-gedir go.

**T**He stoure is styff & strong be-gonnen,

Euery man on other is ronnen, 14772

Thei haue her speres brosten & broken,

Ful ffewe wordes ther were spoken;

At that tyme were many kastoun

A-3eyn the grounde that al to-brastoun, 14776

Ther died many at that torpel.

But then come Troyle, y-armed wel,

With mechel peple of Armed kny3tes

Come he thedir at that r3ytes;

With scheld enbrased & spere enbossed

A-mong the Gregeis he ran & pressed:

That he to ran, dethe was his dome;

Wel euel was he thedir wel-come. 14784

¶ When Troyle hadde broken his spere,  
 He toke his swerd that wel coude schere,  
 It was trenchaund & wel poynted,  
 With Gregeis blod it was anynted

28 i[j] 14788

spears are  
broken, few  
words are  
spoken.

Troylus rushes  
against the  
Greeks, with  
many knights;

all he meets  
he kills.

- Fro the poynt to the hilde, [lf. 218, bk.] 14789  
 Ful many Gregeis hadde it spilte.  
 Troylus wounds and slays many Greeks,  
 He rased scheldes firo here neckes,  
 He teres the mayles as it were sekkes, 14792  
 ¶ He bare hem down to grounde al flat,  
 He ȝaff hem many a sori sqwat<sup>1</sup>;  
 He droff down alle that come him by,  
 As doth bestes that ben hungry. 14796  
 Thei were noght to him worth a schelle,  
 He blan neuere to scle & felle  
 until midday;  
 Fro he come thedir to the mydday,  
 then the  
 That thei fro him fled a-way; 14800  
 to flee,  
 Thei fled echon by on red,  
 And elles thei hadde ben alle ded.  
 H It was a litel be-fore the none,  
 A-boute mydday, that this was done 14804  
 That thei of Grece firo Troyle fled,  
 So were thei of his strokes dred.  
 But Achilles ne none of hese  
 Achilles and his men had not yet turned up;  
 Were comen not to that purprese; 14808  
 But when he herde hem criande,  
 He loked & sey hem fleande,  
 He saw hem flee firo that purprise,  
 He bad his men be war & wyse. 14812  
 He was y-armed at alle rightes,  
 Strong & hole In alle his myghtes;  
 He takes his good sword. ¶ He tok his swerd that was so gode,  
 Hit wolde bite as it were wode, 14816  
 Ther was none suche hard ne towe;  
 Many a Troyen ther-with he sclowe.  
 He bad his men: "so mote thei thee"—  
 'Socoures now hem that now dothe fle! 14820  
 Helpis now, for thei haue nede!  
 Achilles than to hem ȝede,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sqwat*.

- ¶ He bad his men thenk on his spellis [lf. 219.] 14823  
 And attende to [no] man ellis; 14824  
 And thei bad him be not abayst,—  
 “But on him he scholde trayst.”  
 He passed forth with his meyne  
 And socoured hem that he saw fle, 14828  
 Thei mette the Troyens In her wyse  
 Thei bare hem down at the burdise. and bear the  
 Trojans down.
- ¶ Achilles and his Murimdones  
 Socoured alle her Gryffones; 14832  
 For by her help and her comyng  
 Thei were tho lettid In her chasyng,  
 And Gregis keuered a-ȝeyn the feld  
 And made good visage with spere & scheld 14836  
 To her enemys ful boldly  
 And fauȝt with hem apertly <sup>1</sup>.  
 The Greeks  
 recover the  
 field and  
 attack their  
 enemies.
- G**Regais turned and gete the place,  
 For Troyens were let of here chace. 14840  
 The Murimdones for-ȝete no-thing  
 What was her lordes faire praying :  
 Among Troyens bothe ner & fer  
 Thei loked aboute In euery corner 14844  
 Off that batayle afftir sir Troyle,  
 Iff thei saw owqher that knyȝt royle.  
 So were Thei war where he stode  
 Scleande Gregeis as he were wode : 14848  
 They find him  
 fighting quite  
 alone against  
 the Greeks,
- ¶ He was that tyme hi[m]-selff alone,  
 Off hyse that tyme with him were none ;  
 Him faste ffyghtand alone thei founde  
 Opon the Gregais In that stounde. 14852  
 Thanne wente aboute him alle that frape,  
 That he myȝt no-wayses skape,  
 And made a scheltrone him aboute  
 And spered him fro alle his route. 28 i[ij] 14856  
 and surround  
 him,

<sup>1</sup> t very indistinctly inserted over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Troylum.*

	Off Gryffons come ther many a knyzt [lf. 219, bk.]	14857
	And halp the Murimdones with her myzt.	
Achilles is glad when he sees Troylus surrounded;	¶ Achilles—lord! that he was glad!	
	Off alle the world no more he bad!	14860
	He come ridande on his stede,	
	Off sir Troyle toke he gode hede	
	How he sclow doun right his men	
	That thei lay dede In the fen.	14864
he insults him.	‘Turne the’—he seyde—‘fals gadelyng!	
	Thow schalt now dye—by heuene kyng!	
	My dispite schaltow sore abigge!	
	Kepe the fro me! I the sigge.’	14868
They draw their swords	¶ Thei drow her swerdes that were gode	
	And hew to-gedir as thei were wode,	
and wound each other.	The rede blod ran by here side,	
	Thei made hem woundes longe & wyde:	14872
Achilles hews Troylus’s helmet off his head, and throws down his shield.	Achilles hewys In-two his mayles,	
	The rede blod afftir rayles;	
	He hew the helme al of his hede,	
	His scheld sone he him be-reued.	14876
Troylus defends himself bravely;	But Troyle defendis him by his myzt	
but Achilles is stronger,	With al his strengthe, that gentil knyzt.	
	<b>B</b> Vt Achilles was so strong	
	That he myzt not endure long,—	14880
and nobody can help Troylus;	No man mygt to him come	
	For Murimdones that stode athrome,	
	The Gregeis also with al here myght[es]	
	Passyng twenty thousand knyghtes.	14884
he grows weary and falls from his horse.	¶ Troyle was wery <sup>1</sup> , he mygt not sitte,	
	He was al faynt & out of witte	
	For the blod that he gan blede,	
	Tho fel he doun of his stede.	14888
Achilles draws his sword,	Achilles tho lyght glad ynow	
	And his noble swerd out-drow	

<sup>1</sup> *y* seems to be corrected from *i*.



¶ *Lamentacio Troianorum.*

- And smot his hed fro the body [lf. 220.] 14891 smites off  
 And throw<sup>1</sup> it away dispitously; 14892 Troilus's head  
 He tyed his body at his hors tayl and throws it  
 And drow him tho thorow the batayl. away,
- ¶ Achilles has sir Troyle sclayn,  
 And ther-of he is wonder fayn; 14896  
 Michel schame & vylony  
 Did he tho that dede body:  
 He tied him at his hors ers binds the dead  
 And drow him ouer myre & Mers, 14900 corpse to his  
 Thorow her ost & her batayle horse's tail,  
 He drow him at his hors tayle— and drags it  
 As he hadde ben a cut-purs, over the field.  
 Ne mygt he him haue don no wors. 14904
- ¶ When it was told sir Palidomas<sup>2</sup>,  
 Antenor, & sir Eueas,— When the  
 And his brother sir Paris Trojan kings  
 When he herde telle of this, 14908 are told this,  
 He myght not speke no<sup>3</sup> word, but swoun, Paris swoons.  
 Among hem alle tho fel he down.
- ¶ The Troyens than hadde sorwe y-now,  
 When thei saw how he him drow, 14912 The Trojans  
 Thei ran on the Grues alle on a res rush upon the  
 To reue sir Troyle firo Achilles. Greeks to  
 But thei of Grece so with-stode take the body  
 With egre wil & sturdy mode, 14916 from Achilles;  
 That thei myght not the Gregeis twyn  
 Ne that body fro hem wyn. but they do not  
 succeed.
- A wonder stoure and a cruel  
 Be-gan thei thanne & a mortel, 14920 A fierce battle  
 For alle the Troyens ther-aboute begins.  
 Gadered hem vpon a route,  
 The ded body fro him to reue;  
 But Gregeis wolde it not leue. 28 i[iij] 14924

<sup>1</sup> MS. *drow*.

<sup>2</sup> *idomas* written by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *spoken o*.

	Achilles cleues alle her bones,	[lf. 220, bk.]	14925
	For sorwe thei crye & bitterly grones.		
When King Mennon hears this news,	¶ But when Mennon, that noble kyng, Off Troyle herde this tydyng,		14928
	Whan he wyste that he was sclayn And thorow that ost so foule drawyn,— An hundrid sithe he seyde ‘alas!’		
he bewails the death of Troylus,	So was him wo that he ded was: “Alas!”—seyde he that tyme & tyde— “That euere scholde he that day a-byde To se so noble a doghti knyght Be so distroyed & foule dyght!”		14932
and presses to Achilles; he insults him:	With sore herte thorow alle that prese Cried Mennon to Achilles,		14936
	¶ When he was comyn to him neye;		
‘Traitor, I defy thee! How couldst thou bind to thy horse’s tail and drag through the brooks	He sayde: ‘traytour, I the defye! To thi’ hors tayl that knyght to bynde, In thi foule herte how myght thou fynde? And drawe him thorow bekke & broke That gentil knyzt that thow so toke,		14940
such a good and gentle knight?	That was so gode of vasselage <sup>2</sup> , Off douȝtines & of corage!		14944
Beware!	Ware the, traytour, now for me! By him that made leff on tre:		14948
Thou shalt not drag him any farther!’	Thow schalt him no further drawe With-oute harm for loue ne awe!’		
Achilles is furious that Mennon so despises him,	<b>L</b> Ord, that Achilles was wode! That alle tho chaunged his blode!		14952
	That he sette him so at noght, He thoght it scholde be dere a-boght;		
and smites him with all his might.	He smot tho kyng Mennon a-ȝeyn With al his power & his mayn,		14956
Mennon smites him too,	And kyng Mennon to him with that; But Achilles In his sadel sat.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *his*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *basselage*.

- But thorow his scheld & Aketoun [lf. 221.] 14959 and pierces  
 He smot Achilles In that raundoun; 14960 Achilles's  
 ¶ Achilles was sore aschamed shield and  
 And of that dede foule a-gramed, 'aketoun.'  
 Opon his swerd his hond he layde Achilles is  
 And swere by othe and seyde: 14964 ashamed,  
 "That he scholde doun for leue or lothe!"— and swears to  
 And therto Achilles swor his othe. bring Mennon  
 ¶ Achilles smot that knyzt sore, down.  
 That he fel doun of his hors thore He smites and  
 Opon the grounde In a ded swone, 14968 unhorses him;  
 And of his hors he fel a-doune. Mennon  
 The Troyens than fro him wan; swoons.  
 But ȝit ther died many a man 14972  
 With dynt of sword In that batayle,  
 Thei suffred ther ful mechel trauayle.  
**T**He while thei were at this fight,  
 The Troyens with strengthe & myght 14976 The Trojans  
 Troylus body a-way thei stale recover the  
 As faste as thei myght hale, body of Troy-  
 Til it was stolen out of that ost, lus.  
 Vndir a dike layde a-cost. 14980  
 Than gan these ostis parte atwynne,  
 For of that fyghtyng wold thei blynne<sup>1</sup>;  
 And kyng Mennon a hors was brouȝt,  
 But arst with Troyens was hit ful touȝt. 14984  
 ¶ But it was euen, they myȝt not dwelle,  
 Thei departed, as I ȝow telle:  
 Hit was ney the euenyng,  
 The sonne was ney at his setting; 14988  
 And bothe parties hamward drow,  
 For thei hadde foghten long y-now.  
 The Gregeis ȝede to here tentis;  
 And Paris vp that body hentes, 14992  
 All go home,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thei not blynne.*

442 *The Corpse of Troylus is brought to Troy. All bewail his Death.*

Paris brings  
the corpse of  
Troylus to  
Troy.

And a-none hamward gan royle, [lf. 221, bk.] 14993  
And ledde with him the body of Troyle.

**T**Hei haue her fyght for this day ent;  
And thei of Troy hamward went, 14996  
The dede body with hem thei ledde,

Al of blod it is be-bled.

All the bells  
ring, and  
everybody  
weeps, know-  
ing that some  
one of theirs is  
dead.

At euery temple the belles ronge,  
Euery man wepe, and no man songe; 15000

And ther-by wiste alle tho of Troye  
That some of heres were dede & foye.

Philomene & kyng Mennon

That body bar to Ylion, 15004

And alle the Troyens on a rowe  
With loude cryng and moche harrowe.

When they  
hear those  
bearing the  
corpse cry,  
they ask the  
reason.

¶ When thei of Troye hadde herd that cry,  
Thei asked "how?"—the chesoun whi 15008  
Thei cried so and wepe so sore—

"And what he was that thei bare thore?

Iff he were lord of gret renoun?

Or any kyng of any regioun?" 15012

On hearing it  
is Troylus,

And thei answered & seyde a-ȝeyn:

"That it was Troyle that ther was sclayn."

¶ When thei of Troye the sothe wiste,

they wring  
their hands  
and bewail his  
death.

Ther was wrongen many a fliste. 15016

'Alas'—thei seide—'now he is ded,

Now are we alle with-outen red!'

Thei wyste tho to lese her lyues,

Bothe here children & here wyues, 15020

And alle the godis euere thei aught;

Off here lyues tho rouȝte thei naught.

So do his  
father and  
mother.

¶ The sorwe that the fadir made!

Ther was no man that him myght glade. 15024

Out off sorwe was not the quene,

Ne his suster Pollexene.



Sche made for him sorwe y-now,	[lf. 222.]	15027	Pollexena,
For dele hir body al to-drow,		15028	
Hir louely heer sche al to-rent,			
Sche cracched hir face & al to-schent,—			
That it was ruthe & gret pite			
So fair a lyff so dyght to se.		15032	
¶ In gret mornyng was dame Heleyn,			Eleyne, and
When sche wiste sir Troyle sclayn;			
And his brother, sir Paris,			Paris bewail
Gret sorwe made he y-wis:		15036	Troilus,
He sorwed bothe day & nyzt.			
And so did euery lord & knyzt,			and so do all
And alle that euere were In the toun;			the other lords
For thei seide alle: "thei were a-doun,"—		15040	and knights of
And al the nyght til the morwe			Troy.
Lyued thei In gret sorwe.			
¶ But the Gregeis were wel glad;			But the Greeks
Lord, the Ioye that thei mad		15044	are very glad,
That her strong fo was sclayn!			and make
Lord, that thei therfore were fayn!			merry,
Thei slepe al nyzt and made blythe,			
And thonked her god offte sithe,		15048	
And solaced Achilles thei also			and congratu-
For that prowessse that he hadde y-do.			late Achilles
¶ When day was comen, and nyzt gon,			on his having
Thei toke her hors euerychon <sup>1</sup>		15052	slain their
And rod aȝeyn In-to the feldis,			strong foe.
Out of the toun & of the teldis;			Next morning
And be-gan a newe assaut,			all prepare for
Til hit was fer with-Inne the naut.		15056	a fresh battle.
<b>W</b> hen it was day, & thei sei lyght,			
And thei were armed & redi dyght,			
Out of Troye rod the Troyanes;			
A-ȝeyn hem come alle the Danes,		15060	

<sup>1</sup> *chon* on erasure, but by the same hand.

¶ *Hic Pugnabant per vij<sup>tem</sup> dies.*

	Wel arrayed on horse rydande,	[lf. 222, bk.]	15061
	With fair scheld & spere In hande.		
Many are wounded,	Many a man ther strokes toke,		
	That many of hem her lyff for-soke ;		15064
	Many a body was ther to-koruen,		
many die.	And many gode knyzt was ther storuen.		
They fight the whole day, till night ends the battle.	¶ And thus ferde thay til it was nyght,		
	That thei of sonne had no syght,		15068
	That thei most nede take her rest.		
Next morning they begin again ;	On morwe were thei al prest		
	That ffyght a3eyn to be-gynne ;		
	For that wolde thei neuere blynne,		15072
	Vnto that on were for-done,—		
	And that scholde now be sone.		
and thus they fight seven days without rest.	¶ And thus ffauzt thei to-gedur samen—		
	Alle on earnest & not on gamen—		15076
	With-oute rest dayes seuene ;		
It would take too much time to relate all their deeds ;	But alle her dedis may no man neuene,		
	For that wolde be to longe dwellyng,		
	To moche werk of my tellyng :		15080
	For who-so wolde aboute that dwelle		
	Alle her dedis for to telle,		
many books might be filled with them.	Many bokes myght men make ;		
	I wol not now vndirtake.—		15084
	¶ But seuene dayes with-uten pes,		
	With-oute rest—so saith Dares—		
	Fauzt thei to-gedir day for day,		
Only Achilles did not fight ; he lay in bed healing his wounds.	Saue Achilles In his bed lay		15088
	To hele the woundes that he hadde cauzt,		
	When he & Mennon to-gedir fauzt		
	Off that fyght that thei hadde meled.		
	The seuenthe day whan he was heled		15092
	Off his woundes wel & fyn,		
	Off his Angwys & his pyn,		

¶ *Incipit bellum In die septimo.*

He Armed him as other did,	[lf. 223.]	15095	Achilles, on
To go & fyght the Gregeis myd.		15096	the seventh
¶ Then were the Gregeis bold & glad ;			day of the
Alle his men tho faire he bad <sup>1</sup> ,			battle, arms
That when thei come to that batayle,			himself
That thei scholde alle Mennon assayle		15100	and instructs
And close him alle envyroun,			his men how
That him myght helpe no man ;			to surround
And jiff to no man elles entent,			Mennon,
But that he were amonges hem hent,		15104	and not to take
That he myght do hem wreche,			heed of any-
And sle him for his <sup>2</sup> last speche,			body else,
And for he woundid him so sore—			in order that
He swore : “ he scholde do so na more <sup>3</sup> .”		15108	he may be
¶ And therefore he bad his men not fayle			avenged.
To helpe him wele In that batayle ;			
Thei bad him holde him stille,			They promise
Hit scholde be done at his wille.		15112	to do so.
<b>H</b> IT was upon the day seuend,			
Achilles thoght he wolde be euend			
Vpon the doghti kyng Mennoun.			
He bad her kynges & Agamenoun :		15116	Achilles bids
“ That he scholde the Gregeis aray,			Agamemnon
To se that day qwat thei do may ? ”—			array the bat-
‘ For I my-selff that day schal lede			talions.
The formast warde, so god me spede ! ’		15120	Achilles will
¶ Agamenoun tho hem arayed,—			lead the first
With baneres brode alle displayed,—			one.
And bad echon thei scholde hem hye			Agamemnon
Forward with her companye,		15124	bids them
For thei of Troye were comen alle			make haste,
And with-uten her Cite walle			
In-to the feld, to take her stale,			as the Trojans
With many riche amerale.		15128	are already in
			the field.

<sup>1</sup> Some letters erased after *bad*.

<sup>2</sup> *s* on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *namore*.

	¶ Kyng Mennoun the vamwarde ledis, [lf. 223, bk.]	15129
	Vnto Achilles he him spedis ;	
Achilles and Mennon meet at once ;	When he saw him be-fore comande, He hied to him faste ridande :	15132
	Rode thei to-gedir with gret envy As faste as thei myght fly,	
they wound and unhorse each other,	Ayther smot other In-myddes the scheld, That bothe fley on the feld	15136
	Fro her horses to the grounde, That nother was with-ouen wounde.	
and fight on on foot.	¶ But thei lepe vp & fau3t on fote, For tho was hem no more bote :	15140
But Mennon is alone.	But Mennon was his men with-oute, Here horses ran fro hem a-boute ; Ther was no man to him 3aff gome, Kyng ne sqwyer, kny3t ne grome.	15144
Trojans and Greeks meet ;	<b>T</b> Royens mette & the Gryffons With sword & spere & gret burdons, With piked staues wel y-wrythen.	
a strong fight.	Ther was a fyght strong y-3euen :	15148
Many are slain in this battle.	On bothe parties thei died thikke, But thei schal leue non qwyk,	
The wounds are described.	Many a schanke brake thei In-sonder, And many lay his hors fet vnder ; Ech-on other smot & quelled That thikke to grounde ded thei felled.	15152
	¶ Many an hed was al to-squat <sup>1</sup> , And many ded on his hors sat ;	15156
	Some loste nose, & some her tonges, Som her lyuer, & som her longes.	
When the Myrmidons see the combat between their lord and Men- non, they surround them,	The Murindones when thei were ware Off kyng Mennon & his fare	15160
	A-3eyn her lord, thei hadde gret tene, Thei closed him tho hem by-twene	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto squat*.



¶ *Hic Achilles occidit Menonem Regem.*

- |   |            |       |  |
|---|------------|-------|--|
| That no help myght he haue                      | [lf. 224.] | 15163 |  |
| Off no Troiene—so god me saue!                  |            | 15164 | and keep the<br>Trojans back.                            |
| Thei holde hem oute with gret fyght             |            |       |  |
| And sclow the Troiens down right.               |            |       |  |
| ¶ Achilles and Mennoun fauzt In-fere,           |            |       | Achilles and<br>Mennon fight                             |
| The strokes myght men fer here ;                |            | 15168 | hard ;   |
| The knyghtes were bothe gode & strong,          |            |       | both are very<br>strong.                                 |
| But her fyght myght not dure long :             |            |       |  |
| But Mennoun woundes Achilles sore,              |            |       | Mennon<br>wounds Achil-                                  |
| But Achilles did him wel more,                  |            | 15172 | les severely,<br>but                                     |
| Thei fauzt to-gedir as thei were wode,          |            |       |  |
| Bothe thei ran al on blode.                     |            |       |  |
| ¶ Mennon scheld is al to-hewe,                  |            |       | Achilles cuts<br>Mennon's                                |
| He cutte his mayles rewe on rewe,               |            | 15176 | shield to<br>pieces,                                     |
| With his blod-brode bronde                      |            |       |  |
| He hewe his scheld to his honde :               |            |       |  |
| Mennon was faynt for many wounde,               |            |       | wounds him<br>several times,                             |
| Achilles smot him down to grounde,              |            | 15180 | throws him on<br>the ground,<br>and cleaves his<br>head. |
| He cleue his hede to his brest,                 |            |       |  |
| He bad him lye ther & rest.                     |            |       |  |
| <b>M</b> Ennoun is ded, and that is harm ;      |            |       |  |
| He lithe ded In his blod warm.                  |            | 15184 |  |
| Troyens bere him a-way thore,                   |            |       | The Trojans<br>take away<br>Mennon's<br>body ; but       |
| Thei were tho agast sore.                       |            |       |  |
| But then come down to that semble               |            |       |  |
| Menelaus with his meyne ;                       |            | 15188 | by Menelaus,   |
| And so did duk Menescenes,                      |            |       | Menescene,   |
| And Ajax Thelamens,                             |            |       | Ajax,  |
| And Diomedes with his peres,                    |            |       | and Diomedes   |
| With his gode men & comperes :                  |            | 15192 |  |
| And hem of <sup>1</sup> Troye so schent & donge |            |       |  |
| And so stoutly among hem thronge,               |            |       |  |
| That thei made hem the feld for-sake            |            |       | they are put to<br>flight.                               |
| And to the flyght for-sothe hem take.           |            | 15196 |  |

<sup>1</sup> of inserted by the same hand over line.

448 *The Trojans flee to their City, bar the Gates, and lament their Dead.*

The Trojans flee,	¶ The Troyens fledde, for thei hadde nede; [lf. 224, bk.]	15197
	Thei were echon In gret drede	
	For tho that Gregeis ouer-toke,	
	Aftir lyff myght thei not loke.	15200
many are slain and wounded;	Thei sclow the Troyens many on	
	And wounded also gret won;	
but others flee into their city	But alle that hadde space to fle	
	Flow In-to Troye, the strong Cite,	15204
and bar the doors.	And spered the 3ates with keye & lokke	
	To kepe out the Gregeis folke.	
	¶ The Cite 3ates are sperd & stoken,	
	That thei be not on hem broken;	15208
	And thei wente alle In-to her Innes.	
Hectuba bewails the death of her son Troylus,	But Hectuba, the quene, not blynnes	
	Reuful sorwe & dele to make	
	For doghti Troyle, her sones, sake;	15212
who is yet lying unburied.	For 3it he liggis vpon moldè,	
	I-buried In clothes of golde.	
Priamus weeps,	<b>P</b> riamus wepis and makes mone,	
	And so do alle the lordes echone,	15216
and so do Paris,	Paris wepis for him sore,	
	And so did his suster wel more,	
and Pollexena,	That faire mayden Pollexene,	
and all the others.	And Eche burgeis & Cite3ene.	15220
	For eche man cares now for his lyff,	
	For his children, & for his wiff.	
	For Mennoun kyng were thei sori,	
	Ther was non that he ne was drery.	15224
Hector, Dephe- bus, Troylus,	¶ Now is Ector ded, and Dephebus,	
	Troyle also the vigorous,	
and Mennon are now dead;	And sir Mennoun, the doghti kyng.	
	"Alas, Alas!" thei gan to syng,	15228
only Paris is left.	For hem is left none but Paris,	
	Now of Troye is litel Prys.	

{p<sup>1</sup>Riamus}

<sup>1</sup> The rubricator forgot to paint over the small p.

¶ *Hic Troiani pecierunt pacem ad sepiliendum Troylum  
& Mennonem Reges*<sup>1</sup>.

<b>P</b> riamus calles his conseleres, [lf. 225.] And biddes hem chese two Messageres	15231 15232	Priamus sends messengers to the Greeks;
That ben witti and curtays, That may wende on Message to the Gregays; He bede hem riche robis done on And wende to kyng Agamenoun <sup>2</sup> .	15236	
¶ The Messageres to Gregays wende, The knyghtes curteys, gode, and hende, A trewe to aske—as here kyng sayde;— And thei hem graunt and are wel payde. And thei come a-ȝeyn ridande To telle him of her tydande, And seyde: ‘the trewes are ferme & stable, Sicurly with-outen ffable.’	15240      15244	they go and demand a truce; which is granted.  They ride back to Troy  and relate the good news.
¶ The Troyens haue at Gregays ben, And trewe is taken hem be-twen. A precious tombe for Troyle was wrought, And his body ther-In was broght; And leyde him ther-In bischopis thre With wonder gret solempnite: Ther was for him a riche offerynges Off Erles, Dukes, and of kynges.	15248      15252	A precious tomb is built for Troylus; three bishops bury him with great solemnity.
¶ <sup>3</sup> And Priamus made also Another tombe Menoun vnto, And did his men ther-Inne him brynge With fair seruice & gret offrynge. And whan that seruice was al y-done, To her mete thei wente sone, Thei dight hem to her mete. But Hectuba has not for-ȝete Off Troyle deth, that doughti knyȝt, That sche loued with al her myȝt: Many a way that lady soght And wel narwe sche hir be-thoght,	15256       15260   29 j 15264	Another tomb is erected for Mennon.  After the funeral service, they have dinner.  But Hectuba cannot forget the death of Troylus.

<sup>1</sup> One line in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Agamenon*.

<sup>3</sup> In the MS. the *next* line (15254) is standing here, after this sign.

¶ **Lamentacio Hectube.**

Hectuba considers how to be avenged on Achilles; she calls Paris to her,	How sche myght venge hir on that swayn [lf. 225, bk.] 15265 That hadde hir two sones sclayn. Sche called to hire hur sone Paris And seyde to him wepande y-wys :	15268
and says to him : 'Thou knowest how this Achilles has slain thy brothers.	¶ 'Paris'—sche seyde—'thow wost wele Off this Achilles euery dele. This wicked theff Achilles Thi bretheren hath sclayn with-oute les With his falshede & his quayntise, Ther-fore I wolde on alle wise Be venged on that wicked fode; Me were it leuer than any gode !	15272 15276
I will be avenged on this wicked beguiler.	I pray the : do thing that I bidde, That my consayl be not kidde. Paris swor bothe loude & stille : "Alle her wil he wolde fulfille ; What thyng that sche wolde haue done <sup>1</sup> , Hit scholde be done swithe sone."	15280
Then Hectuba says to him :	<b>H</b> ectuba with drery mode Seide to Paris ther he stode :	15284
'This wicked man, peerless in battle, intends destroying all of us.	'This wicked man, this losengere In al this batayle hath no pere ; He wol vs alle distroye, But we the rather may him anoye.	15288
But as he is in love with Pollexena, and has several times prayed to have her in marriage,	This Achilles, wham I mene, Loues thi suster Pollexene, And has ofte sent his message Hir to haue In mariage ; ¶ He wolde neuere of sendyng blyn, Til he of me answeere myzt wyn.	15292
I'll send and tell him that he may come and have her.	I wol therfore—so god me a-mende !— To-morwe erly afftir him sende And bid him derely : "come me tille, And he of hir schal haue his wille."	15296

<sup>1</sup> MS. *doð*; the scribe is very inconsistent in the endings *oð* and *ouð*, he even rhymes *oð* and *ouð* sometimes, as here, and leaves the reader to decide which is right.



- And than wol I—so haue I blis!— [lf. 226.] 15299  
 In the temple of Apolynys 15300  
 That thow be hid with certayn kny3tis,  
 Armed wel at alle rightes ;  
 And when he comes a-mong 3ow alle,  
 That he be sclayn,—what so be-falle !— 15304  
 That he no wyse passe quyk,  
 For that were then to vs ful wik.’
- P**aris than answered & sayde :  
 ‘ Mi dere Moder, I holde me payde 15308  
 Off 3oure biddynge & 3oure consayl ;  
 Hit schal be done with-oute fayl.’  
 On morwe erly, whan it was day,  
 Paris thanne with-oute delay 15312  
 Went to the temple, and ther him hid  
 With twenti armed kny3tes myd  
 That were hardy & wondir strong,  
 To sle Achilles hem among. 15316
- ¶ The sonne schon, the day was cler,  
 Hectuba sente hir Messanger  
 Afftir that kny3t, sir Achilles,  
 And bad him faire : “ whil it was pes, 15320  
 Come swithe home to hir house,  
 And he scholde haue to his spouse  
 Pollexene, that semely may,  
 That he so moche loued ay.” 15324
- ¶ When Achilles these tydynges herde,  
 With mochel Ioye & murthe he ferde,  
 For he was so with hir loue bounden :  
 Thoow he hadde of rede gold founden 15328  
 An hundrid thousand pounde,  
 He hadde not ben so glad that stounde  
 As he was thanne—I vndirstande,—  
 When he herde this tythande. 29 i[j] 15332

Thou and  
some well-  
armed knights  
shall hide in  
the temple of  
Apollo, and  
slay him  
there.’

Paris answers :  
‘ I agree ; all  
shall be done  
so.’

In the early  
morning Paris

and twenty  
knights  
hide in the  
temple.

Hectuba

invites  
Achilles to  
her house,  
to have  
Pollexena as  
his wife.

Achilles  
is very glad ;

though he had  
found 100,000  
pounds of gold,  
he could not  
have been  
gladder.

¶ *Qualiter Achilles fuit occisus.*

- Achilles calls  
Archilogus, the  
son of Nestor :
- ¶ He called as sone vnto him tho [lf. 226, bk.] 15333  
 Duk Nestor sone <sup>1</sup> with-outen mo,  
 A doghti knyzt, sir Archilogus,  
 And seide anon to him thus : 15336  
 ‘ Archilogus, my trusti frend,  
 I pray the now : with me thow wende ;  
 On the is now my most trayst,  
 Ther-fore I am not a-bayst 15340  
 The to telle my priuete :  
 I’ll go to Troy ; I wol wende to that Cite,  
 I schal haste me thedir now ;  
 nobody else must know it. Schal no man wyte but only thow. 15344  
 ¶ For I haue then suche tythandes had  
 That I am bothe mury & glad :  
 I shall have for my wife her whom I love more than my life,  
 Pollexena. For I schal wende vn-to my wyff  
 That I loue more than my lyff ; 15348  
 I schal wedde that mayden clene,  
 The kynges doghter, Pollexene,  
 That is whitter then Blaunche flour ;  
 And I haue loued hir *per* amour 15352  
 And suffred for hir moche pyne,  
 But now is sche on of myne.  
 Therefore I’ll hasten.’ ¶ I wol therfore to hir me spede,  
 That sche delaye no more this dede.’ 15356  
 They ride together to Troy very merry.  
 Achilles than & his ffelawe  
 A Rode so forth with mochel plawe,  
 With mury herte & mochel Ioye  
 Rode Achilles In-to Troye. 15360  
 ¶ When thei were comen to Troye zate,  
 The porter was redi ther-ate,  
 And lete hem In with fair semblaunt,  
 And thei to Ylion rod syggand 15364  
 With mury herte & louely chere,  
 And that aboute thei ful dere :

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Nestorsone*.

*The Fight of Achilles in the Temple against Paris and his Fellows.* 453

For whan thei comen at that palays, [lf. 227.]	15367	Achilles and Archilocus
Thei fonde ther knyghtes curtays	15368	are led into the temple
Vnto the temple that hem ledde,		
Ther thei leide <sup>1</sup> her lyff to wedde.		
In-to the chirche when thei were gon,		
Thei spered the dores euerychon ;	15372	
And Paris thanne & his comperes		where Paris and his men are hidden.
Come walkyng out of here soleres		
Ther thei hadde ben In a-wayt,		
To brynge Achilles to his dissait.	15376	
¶ Achilles thei alle tho discried,		
And he hem alle boldly defied :		
Tho twenti knyghtes on a rowte		They attack Achilles and his fellow,
By-sette Achilles al abowte,	15380	
And euery man his sword out-drowe		
And seyde : ‘ Achilles, defende the nowe !		and shout :
For thow schalt for thi vilonye,		‘ Thou must die to-day for the death of Troylus.’
For thi falshede & cowardye	15384	
That thow sir Troyle so foule slowe,		
Die this day, yff that we mowe.’		
<b>A</b> Chilles saw he was dissayued :		Achilles sees he is betrayed ;
Fro his necke his mantel he wayued,	15388	
And a-boute his Arme he caste,		
And with his hond he held it faste ;		
And smot a knyght amonges hem alle		he slays one of the Trojans,
And made him his swerd to falle.	15392	
His felawe was sclayn lyghtly,		but his fellow is knocked down.
But Achilles tho fauȝt myghtly,		Achilles slays ten of his assailants.
And ten of tho that him assayled		
He sclow, er his herte fayled.	15396	
¶ But Paris stod fro his meyne,		Paris shoots three darts at Achilles.
And In his hond held dartes thre		
And kest hem at Achilles		
Ther he fauȝt In-myddes the pres,	29 iij 15400	

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *leff*, but crossed out, and *leide* inserted by another hand over line.

¶ *Hic Achilles Interfectus fuit.*

	And wounded him, as he fauȝt thore, [lf. 227, bk.]	15401
	In his body with hem ful sore.	
Paris wounds Achilles severely, else he would have slain all twenty.	And nad Paris so him wounded, Alle his knyghtes hadde he comfoded With his manhoud <sup>1</sup> , & thorow his myȝtes He hadde slayn the .xx <sup>ti</sup> . knyȝtes. But he hadde than many a wounde,	15404
Achilles dies.	Tho fel he ded vpon the grounde.	15408
	¶ Whan he was ded, thei him to-coruen ;	
Paris orders his body to be thrown to the rooks	When Paris saw that he was storuen, He bad hem take him by the leggis And throwe him ouer In-to the seggis And let him ligge to roke & rauē ; He swor : " he scholde neuere be grauen,	15412
and dogs.	But he scholde to houndes mete, And rokis & rauēys him scholde ete."	15416
	<b>B</b> Vt when that the quene Helayn Wyste that thei were so slayn, Sche come rennande thedir blyue And sir Paris sche gan to schryue ;	15420
Eleyne asks Paris not to do shame to such a renowned knight.	Sche prayed for lone & curtasye : " He scholde not do that vylonye To that knyȝt that was alosed." So sche spak & so sche glosed,	15424
Paris then has the corpse laid in the highway, that every Trojan may see it.	That he bad men scholde him lay Somwhere In Troye In an hye way, That euery man that likyng hadde Might hem be-holden & be gladde,	15428
	¶ Whan thei saw ded that ilke body That was that mortel enemy. In Troye tho was mochel Ioye Among alle burgeis of Troye, When thei saw him ded & slayn thore That thei be-fore hadde dred so sore.	15432
The Trojans are very glad to see slain him whom they feared so much.		

<sup>1</sup> *With* on erasure, but by the same hand ; in *manhoud* something has been altered, it seems to have been like . . . *hond*.



- Thei sayde tho: "thei hadde no drede [lf. 228.] 15435 The Trojans  
 Off the Gregays ne of her dede, 15436 say they don't  
 For thei scholde neuere the Cite wynne, any more, as  
 Sithe he was ded her trust was Inne." they will never  
 ¶ And thus was Achilles done to ded win the City,  
 Thorow a wicked woman red, 15440 since Achilles  
 Thorow her sleight & consayl is dead.  
 Died the knyght with-oute fayl. Thus Achilles  
 And so hath many a-nother man was done to  
 Died thorow red of a womman : death through  
 15444 a wicked  
 That neuere were so gode knyghtes woman's  
 Off ffairnes, of connyng, ne of myghtes, advice,  
 ¶ The beste body that euere ete bred like so many  
 Thorow fals wymmen haue ben ded. 15448 other good  
 And so did Achilles, the strong knyght, knights.  
 Thorow a womman lost al his myght;  
 And sche ther-afftir sclayn was  
 For the deth of Achilles. 15452 She was  
 afterwards  
 slain for the  
 death of  
 Achilles.  
 A Chilles ligges In gret wondryng  
 Ded In Troye In gret wowenyng;  
 Among the burgeis of the toun<sup>1</sup>  
 The word goth bothe vp & doun<sup>1</sup>. 15456 The news of  
 his death  
 reaches Nestor  
 So fer the tythandis were told,  
 That duk Nestor, the kny3t so old,  
 And alle the Gruwes gret & smale  
 Hadde yherd that sori tale. 15460 and the  
 Greeks.  
 ¶ T[h]er was tho a delful cry & gale<sup>2</sup>  
 Among the Gregeis gret & smale,  
 Thei wepyn for him more & les;  
 Thei seyde: "thei were al redeles, 15464  
 Tho thei coude no more red," —  
 But seyde echon: 'now he is ded  
 That al oure los & worschip wan!'  
 Ther wepte for him many a man. 29 iiij 15468

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ton* . . . *doun*, see note on p. 450.

<sup>2</sup> & *gale* inserted later, but by the same hand.

- ¶ Hic Imperator Grecorum pecijt corpora Militum.**
- The Greeks swear to give up the beleaguering.
- Thei swor alle by her god lege, [lf. 228, bk.] 15469  
 That thei wolde alle byleue that sege,  
 Thei wolde no lenger holde it forth;  
 Thei held hem no-thing worth: 15472  
 Gret sorwe made thei al day,  
 That he was ded—I dar wel say.
- Agamemnon sends messengers to
- A** Gamenoun, her Emperour,  
 He sente to Troye a procuratour, 15476  
 Lordis, knyztis, & squyeres,  
 And bad the kyng, for her prayeres,  
 And also to sir Paris,  
 To graunte hem tho two bodyes 15480  
 To grauen hem the moldes vndir,  
 That men on hem no more wondir.
- Priamus and Paris, asking for the two bodies.
- ¶ Priamus** graunt the kynges bone  
 And seyde: “her wil scholde be done,” 15484  
 And escused him of that dede,  
 Bothe of assent and of rede;  
 He bad thei scholde hem hom lede.  
 Thei toke hem tho bothe In<sup>1</sup> her wede<sup>2</sup> 15488  
 As blody as thei wore;  
 For Achilles thei wepyn sore  
 And ledes hem home to here Grues,  
 But euery a man his sorwe newes, 15492  
 Off no Ioye thei ne rought,  
 When he was so ded hom<sup>3</sup> brought.
- the Greeks bring the corpses home.
- A** Chilles is to Gregais broght;  
 Priamus then thei be-soght: 15496  
 “That he wolde to hem graunte  
 That knyzt that was vayllaunte  
 In that toun to grauen somwher,  
 Wher he ordaynet for hem ther.” 15500
- Then they ask leave to bury Achilles and his companion somewhere in the town.
- ¶ Priamus** wolde not werne,  
 He bad hem graue them In an herne

<sup>1</sup> MS. *In bothe.*

<sup>2</sup> *de* by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> *o* altered from *e*.

In som 3ate of that Cite,	[lf. 229.]	15503	They are
As hem thought best, In that entre.		15504	allowed to
The Gregais than a-non did make			bury them
A tombe of Marbil gray & blake,			in a gate, and
Off Alabaster as white as mylke ;			erect a
¶ In al this world is non silke,		15508	gorgeous tomb.
So noble werk, ne so riche ;			
Ther is no tombe In erthe it lyche,			No tomb in the
So craffteli coruen, ne so precious,			whole world
With gold be-gon, ne so glorious,		15512	is like it.
With gold & gemmes so y-dyght,			
And schon a-nyzt as bryght ;			
That 3aff so bryght a gleme,			
As it hadde ben the sonne beme ;		15516	
Men seide: "ther was non suche y-wroght			
As wyde as men hadde erthe y-soght."			
<b>T</b> Hese knyptes are layd In monument,			The knights
And alle these lordes hom ben went		15520	are buried
Vnto her tentis & here hales.			therein.
Ther were amonges hem many tales:			The Greek
Some bad pul vp rope & stake,			lords
For thei wolde hamward schake ;		15524	return home
And some bad dyght schip & ore,			from the
For thei wolde dwelle ther no more.			burial ; they
"Thei wolde wende"—thei sayde—"In hast,			prepare to
To dwelle lengur it were but wast,		15528	give up the
When he was ded, that gentil knyzt,			siege.
That hadde her strengthe & her myzt."			
¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,			When
Herde this cry and clamour ;		15532	Agamemnon
He made anon a bedel crye			hears this, he
Thorow that ost al on hye :			calls them
"That eche a lord by on assent			together.
Scholde come to a parlement."		15536	

¶ *Consilium inter Reges Grecorum.*

	There was no lord that herde that word, [lf. 229, bk.]	15537
	That thei ne ros fro table & bord	
The Greek lords come,	And come to him ridande alle,	
	And sette hem down In his halle	15540
and ask what is the matter.	To wete of him: "what he be-ment	
	That thei were alle afftir sent?	
	And whi he afftir hem sent so sone?"	
Agamemnon says:	'To wete'—he sayde—'what is to done,	15544
	<b>N</b> ow are ȝe alle to-gedir here,	
	Kyng & duk alle In-fere:	
'They tell me	Hit is me told a newe tythyng,	
	That In this ost is gret gronyng	15548
	For this knyȝt that thus is ded;	
that many of you intend to return home,	Here are manye at suche a red—	
	As I here say—to leue this place	
	And take the see opoun a race,	15552
	To wende hamward to here contre,—	
	For here wol thei no lenger be,	
because Achilles is dead.	Sithe he is ded that thei on traist,—	
	To dwelle lenger thei ben a-baist.	15556
	Tel me ther-fore ȝoure Iugement—	
Will you do so indeed, or stay?"	Whil ȝe are here alle in present <sup>1</sup> —	
	Whether wil ȝe duelle or wende?	
	Telle me the sothe, let here an ende!	15560
	¶ When Agamenoun his tale hath ent	
	Be-fore the lordes that were present,	
All answer;	Eche man telles his resoun <sup>2</sup>	
	Afftir his owne discrecioun <sup>2</sup> ;	15564
some think it best to return home;	Some sayde: "thei held it best	
	To make hem redi & prest	
	To passe the see to here contre,"—	
	'For ȝonder Cite neuere gete we	15568
	With non of vs that here are now,	
	Now he is ded & lith In throw <sup>3</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> This line, signed +, inserted by another hand in the left margin; cf. note 3. <sup>2</sup> MS. *resoun* . . . *discrecioun*, see note on p. 450. <sup>3</sup> The last line of this page, following this one, runs thus: *Therefore to wende henne is for oure prow*; it is struck out by the same hand probably which wrote line 15558, and put 'vacat' before pointing to line 15558.



- By wham we oure worschip wan; [lf. 230.] 15571  
 To dwelle lenger is no wis-dam.' 15572  
 And some seyde: ' nay, it is not gode  
 To leue the sege & passe the flode, others to stay  
 For we are ner now oure honour, for another  
 We schal sele hem In fight, In stour, 15576 year,  
 Or thei schal fayn this Cite 3elde,  
 Er we haue holden a 3er this felde.
- ¶ To wynne the toun is now but hende:  
 Ther nys no man may hem defende, 15580 as the Trojans  
 Sithen thei Ector for-3ede, have nobody  
 And Troyle that was doughti In dede, left to defend  
 And Dephebus, & kyng Mennoun. them.  
 Hit were schame to take so vpoun 15584  
 To leue the toun In suche a plyt,  
 When thei ben so ney discomfyt.'  
 Eche man afftir his herte wille  
 Seide his resoun & his skylle, 15588 Thus every-  
 ¶ Some wolde hom, & some dwelle: body states  
 But at the laste—the sothe to telle— his opinion.  
 Thei were alle at this acord,  
 Kynges, duk, and euery a lord, At last all  
 3at pey<sup>1</sup> the sege wolde holde stille agree to  
 Til thei my3t hem of Troye<sup>2</sup> spille. continue the  
 Thei swor echon that place to holde, siege.  
 And not remewe for hote ne colde, 15592  
 Til thei of Troye were alle selayn,  
 And wonne a-3eyn quene Helayn. 15596
- ¶ For thei seide alle: " thoow it so were  
 That thei Achilles hadde not there, 15600 They say:  
 Thoow thei for-3ede him & his help, ' Though we  
 Off her goddis my3t made thei 3elp." have lost  
 Alle here hertis were trustely set Achilles, we  
 In here goddis that hem be-het<sup>3</sup>: 15604 may trust in  
 who pro-  
 phesied

<sup>1</sup> These two first words on erasure,  
 between y and e.

<sup>2</sup> l seems to be erased

<sup>3</sup> A later hand made two lines full of scrib-  
 blings, quite indistinct, and blotted out at once by the finger.

that we  
should con-  
quer the city,

'The Cite'—he sayde—"ze schal gete";— [lf. 230, bk.]  
Ther-fore the sege wolde thei not lete. 15606

Off here godis thei toke hede  
That hem be-het: "thei scholde spede 15608

That thei scholde wynne hit In a throwe  
And alle toures doun throwe,"

As here goddes by-fore hadde told.

"Thei myȝt ther-fore be sur & bold 15612

slay the king,  
and burn Ilion.'

To sle the kyng & brenne Ilyoun,"—

'As oure eldres did Lamedoun.'

Ajax proposes

**A** louely knyght, that het Ayax,—  
With lokkis faire, ȝelow as wax, 15616

Hongyng side aboute his swyre—

A kyng of Grece, a wel gret sire,—

Stode vp thenne & tolde this tale

To alle the lordes In that sale, 15620

And seyde: 'sithe he is take vs fro

In wham oure help is thus for-go,

Off this gode kyng, sir Achilles,—

to send for the  
son of Achilles,  
Pirrus,

Sende we to kyng Lycomedes 15624

Afftir Achilles sone, sir Pirrus,

and ask him  
to avenge his  
father's death;

And bid him: "that he come now to vs

To venge him on his fader bane,

When he the ordre of knyȝt hath tane." 15628

'for I have  
often heard,  
that without  
his help we  
shall never  
win Troy.'

¶ For I haue herd often say

That we schal neuere by nyȝt ne day

With-oute him wynne this Cite,

For thus say thay of oure destane; 15632

And he schal ivenge his fader dede

And gete the toun & do hem quede.

I rede therefore: do be my consayle,

I trowe it schal vs alle a-vayle!' 15636

They say his  
advice is good.

Thei seyde tho alle: "thei vndirstode

That his consayl was to hem gode."

- ¶ Thei saide echon: "it was to done." [lf. 231.] 15639  
 Thei toke consayl among hem sone: 15640 The Greeks deliberate who must go to fetch Pirrus from Lycomedes.  
 "Wo scholde afftir Pirrus sende?  
 And who myzt best Afftir him wende  
 Off kynges alle of that baronage,  
 To wende for him In this message?" 15644
- ¶ Menelaus thei chese tho  
 Afftir Pirrus for to go  
 Ther Lycomedes dwelled at,—  
 To fecche that child that Pirrus hat 15648  
 To helpe hem to wynne the toun  
 And gete him los and gret renoun,  
 As his fader be-fore him did,  
 And be a knyzt of worschepe kid. 15652
- O**ff this is now no more to carpe,  
 For now ben speres grounden scharpe,  
 And euery man lokes his atyres,  
 Some to arwes, som to vires. 15656 They prepare their armour for a new battle.  
 Some now ben went al out of the trewes  
 Be-twix the Troyens & the Gruwes;  
 And day of fyght now is taken,—  
 Nother side wol it for-saken,— 15660 The truce ends
- ¶ The sixte day for-sothe of Iune,  
 As chaunce hem schop & fals fortune:  
 When the day is alther lengest,  
 And the hete of the sonne is strengest, 15664 when the sun shines hottest.  
 Aboute mydsomer—as 3e wele wote—  
 The day is long, the sonne is hote:—  
 The Gregays were alle arayed In the feld,  
 Couered with helm & with scheld, 15668 The Greeks are in the field,
- ¶ To begynne al newe the stour;  
 Eche lord with his baneour,  
 Armed wel with alle her myzt,  
 Wel y-harneyst & wel y-dyzt,— 15672 well armed.

Ajax goes to  
the battle.

Saue Ajax that dud folye, [lf. 231, bk.] 15673

Gret out-rage, & surfetrye :

Armes wold he bere none

To saue him fro woundis flesche ne bone, 15676

But al vn-armed on his stede

With-oute scheld to batayle he zede <sup>1</sup>,

Vpon his hede bare he no helme,

Ne spere of asche ne of Elme, 15680

Ne on his bak non haberiou<sup>n</sup>.

Platis, pysane, ne aketoun :

armed only  
with his sword.

But al naked saue his sword

Went forth that douzti burd. 15684

Priamus  
arranges his  
battalions ;

Ryamus also made his men

Hyē hem ouer more & fen,

With her enemys for to mete.

The Archeres alle that wel coude schete 15688

their leaders  
are : Paris,  
who weeps  
much for his  
brothers'  
death.

To sir Paris were thei be-tauzt,

To wende with him In that assauzt :

The furst batayle that day he ledde.

Sore wepyng & sore adredde: 15692

¶ He wepis ful sore vndir his hatir

Many a tere of salt watir

For alle his brether that hadde ben souerayn.

Be-fore him were thei alle sclayn. 15606

**Polidomas.**

Aftir him wente Polidomas

Esdras.

With his batayle, and then Esdras,

And then come afftir him [&] alle his

Philomene,

The noble kyng Philomenys ; 15700

Eneas.

Eneas then with his batayle,—

The leste ost hadde he saunfayle.

¶ When thei were alle with-oute the 3atis,

And sey that thei most fyght algatis, 15704

And thei ned nother one nor other.

Gode Ector, ne Troyle his brother.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *code*.



¶ *Hic Incipit Bellum Magnum.*

- Ne Dephebus that was so wys, [lf. 232.] 15707  
 Thei tolde of hem but litel pris : 15708  
 'Alas !'—thei seide—' that we were born !  
 Oure gode lordes that we haue lorn !'  
 ¶ The Troyens then to batayle 3ede The Trojans  
 With sori herte & mochel drede, 15712 go to battle  
 And bende her alblastes & her bowes, with heavy  
 And rayed hem on renge & rowes, hearts.  
 With baneres brode blawande a-boute.  
 Ther was tho an hidous schoute : 15716  
 When thei were met with speres,  
 Eche man other ouer-beres.  
 Many a Grew to dethe was schet, Many Greeks  
 When Paris men & thei were met ; 15720 are shot to  
 ¶ For Paris & his gode Archeres, death,  
 His bowemen, & his Alblasteres for Paris and  
 Sclow hem thikkere with her arwes his archers  
 Than tyndes of tre stondis In harwes. 15724 slay  
 The stour was strong, the cry was gret,  
 Thei rored grisly as it hadde ben net.  
 Many a man with moche stryff  
 Loste that day bothe child & wyff, 15728  
 A thousand died for-sothe & mo more than  
 Er euen-tyde with moche wo. a thousand of  
 ¶ The day was hote, the wedur warme, them.  
 On bothe parties was gret harme : The day is hot,  
 15732  
 The fyght was sterne and wyk, the fight is  
 The peple died wondir thik ; strong,  
 When thei were alle to-gedir samed, many die,  
 Many a man ther was lamed, 15736 many are  
 And some be-gan donward to loute. wounded.  
 And Diomedes loked aboute  
 And saw kyng Philomenys  
 Play with the Gregays al on mys : 15740

Diomedes fights with Philomene a long time. He toke a spere & ran him to, [lf. 232, bk.] 15741  
 And Philomene another also ;  
 Thei brak here speres & drow her brondis  
 And fauzt to-gedir on the sondis ; 15744  
 Thei smot to-gedir many a dynt  
 And sturdy strokes, er thei wolde stynt.  
 ¶ But Philomenys & his men  
 Hadde slaw of Gregais sixti & ten, 15748  
 Thei ferde the Gregais so foule with  
 That thei droff hem out of the frith ;  
 Diomedes flees. Diomedes made he fle  
 For drede of him & his meyne, 15752  
 For he myght not In no manere  
 With-stonde that kyng & his power.  
 Philomene drives the Greeks back  
 PHilomene hath the better syde :  
 He made the Gregays on-bak to ride, 15756  
 Thei<sup>1</sup> 3ede bacward a gode space,  
 And thei of Troye Grewes chace.  
 And that be-held duk Menescene,  
 And therefore hadde he gret tene : 15760  
 ¶ He rode to sir Palidamas  
 With a spere that stalworthe was<sup>2</sup>,  
 And smot him so that he 3ede doun,  
 Op his fet & doun his croun, 15764  
 And lay ther vndir his hors fete  
 Sore wounded upon the grete.  
 he intends to slay him, Menescene drow his sword tho,  
 Polidamas thocht he to sclo ; 15768  
 And sicurly so he hadde done,  
 Ne hadde come him socour sone :  
 ¶ But when that doghti Philomene  
 Polidamas so falle hadde sone, 15772  
 And Menescene, that noble duk,  
 So vilensly him rebuk,

He wente
----------

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And*.<sup>2</sup> *was* inserted with another point.

He wente ridande to him anon	[lf. 233.]	15775	
As faste as he myght gon,		15776	
And socoured him In that gret nede			Philomene
And made him lepe upon his stede ;			delivers Poli-
And he fyghtande for him standes,			domas,
Til he was brouzt out of her handes.		15780	
And elles for-sothe he hadde ben ded,			else he would
Menescene elles had hadde his hed.			have been
<b>T</b> He stour is styff, the flight mortel,			slain.
The knyghtes are kene & cruel.		15784	
Ajax—that I be-fore of told—			Ajax is foolish ;
Was fol-hardi, & ouer-bold :			
He rod al day with-oute Armure,			though un-
And neuere tok harm ne blemure		15788	armed, he is
Off his bodi In that batayle ;			not wounded
And that—thinketh me—was meruayle,			during the
That he vnarmed scholde so ride			whole day :
Fro morwe erly vn-to that tyde		15792	
With-oute harm of his body ;			
Hit was a wonder sicurly.			it is quite
¶ He rod the batayle thorow-out			a wonder.
And 3aff that tyme many a clout,		15796	He wounds
Vntil he come to Paris ffolk :			
Many made he here <sup>1</sup> blod to bolck,			
Many of hem reffte he the lyue,			
He sclow of hem .xx. & fyue ;		15800	and slays
Thooow he vn-armed were & naked,			many Trojans
Gret martirdom of hem he maked.			of Paris's
¶ But sir Paris ther-with was wrothe			battalion.
And with gret tene swore his othe :		15804	
That [he] or euen scholde him sclo,			Paris swears
On lyue scholde he not fro him go.			to kill him.
The stalwortheeste bowe that Paris hadde,			
Off noble tre sicur & sadde,	30 [j]	15808	

<sup>1</sup> here inserted over line.

466 *Paris wounds Ajax mortally, but is himself killed by the dying Ajax.*

	He toke to him that rapely bent,	[lf. 233, bk.]	15809
	And an Arowe to him sent		
	That [was] venymed hede & vale,		
	That was forsothe that knyghtes bale :		15812
Paris wounds Ajax mortally with a poisoned arrow.	In-myddes the ribbes he him hit,		
	That his herte blod he spit.	¶	Hic Paris
	Ajax hadde his deth than ;		occidit Ajax <sup>1</sup>
	To chaunge colour he be-gan,		15816
Ajax, feeling that he must die,	He wiste ther was non other red,		
	He saw that he was tho but ded.		
	He thought ther was no other bane		
	Off wham the deth he hade tane ;		15820
says to Paris :	¶ He called loude & saide : ‘ Paris,		
	Thow hast me rafft this worldis blis !		
‘ Thou hast slain me with thy arrow ;	Sicurli thow hast me slayn		
	With thin Arowe & thi flayn !		15824
but I’ll be avenged.	And I schal on the be a-wreke,		
	The wile I may go & speke ;		
It is time that thou leave thy love, for whom so many have been slain.	It is gode skyl that thow for-gange		
	That loue that thow hast loued so lange		15828
	With mochel wrong & gret vn-right.		
	Many a doghti kyng & knyzt		
	Hath ben slayn In this ten 3ere,		
	And that schalt thow bye so dere !		15832
Though I must die, thou shalt die before me !’	I telle the, Paris, witterly		
	That thow schalt dye ere then I !’		
Ajax cleaves Paris’s head ;	<b>A</b> jax smot thanne Paris so,		
	That bothe his chekes he cleue atwo ;		15836
	In-to the baly the gode sword sprong,		
	And he fel dede among the throng.	¶	Hic Ajax occi-
	And Ajax fer not fro him 3ede,		dit Paris <sup>1</sup>
	Er he fel ded doun of his stede ;		15840
both fall to the ground dead.	And so lay ded vpon the sand		
	Side by syde, of aytheres hand.		

<sup>1</sup> On the *left* side in MS. ; signs blue, words red.



- T**He Troyens saw Paris ded falle ; [lf. 234.] 15843 The Trojans,  
Sori men than were thei alle, 15844 on seeing Paris  
Whan he was ded of that wounde. fall,
- Thei lyfft him vp upon the grounde take him up  
And fled away to that Cite and flee to the  
As faste as thei myght fle. 15848 city.  
The Gregeis folewed afftir faste, The Greeks  
Wo was hem that was the laste !  
I wote thei sclow at that flyghtes slay many of  
Mo then a thousand knyghtes, 15852 them ;  
With-outen squyeres & fotemen  
That lefte dede ther In the fen.
- ¶ Thei bare that day ded & foy  
Fro strete to strete thorow-out Troy, 15856  
Vntil thei come to Ilyoun ;  
Kyng Philomene & Odemoun but Philomene  
Thei leyde Paris In that fair hous and Odemon  
By-fore Helayne, the quene, his spous ; 15860 succeed in  
Whan sche saw him ded ligge ther<sup>1</sup>, bringing the  
Sche scratte her face & tare hir heer corpse into  
As wight that was with wo by-gon, the town.  
For him sche siked & sore gan<sup>2</sup> gron ; 15864 They lay Paris  
Sche was so ful of sorwe & care, down before  
Sche seyde : ' alas, that moder me bare, Eleyne ;  
Or fader me get In this world ! ' she bewails his  
Hit was del se, how sche ferd 15868 death,  
Whan sche saw him ded In his blod,  
Sche ferde as womman that were wod.
- ¶ His fader als for him weped sore ; and so do  
And so did alle that In Troy wore, 15872 Priamus and  
Euery man of his lyff dispaire<sup>3</sup> all the  
And sori is of his wiff & his ayres, Trojans ;  
Thei leue to lese here heritage, all despair.  
Here godis, & alle here lynage. 30 [ij] 15876

<sup>1</sup> This line inserted by another hand in the right margin, a cross standing in the left one between ll. 15860 and 15862. Cf. note 3.

<sup>2</sup> *gan* inserted by another hand over line.

<sup>3</sup> Between ll. 15873 and 15874 the following line is standing which is crossed out (cf. note 1): 'Off his catel & sore payres.'

¶ *Hic Paris sepultus est.*

	Off hem-self coude thei no rede,	[lf. 234, bk.]	15877
	Now alle the kynges sones be dede.		
The Trojans are full of sorrow.	But In that sorwe & that wepyng,		
They weep.	The while he was In kepyng,		15880
They erect a splendid tomb	A tombe was made of precious stones,—		
of precious stones;	To lay him In, bothe body & bones,—		
	Off riche werk, of fair facture :		
	Off saphires, gold, & riche asure ;		15884
	¶ Hit was richer then other fyue ;		
to describe it at full length	I may not al the werk discryue,		
	Ne halff the richesse that ther was on		
	Off riche gold & precious ston ;		15888
would take too much time.	Hit were long tellyng,		
	Ther-on make I no dwellyng.		
	But when that seruice for him was seyde,		
Paris is buried therein.	And his body In tombe layd,		15892
	Euery man wente to his In,		
	For sorwe coude thei neuere blyn.		
	<b>P</b> aris is dede & doluen depe,		
	Night & day for him thei wepe,		15896
They bewail his death day and night,	With-outen reste thei wepe ay,		
	Thei are In mornyng nyght & day :		
	Echon to other of sorwe telles,		
	Thei tende to sorwe & nothyng elles,		15900
	Ther is non for wele ne wo		
and dare not go out.	That dar with-oute the ȝatis go.		
Agamemnon causes the Greek tents to be brought near the walls of Troy,	¶ Agamenon remues his place		
	And ner the touz his stede he tace,		15904
	He bad euery lord with tent & hale		
	With-oute dwellyng remue here sale,		
	And bad hem sette ner the touz		
	Hale & tent and Pauyloun.		15908
and sends a messenger to Priamus.	To Priamus, the kyng, he sende		
	And bad " that he scholde him defende		

¶ *Hic Troiani clausurunt Ianua sua per .ij. menses.*

A3eyns the Gregeis, his enemys, [lf. 235.] 15911

As a kyng of mochel pris ; 15912

And bad him " come with his meygne

With-oute the 3ates of that Cite,

That he the batayle to him nome

Til that on of hem be ouercome, 15916

Agamemnon  
challenges  
Priamus to  
come out with  
his troops to  
fight,

¶ As he was man of gret renoun

Or kyng worthi to bere croun ;

For suche a kyng schulde euere dispice,

For that was token of cowardise ; 15920

And ligge not ther as an hog In sty,

For that was to him a vilony."

and not to lie  
there as a hog  
in a sty ;

**B**Vt Priamus with that seyde " nay,"

Hem thurt no more of that play ; 15924

but Priamus  
refuses.

That wolde he no wyse graunte,

To sende out kny3t ne sergaunte

To fight with hem with-oute the walles,

For no-thing that ther be-falles. 15928

With-Inne the toun whil thei dwelle stille

For fferd of more perel & ille,

For he was ferd his men to tyne

And die him-selff with moche pyne. 15932

All remain in  
the town.

¶ To fight with hem the Gregais assayed

And therto wel offte thei prayed ;

But al was noght that thei coude do,

For he wolde not assente ther-to, 15936

Thei dwelled so forthe In the toun,

And walked vp the toun & down,

And kepte the 3ates and the walles

With alblasteres, bowes, & qwarelles, 15940

but the gates  
of Troy are  
not opened,  
only defended.

With many an armed knyght & man,

That thei with-outen the toun not wan.

Thei helde so Troye a ful .ij. monethe,

That thei fau3t neuere her fomen with, 30 [iij] 15944

	But kepthe the toun so al aboute [lf. 235, bk.] 15945	
	For ferd of hem that were with-oute.	
After two months the gates of Troy are opened	<b>T</b> wo Monethes the ȝates were stoken That thei were neuere vnloken, 15948 Vntil a quene gentil & fre Come hem to helpe fro fer contre.	
for Penthesi- lea, queen of the Amazons.	The quene was called Pantasaley, A noble womman of Chyualry, 15952 Sche was quene of Amazone; For hir was furst the ȝates vndone :	
She arrives with 1,000 armed girls to help the Trojans.	Sche come thedir with a thousande Off hardi maydenes wel fyghtande, 15956 To helpe Troyens, tho hir was tolde That the Gryffons proude & bolde With mechel folk & gret aray Aboute the toun of Troye lay 15960 And seged hem that were with-Inne, To seke the kyng, the toun to wynne.	
Hearken now of this queen and her maidens ! I'll tell you of their land and manners :	<b>B</b> Vt herkenes now of the quene, And of hir maydenes bolde & kene ! 15964 I wol ȝow telle, if ȝe wol here, Off here lond the right manere ; Where it is, and what lande, The manere schal ȝe vndirstande. 15968 And elles wol ȝe haue meruayle— That wommen scholde go to batayle, Armed as men vpon her stedes, And be so doghti In her dedes. 15972	
In the east end of the world is an island, Amazone, where wild and proud women dwell.	<b>I</b> N the est-ende of alle the world— ¶ De Insula As I In bokes haue I-herd— Amazonē <sup>1</sup> . Is a lond, a louely Ilde, That wymmen dwelle In, wonder wilde, 15976 Off grete renoun and prowesse, That Amazone y-called is ;	

<sup>1</sup> On the *left* side in MS.



- Wymmen dwelle ther-Inne alone, [lf. 236.] 15979 They live  
Men with hem wol thei haue none. 15980 there alone,  
without men ;
- ¶ Off these wymmen the stori spekes  
And seythe : thei are strong frekes,  
Styff, & strong, stalworthe In werre they are good  
Strokes to ȝeue and to berre, 15984 warriors.  
Armes to bere In many a stoure,  
To wynne hem los and gret honoure ;  
For alle here herte & couetyse  
Is to be of gret empyrse. 15988
- ¶ Be-syde that Ile another Ile was,  
Long & large, brode In compas, Near this  
Wonder fayr and delitable, island is  
Plenteuous and amyable,— 15992 another,  
And telles vs the right story,  
That men with-oute company  
Off womman-kynde dwelles ther-In. where only  
To telle ȝow wol I begyn : 15996 men live,  
without the  
company  
of women.
- T**Hese wyse clerkes for-sothe telle,  
That these wommen that so alon dwelle 16000 They say that  
these Amazons  
In the lond of Amazone,  
Comen to the lond ther men In wone  
Sicurly thries In the ȝere, go to visit the  
men thrice  
in the year ;  
And dwellen to-geder ther In-fere 16004  
To haue her murthes & delite  
And do here wille day & nyȝte.
- ¶ These clerkes say and Philozoferus :  
The womman to the man hir proferus, 16008  
For thei are also styff & strong  
That no man dar come hem among  
In-to her lond aȝeyn here leue,  
For men hem schulde no-thing greue 30 [iii] 16012 they do not  
allow men  
to come to  
their  
island.

The whole year the Amazons stay in their own land ;	Ne nothyng done aȝeyn her wille. [lf. 236, bk.]	16013
	In her lond holde thei hem stille, Til tyme of ȝer that thei come doun And dwelled with hem In tour & toun,	16016
	And take her solace & here play— That is In Iune, Aueril, & May <sup>1</sup> .	
only in April, May, and June they meet with the men,	¶ Euery ȝer these thre Monethe Come thei to dwelle ther-In withe,	16020
and then return to their island.	And wende aȝeyn than to her Il[d]e. Iff it be so thei be with childe, And it be ought of womman-kynde,	
The female children are kept for ever in their own island,	Among the wymmen—thei it fynde— In her lond ther stille it dwelles Among hem euere—as my boke telles.	16024
but the male ones are brought up by them only till they are three years old,	¶ Iff it be man, thei brynge it forth Til it be so moche worth, That it can go and be so bold That it be fully thre ȝer old ; And whan it is of thre ȝer elde That it may it-self welde,	16028    16032
and are then sent to their fathers.	To that Ilde that is hem hende Ther men dwelle, the childer thei sende To the fader and to his kyn, To dwelle with hem the lond with-In.	   16036
Penthesilea was then queen of this island ;	<b>T</b> Hat tyme—godemen!—of that prouynce ¶ De Pantasa- Pantasalye was quene & prince, lia Regina <sup>2</sup> . A doghti Mayden & sterne,	
she had been secretly in love with Hector.	That loued Ector wel longe derne For his prowesse & his noblay That sche herde of him often say.	16040
When she hears that the Greeks have crossed the sea,	When that quene, that frely fode Off Amazone, so vndirstode That thei of Grece were passed the see And Priamus and his Cite	16044

<sup>1</sup> MS. *That is Jn. June. Aueril. & May.*<sup>2</sup> On the *left* side in MS.

Hadde be-seged him & his londes wasted, [lf. 237.]	16047	
Pantasalye to him sche hasted	16048	she hastens to come to Troy with 1,000 maidens.
And toke with here Maydenes x. hundre		
That echon were hir baner vndre,		
To helpe the kyng for Ector sake		
And do the Gregais mochel wrake.	16052	
But sche wiste not of Ector ded,		She does not know of Hector's death until she gets there.
To wende to Troye tho sche toke red ;		
Sche wiste right not, til sche come thore.		
When that sche wiste, sche weped wel sore ;	16056	Her grief when she hears of it.
Sche hadde for him gret wo & payn,		
When sche wiste that he was slayn.		
<b>P</b> Antasalye, that worthi wyght,		
Is comen to Troye with-oute knyght,	16060	No knights are in her company, but her maidens are as brave as men.
With-uten knyghtes or any men,		
But fair companye of hir wymmen		
That are hardi as men In dede,		
Off lyues man haue thei no drede.	16064	
But than hadde sche care In thoght,		
When Ector was to dethe y-brought ;		
¶ At hem of Grece hadde sche gret Ire,		
Sche prayed the kyng for the loue of hire,	16068	Penthesilea prays Priamus to let her fight the Greeks,
That he wolde then the gates vndo		
That sche myȝt wende the Gregais to,		
For sche scholde so do,—sche him be-hight,—		
That a mayden was worth a knyght	16072	
And as strong and as zepe,		
When thei were met on an hepe.		
¶ So longe prayed sche, he graunt hir bone ;		
He bad a gate scholde be vn-done,	16076	and he at last orders a gate to be opened for her
He bad opon Dardanides ;		
But him hadde leuere haue ben In pes,		
For he was ferd what scholde be-tyde,		
When he saw hem of Troye out-ride.	16080	

¶ *Hic Priamus ordinat Prelium magnum.*

The gate  
Dardanides  
is opened for  
Penthesilea.

¶ Dardanides that gate dos opon, [lf. 237, bk.] 16081

Pantasalye on horse is lopon  
With hem of Troye and with alle hires,  
Armed wel In al here tyres. 16084

Priamus  
arrays his  
troops as she  
orders,  
for she is their  
leader that  
day.  
Penthesilea  
rides out

**P**riamus his men araied  
As that lady him praied ;  
Sche was that day here souerayn,  
Here ledere, & here cheuayntayn. 16088

Pantasalye that gate rod oute  
With-uten fere<sup>1</sup> & with-oute doute  
Off hir enemys or of hir fos,  
Ful hardeli to hem sche gos, 16092

with her girls ; With hir Maydenes ridande be-syde  
That wolde with hir In stour abyde.

Philomene,  
Eneas,  
Polidomas,

¶ Kyng Philomene and Eueas,  
And afftir that Polidomas, 16096

and the  
Persians  
follow her.

Come with here batayles on a rowe,  
And thei of Perse with qwyuer & bowe—  
That Paris was wont to lede—  
Forth to ffyght with hem thai<sup>2</sup> zede. 16100

When the  
Greeks see  
them turn up,  
they are much  
astonished,

¶ When thei of Grece saw hem come out  
So proudely praunsande & so stout,  
Thei were echon gretly meruayled  
What it myght be that hem ayled 16104  
That thei come out so proude & gay,

as hitherto  
the Trojans  
durst not  
come out of the  
gates.

And ther-byfore not many a day  
With-oute her gates durst thei not passe ?  
Thei hadde meruayle how it was ? 16108

The Greeks  
arm in haste,

But when thei saw hem out comande,  
Eche man toke his harneis In hande  
And hyed hem that thei were clad,  
For of here werre<sup>3</sup> were thei glad. 16112

and mount  
their horses,

¶ Thei lepe on horse with moche rape  
And rod out vpon a frape,

<sup>1</sup> fere inserted by another hand over line. <sup>2</sup> MS. that.

<sup>3</sup> werre inserted over line by another hand.



¶ *Hic venerunt omnes ad Bellum.*

With manye brode gomfanoun,	[lf. 238.]	16115	
As lordis of gret renoun.		16116	
When thei were comen to-gedir there,			
A wonder noyse men myȝt here			
Off speres that thei brak & barst,			A fierce battle ensues.
Off knyȝtes that were to grounde cast.		16120	
Echon on other wolde be wroken,			
Ther were many bones broken,			The poet describes the wounds.
Hedis corven, heeres schorne,			
Scheldes reven, armes torne.		16124	
¶ But herkenes now, my louely frende,			Hearken now, how Penthesilea and her damsels
Off Pantasalye, that mayden hende,			
And hire hardi damyseles			
That come with hure & with hure penseles		16128	
How sche bare hir In that pres			• behave in that battle:
With hir Maydenes that sche ches ;			
How sche bare that day the pris			Penthesilea fights best that day ;
Off alle that fauȝt In that [emp]ris ;		16132	
How sche made hem to flee,			she puts the Greeks to flight,
And how sche hem droff In-to the see ;			
How sche hem felled & wounded,			
And scholde hem alle [haue] confounded,		16136	and would have confounded all of them, but for Diomedes.
Ne hadde y-ben withouten les			
The doghti kyng Diomedes.			
<b>N</b> ow ar thei alle to-gedere on hepis,			
Now euery man on other lepis,		16140	
Scheldis ryue, & speres crake,			They fight hard,
Eche man fightis with his make,			
Fotemen falle, stedis straye,			many fall and are wounded.
Knyȝtes wounded ligge & braye.		16144	
The dust ros so thikke on hye,			
That men myȝt not se the skye.			
¶ Pantasalye, that douȝti quene,			
Hatis Gregais—and that is sene :—		16148	

	¶ <i>Hic Pantasalia Regina pugnauit cum Regibus Grecorum.</i>	
	That douzti quene ful wel hem knowes, [lf. 238, bk.]	16149
Penthesilea slays many of the Greeks, and puts them to flight.	Sche keste hem doun & ouerthrowes ; With-Inne a while so fele sche hath sclawe, That thei fro hir a-weyward drawe ; Thei knewe ful sone al hir strengthe, Thei fled fro hir on brede & lengthe.	16152
Menelaus, being envious of the queen,	<b>M</b> Enelaus hadde grete envy Off that quene Pantasaly, That sche the Gregais so defouled <sup>1</sup> ;	16156
says he'll try to fight her.	On hir that tyme ful foule he schoulded And seyde : " that he wolde to hir ride To se whether sche wolde him abyde."	16160
He rides up to her,	He rode to hir with mochel Ire, And sche was war & keped that sire	
and is smitten down by her ;	And smot him euene In-myddes the scheld, That he fley out In-myddes that feld ; Among her horses stille he lay, Til that he was drawen a-way.	16164
she gives his horse to one of her girls.	By the rayne his stede sche cauzt And to a mayden sche him be-tauzt.	16168
Diomedes,	¶ Diomedes, that douzti kyng, By-held that tyme that Iustyng,	
on seeing Menelaus fall,	He saw the kyng falle a-doun, Vp the fete & doun the croun ; His hors was lorn, & he on fote,	16172
resolves to avenge him.	He seyde : " ther-on he scholde do bote, That sturdy strok scholde sche abyde."	
He attacks the queen with all his might ;	He rode thanne to Pantasalye With al the myght that euere he hadde, But sche was not of him a-dradde :	16176
they fight hard with spears,	Sche cauzt a spere, when sche was war That pat kyng to hir was war ; A sterne strok was hem by-twene,	16180
but the queen does not move in her saddle,	But on hir hors sat the quene	

<sup>1</sup> o corrected from e.

That bridel ne stirop sche ne tynt,	[lf. 239.]	16183	whilst
But he was feld down at that dynt;		16184	Diomedes is unhorsed.
Fro his nekke toke she his scheld			Penthesilea takes his shield and gives it to her handmaid.
And toke hir mayden for to weld,			
And bad: "that sche scholde it bere			
Euery day ther In that were,		16188	
In vilonye and In dispit			
Off him that it ayt, what so he hit."			
<b>K</b> yng Thelaman stode euere alone			Thelaman,
And saw the dedis that sche had done,		16192	on seeing her unhorse
He saw hir felle that douȝti kyng,			Diomedes,
And his scheld take with-oute lesyng			
Fro his nekke his vnthankes,			
And felde him down at his hors schankes;		16196	
And he was feld upon the grounde,			
And sche sat stille hol and sounde <sup>1</sup> .			
He herde neuere speke of suche a woman			
That feld In fyght so gode a man.		16200	
¶ Gret envy hadde he ther-ate,			is much enraged,
Opon hys <sup>2</sup> hors ther he <sup>3</sup> sate;			
He wex for tene blak as Cole,			
That schame myght he no lengur thole		16204	
That sche hadde done the kynges two,			and resolves on avenging both the kings.
He wolde assaye what he myght do:			He takes a spear,
¶ He toke a spere of stalworthe tre,—			
For he on hir wolde venged be,—		16208	
And rode to hir with gret herte;			and assails Penthesilea,
And sche him kepis rapely & smerte,			
Sche smot him euen In-myddis the scheld			but is unhorsed like the others.
That he fley out In-myddes the feld.		16212	
So sore to grounde the knyght sche puttis,			
That he wende he hadde to-brosten his guttis;			
And sche gurd forth among the Grewes <sup>4</sup>			
And mochel bale among hem brewes <sup>5</sup> :		16216	

<sup>1</sup> ll. 16197-8 are following ll. 16201-2 in MS., and are crossed out several times. <sup>2</sup> y and s on erasure. <sup>3</sup> s seems to be erased before he. <sup>4</sup> MS. *gregais*. <sup>5</sup> MS. *brennes*.

- Penthesilea,      Sche turned a-ȝeyn to Thelaman      [lf. 239, bk.] 16217  
                          And sturdi strokes laid him an,  
                          Sche bete that kyng for-sothe so sore  
                          That sche of force toke him thore;      16220
- with the help  
of Philomene,      With the help of Philomene  
                          Sche did to him that day gret tene,  
                          Sche toke the kyng to hir meygne  
                          To lede him to Troye Cite.      16224
- takes Thelaman prisoner.  
                          ¶ But Diomedes, when he was resen,  
                          Saw Thelaman was taken to prison,  
                          Toward the toun he saw him go,—  
                          Lord god, that him was wo!      16228
- he calls his  
men together.  
10,000 come,      He blewe his horn & samed his men,  
                          Ther come aboute him thousand ten  
                          Off doughti knyȝtes swithe proude,  
                          And asked: "whi he blew so loude?      16232  
                          What it be-mente? what it myght be?"
- and ask why  
he has blown.  
                          He seyde: 'felawes, may ȝe not se  
                          How Thelaman, that doghti knyȝt,  
                          With hem of Troye is discomfyȝt?      16236
- 'Don't you  
see,' he says,  
'how Thelaman is taken  
prisoner?  
                          ¶ Lo! where thei lede him toward toun  
                          Ouer dale and ouer doun!  
                          But sicurly, if I may spede,  
                          Thei schal him not to Troye lede.      16240
- I beseech you,  
                          I ȝow be-seke, falawes myne alle,  
                          For any-thing that may be-falle:  
                          In this gret nede fayle me not,  
                          Til I haue him fro hem y-brouȝt!'  
                          ¶ When he these wordes to hem hadde sayd,  
                          On his scholdur his spere he layd:  
                          He ran to hem that Thelaman ledde,  
                          And thei of him were sore a-dredde,—      16244
- don't fail me,  
till I've  
brought him  
back.  
Then he  
follows the  
Trojans who  
are carrying  
Thelaman off,  
                          Some he<sup>1</sup> hurt & some by-heded,  
                          With stalworthe strokes he hem schedid.
- and wounds  
some of them.



To lete him go thei were fayn,	[lf. 240.] 16251	
That thei of him were not sclayn.	16252	
¶ Thelaman <sup>1</sup> fro hem he toke		Thelaman is set free.
And faste awayward with him schoke.		
When the quene herde it say		Penthesilea, on hearing this,
How he from hem was led away,	16256	
For wratthe sche wax ner wode,—		
So sterne sche was In hir mode.		
That ladi thanne, Pantasalye,		
To hir Maydenes by-gan to crye	16260	calls her maidens together,
And gadered hem vpon a route ;		
When thei were comen hir aboute,		
Sche bad that thei stholde kythe here myght		and incites them to take revenge.
Bothe on kyng & eke on knyght.	16264	
<b>P</b> Antasalye, that Damysele,		
When sche herde telle how it felle		
That Thelaman was fro hem twyght		
Thorow Diomedes, that gentil knyzt,	16268	
Sche swor an othe ther : “for his sake		She swears she'll slay whoever she meets.
Sche wolde sle that sche myght take.”		
Hir maydenes to-geder tho samed,		
Sche seyde : ‘are 3e not aschamed	16272	She addresses her girls : ‘Are you not ashamed that this king has been delivered ?
That this kyng is take fro 3ow ?		
Felawes myn, I pray 3ow now :		
For so haue I euere gode chaunce,		
Thei schal bye his lyueraunce.’	16276	They shall pay for it.’ She rushes among the Greeks,
¶ Sche strok hir stede with hir spores,		
Ouer falow & ouer forwes		
Among the Gregais sche ther rennes—		
As dos the fulmard among the hennes.—	16280	
Many a scheld that lady rofe,		and breaks many shields and helmets
And many a basenet sche al to-drofe <sup>2</sup> ,		
Many a bak that day sche bowed,		
For Thelaman was so rescowed.	16284	because Thelaman was freed.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Diomedes*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *alto drofe*.

Many Greeks  
are slain or  
wounded ;

Sche wounded & sclow & droff down [lf. 240, bk.] 16285

The men that most were of renoun,

Sche barst gerthes, paytrel, & pole ;

The gentil quene delis hir dole 16288

Here & thore as sche hem takes,

Gret ma[r]tirdome of hem sche makes ;

they are  
driven back to  
their tents.

Vn-til here tentis sche hem reuersed,

In euery a side that ost sche persed. 16292

None dare  
oppose the  
queen ;

**W** As non of hem that tyme so bolde

Durst fyght with hir opon the wolde,

neither  
Diomedes,  
nor Ajax,

Not Diomedes, that vigorus,

nor Menescene,

Ne Ajax Thelamanyus,

16296

Ne that sturne knyzt Menescene

Durst not byde hir In here tene,

nor Aga-  
memnon,  
nor anybody  
else ;

Ne Agamenon, here Emperour,

Ne thei that were of most valour 16300

Not ones loke to hir ward <sup>1</sup> ;

but all flee to  
their tents.

But alle thei flow awayward,

Vntil thei come to her tentis.

Many die,

Many a man her dethe ther hentis, 16304

as Penthesilea ¶  
follows them,  
sword in hand.

¶ For sche hem chased with swerd In hande,

With loude vois hem manassande,

And droff hem ouer doune & dale,

And fro her tentis & fro here hale, 16308

Vntil thei come vnto the see

They are  
driven back  
as far as the  
sea ;  
there they  
turn and  
defend  
themselves.

That thei no wyse myght fer flee.

Tho turned thei azeyn and fauzyt,

As thei that tyme nede mauzt, 16312

Or haue ben draynt In the see.

So that quene by-gan to slee,

They would  
have died,  
had not  
Diomedes  
come to their  
rescue.

¶ Thei hadde died tho with gret trosture,

Ne hadde tho y-comen socoure :

16316

For tho come than with-oute les

The noble kyng Diomedes

{ And made }

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hirward*.

*Diomedes gathers Greeks. Night coming on, Penthesilea returns to Troy.* 481

And made of the Greces resistens	[lf. 241.]	16319	Diomedes
A-3eyn the quene & hir defens,		16320	gathers the Greeks,
And mayntened the fight tho			and maintains the fight,
A3eyn Troyens with mochel wo,			
Til it was nyght & day gone.			which is ended only by night.
Thei departed sone anone,		16324	
For hadde thei had day at wille,			
Many a Grew hadde thei don spille.			
¶ Thei of Troye rode to the toun,			
And Gregais to here Paulyoun;		16328	The Trojans return to the city, the Greeks to their tents;
And set hem down In tent and hale,			they are very weary, and sorry that they hadn't better luck.
Wel sore & dreri, wan & pale			
For werinesse of that Iornay,			
That it myght no better be that day.		16332	
To dight here mete her men thei bad,			
To comforte hem for nede thei had,			
And ete & drank as thei myght,			
And sone to reste thei hem dight;		16336	They sup, and go to bed.
For werinesse off that Iornee			
Nede to reste tho haued hee.			
<b>T</b> Hat worthi wyght, that fair lady,			Penthesilea
That doghti quene, Pantasaly,		16340	
With hir Maydenes is comen to Troye			and her girls are much honoured in Troy.
With mochel murthe & mochel Ioye,			
For gret worschepe & los sche wan			
Off many kny3t & many man		16344	
For dedis that day that sche hadde done.			
The tydandes come to Priamus sone,			
At hure Innes that sche was lyght			When Priamus hears of her return,
With hir Maydenes stalworthe & wyght.		16348	
¶ When Priamus, the kyng, herde say			
That the worthi gentil may			
Was I-comen to hir Inne,—			
Til he come ther wolde he not blynne,	31 [j]	16352	he hastens to meet her.

	That noble quene to <sup>1</sup> thanke & se	[lf. 241, bk.]	16353
	That so hadde meyntened that melle		
	For him al day <sup>2</sup> to his honour ;		
Priamus hopes to win by Pen- thesilea's help.	3it hoped he to be conquerour		16356
He pays her a visit,	By that quene of alle his foos.		
	Kyng Priamus to hir vp goos		
	With mury herte & glad chere,		
and thanks her.	And thanked hir on his manere		16360
	Off hir godenesse & noblay		
	That sche for him hadde done that day.		
He proffers her all his goods,	<b>K</b> Yng Priamus to hir him profered		
and gives her many jewels and presents :	And al his goodis to hir he offred,		16364
	And 3aff hir 3iftis many & fele,		
	Many worthi riche luele ;		
	Many a noble riche present		
	The kyng to hir that euenyng sent :		16368
golden clothes,	Clothes of gold of mochel pride,		
horses, and	And stedes stronge vpon to ride,		
arms.	And gode Armure of gode a-tyre		
	Sent Priamus that nyght to hire.		16372
He is hopeful, ¶	He was so fayn of hir prowesse,		
	That he wende by hir doghtinesse		
	Off al his bale to haue bote.		
but before the year is out,	But he was—lord!—3it vndirfote,		16376
	Er that 3er was al out-paste ;		
his palace will be destroyed, and all his kindred.	That fair Palais was ouercaste		
	And distroyed, and al his kyn,—		
	Wyff, & child, & cosyn,—		16380
	And alle the kynrede that he hadde ;		
	And that was ruthe, by seynt Chadde !		
The citizens are very glad of the queen's help	¶ Ther was gret Loye & solace		
	That euery a burgeis now hace		16384
	Off that noble doghti quene		
	And of hir Maydenes gode & kene.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *he to*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *alday*.



They lyued ere In sykyng sore	[lf. 242.]	16387	
And In gret mornyng wore,		16388	
They make gret Ioye & melody			The Trojans are glad,
That they haue hir In company,			
On euery part In that Cite,			
When they herde of hir pouste.		16392	
For ȝit hope they sche schal relese			and hope to get peace by Penthesilea's help.
Hem of that wo, and sitte In pece			
Thorow hir gret myȝt & hir dede,			
If sche may leue & rightfully spede.		* 16396	
¶ Sche called styward and boteler,			
Sergaunt, coke, & hir sqwyer,			Penthesilea takes supper.
And bad they scholde her soper dyght,			
For it was wel with-Inne nyght.		16400	
The bordes were layd, the clothes spred,			
And they were set & richely fed.			
Than aftirward they gon to rest,			They go to bed.
Eche bodi his clothes of-kest,		16404	
And ȝede to bedde & wele <sup>1</sup> hem wrapped;			
When they were layd, sone they napped			
<b>A</b> L the nyȝt, til it was morn.			
Than was blowen many an horn,		16408	Next morning they prepare for a new battle,
Many an horn & many a beme,—			
If they of Grece to hem toke ȝeme.			
They ride al forth with-oute the ȝatis,			and ride out.
The quene by-fore rydyng algatis		16412	
Opon a stede strong & store,			
With spere In hande & gilden spore.			
And they of Grece be that were ȝare			The Greeks are ready too,
Aȝeyn Troyens for to fare,		16416	
That they se comande on a route <sup>2</sup> ;			
And not-for-thi they were In doute			but are afraid to meet them.
To mete with hem an hundrid score			
For that day that was be-fore;	31 ij	16420	

<sup>1</sup> The first *e* altered from *o*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *aroute*.

The Greeks  
are forced to  
defend their  
lives.

The armies  
meet,

and fight all  
day.

And so they  
do many days,

till they are  
obliged to bury  
their dead.

Then both  
agree upon a  
truce of two  
months.

They swear on  
the relics to  
keep it well.

But ther lay non other amende, [lf. 242, bk.] 16421  
But <sup>1</sup> nedes most thei here lyff defende.

**N**ow thei mete with spere & scheld,  
Bothe parties In-mydde the feld 16424  
By-twene the hales and the toun;

Thei ride to-gedir with gret randoun,  
Euery man now hath of other envy;  
Ther was a carful company, 16428

When thei were to-gedre met:  
Echon other al to-bet,  
Scelow, & wounded, & thorow-bare;  
Non of hem wolde other spare. 16432

And thus ferde thei that neuere blonne  
Al that day, whil thei hadde sonne,—  
That thei most part fro that fyght  
For wantyng of that dayes lyght. 16436

¶ And thus mette thei to-gedre efft  
Many a day or thei lefft,  
Til thei most the feld make clene  
Off men that were sclayn hem be-twene;  
And thei hem-self so weri wore <sup>2</sup> 16440

That thei myght fyght no more.  
Tho toke thei be-twene hem grithe  
To be In pes a two monethe, 16444

To reste her bones that were weri  
By assent of bothe parti.

¶ The trewes was take monethes two,  
That non of hem schal other mysdo 16448  
Lastande the trewes a nedle worth:

The relykes are y-broght forth,  
And thei are sworne & made ther othe,  
Thei schal hem hadde for leue or lothe. 16452

¶ The Gregais alle toke consayl to wende,  
That thei wolde afftir Pirrus sende

<sup>1</sup> The capital B is altered from V by the same hand.

<sup>2</sup> o altered from e.

¶ *Hic Greci mandauerunt post Pirrum filium Achillis.*

To the kyng sir Lycomede, [lf. 243.] 16455

To help hem In that gret nede,— 16456

That was so tyff & strong In stoure.

Agamenoun, here Emperoure,

Bad than his brother Menelaus

With his meygne wende afftir Pirrus; 16460

And he as sone wente to the see

With his men & his naue,

And sayled forth with mochel spede

Vn-to that lord Lycomede. 16464

¶ When he was comen In-to that hauen,

He bad sqwyeres, zomen, & knauen

Lede out here hors opon the sonde;

And he lepe vp & rode to londe, 16468

With Lycomede til he was met:

With curtais wordis he him gret

And welcomed him with loueli chere,

And sette hem down to-gedir In-fere 16472

In his hye halle opon the dese.

Then seyde the kyng Lycomedes:

‘Sir kyng, to me welcome thow art!

But me meruayles what [t]he has gart 16476

Come fro thi Grues thus fer to me?

And what thow wole In this contre?

What tydandes haue ze broght hidur?

And what thow wol with the haue thidur? 16480

For wele I wot: with-oute skille

Art thow not comen this lond tille.’

¶ Menelaus to him then sayde:

‘Sir Licomede, so thow be payde!

I schal the telle myn erande, whi

That I come hedir sicurly:

The kynges of Grece alle In-fere

The gretes wele, as thow seis here,

31 [iij] 16488

The Greeks  
send Menelaus  
to Licomedes  
for Pirrus.

Menelaus  
sails,

and reaches  
the harbour of  
Licomedes.

Licomedes  
welcomes  
Menelaus,

and asks him  
why he comes.

Menelaus  
answers:

‘I’ll tell you  
my business:

The Greek  
kings greet  
you.

486 *Menelaus gives his Message to Licomedes, who allows Pirrus to go.*

	Bothe by mouthe & eke by letter,	[lf. 243, bk.] 16489
They think it better for Pirrus, whom you keep here,	And sayn that it were moche better, Child Pirrus, that thow holdest here	
	In vn-manhed & foule manere,	16492
	To send to hem & to his kyn <sup>1</sup> ,	
to win honour,	And loos & worschipe to wyn,	
and to avenge his father's death.	¶ To venge his fader on his Enemys,	
	When he were man of loos & pris ;	16496
	And be his fader fomen bane,	
	The order of knyzt when he hadde tane,	
	And not to ligge thus In scolcurye.	
It is villainy for you and for him,	Hit is, sir kyng, a vylonye	16500
	To the, sir, and to him bothe,	
	The kynges of Grece with the are wrothe ;	
to keep him thus like a bird in a cage.	And thow him holdis as brid In cage,	
	That he wynnes him no vasselage,	16504
	But leses his time & his loos,	
	And helpis hem not azeyn here foos,	
	As him by skyl auzt for to do.	
	And thus bad thei me say the to.	16508
Licomedes is angry,	<b>L</b> Icomede wex blo of blod,	
and says :	When he these wordes vndirstod ; ' Off god '—sayde he—' I take witnesse,	
	On no wise long on me non isse	16512
	That he hath dwelled so longe fro ȝow :	
' I did not know how to send him,	For I wiste neuere whi ne how	
and he did not know the way.	¶ I myght him sende, ne by what man ;	
	Ne he him-self the way ne can.	16516
	But sithen the kynges for him haue sent,	
But now, Pirrus, I bid thee go and avenge thy father.	And thow thi-self [art] here present,	
	Child Pirrus, I the be-teche	
	Thi fader deth to gete wreche.	16520
	He[r] by the hand I the him bede,	
	Ouer the see with the to lede	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And to hem & to his kyn.*



¶ *Hic venit Pirrus ad Grecos.*

- Vnto the lordis & kynges alle. [lf. 244.] 16523  
 I pray to god, that fair mot ȝow falle.' 16524 I wish you  
 good luck,  
 Menelaus is  
 very glad,  
**M** Enelaus when he herde that,  
 He was loyful ther he sat ;  
 Him thocht his herte wel hesed,  
 Whan he of him was fessed & sesed. 16528  
 He thocht no lenger ther to dwelle,  
 He hadde no tale lenger to telle ;  
 He toke his leue at him to go  
 To hem of Grece that he come fro. 16532  
 ¶ He bad god that made sonne & mone,  
 Brynge hem thedir sound & sone ;  
 And thei to-gedir verament  
 Vn-to the see thei ben y-went. 16536 He goes on  
 board with  
 Pirrus ;  
 When thei were comen to her schippis,  
 Eche man afftir other In hippis ;  
 And drow vp Anker & her ropes,  
 And caste on hem cloke & copes 16540 they weigh the  
 anchor,  
 To saue hem fro the salt water,  
 That it be-sprenged not her hater.  
 ¶ Thei sayled bothe day & nyght  
 With spede & haste that thei myght 16544 and sail day  
 and night,  
 Ouer strem & ouer wawe,  
 Vn-til thei stonde before hem sawe  
 Off trusti Troye the hye walles,  
 Here gaye toures, & her halles ; 16548  
 On hem schon the sonne bem.  
 Thei sayled forth ouer that strem,  
 Til thei were come to here flote ;  
 Thei wente to londe tho by her bote, 16552 They land,  
 ¶ Thei leue her schippis & gon to londe  
 And riden to-gedir hond In honde,  
 Til thei come to here Paylons  
 Among the Grues and the Gryffons. 31 [iiij] 16556 and ride to the  
 Greek camp.

Pirrus

**A**mong the Gregais Pirrus is lyght [lf. 244, bk.] 16557  
A fair man, hardi, & wyght;  
Many a lord Pirrus by-held,

is heartily wel-  
comed by the  
Greeks;  
he is much  
like his father.

Whan he was broght to that teld: 16560  
Thei were echon for him ful glad,  
Hem thoght that thei his fader had  
With hem a-3eyn, so was he lyche  
To his fader—by heuene ryche ! 16564

Agamemnon  
and all the  
other lords  
welcome him,

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,  
And alle the lordis did him honour,  
And did him worschepe ther he stode,  
And welcomed him with chere gode. 16568

and so do the  
Myrmidons.

The Murundones come to him than,  
And welcomed him, euery man;  
Ioyful & glad thei with him wore,  
That he hem was comen thore. 16572

Agamemnon  
orders all  
Achilles's  
riches, tents,  
horses, arms,  
&c., to be  
given to  
Pirrus.

¶ Agamenoun as sone gan brynge  
Al his fader riches & rynges:  
Pauelons, tentis, & his teldis,  
Stedis, speres, helmys, & scheldis, 16576  
And al his gode fair Armure,  
And clothes of gold, fyne & pure,  
Off say, of silk, bothe red & grene,—  
And 3aff hem Pirrus al be-dene. 16580

Next morning  
they dub him  
a knight;

The morwe Afftir thei made him knyzt,  
Richely was he dubbed & dyzt.

Ajax girds him  
with the  
sword,

¶ Ajax Thelamaneus  
Off hem was most glorious, 16584  
He gyrd his sword aboute his swire  
And sayde to him: 'Pirrus, leue sire!  
I gird the with thi sword, take hede  
To venge thi fader as thow most nede. 16588

and wishes  
him good luck.

And moche Ioye haue thow of thin ordur of knyzt,  
As thi fader hadde that veniged vs In fyzt.'

Two lordes of Grece, princes, skete	[lf. 245.]	16591	Two princes
Set his spores on his fete,		16592	buckle on his spurs.
That were of gold, pure & ffyn.			
Then myzt men here a mechel dyn			
Off Trompes, pipes, & other glues			
Among the Gregais & the Grues.		16596	
Gret was the murthe & the melody			The Greeks make a great festival,
That ther was of Menstrarcy;			
¶ The Grues held gret feste & strong			
Many dayes afftir and long,		16600	
And made gret Ioye & solace <sup>1</sup>			and are very merry.
In worschipe of him that newe knyzt was.			
<b>P</b> irrus is knyght gode & gay,			Pirrus is a good and gay knight,
Off ffair porture, of gode aray,		16604	
Off wel riche apparayle,			
Off gentil blod, of fair entayle;			of gentle blood.
He prayes tho his Murundones .			He bids his Myrmidons
That thei go sette here Pauylones,		16608	set up their tents as in his father's time.
As thei were wont to stande			
The while his fader was lyuande.			
And thei on to-geder went			
And did her lordes comandement;		16612	They do so.
And his tentis tho thei maked,			
Faste & sekirly thei hem staked			
In-to the erthe with lyne & cordes;			
And sette his tentis by other lordes.		16616	
¶ And whiles the trues last			Pirrus gets to know all the other lords.
A-qwynted with the knyzttes fast,			
In fair manere & gode beryng			
He was a-qweynt with euery kyng,		16620	
Er euere the trewes was fully ent;			
But it is ney verament,			Thetrueends.
3e that thei be-twene hem set			
The trewes to holde as thei be-het.		16624	

<sup>1</sup> ce very small on erasure.

Both sides  
prepare for a  
fresh battle.

Pirrus, in his  
father's  
armour,  
leads the van-  
guard :

he rides out

with all his  
men ;

and so do all  
the other  
kings,

with 70,000  
men.  
The poet  
enumerates all  
the Greek  
leaders.

**T**He trewes are past with-oute faile, [lf. 245, bk.]  
And day is comen of here batayle : 16626

Thei buske hem faste & bowes bende,  
Vnto the fyght azejn to wende. 16628

Pirrus In his fader wede  
That vaunwarde that day he dos lede,  
¶ He hath his batayle wel arayed  
Off men byfore offte assayed ; 16632

He is wel dight & horsed als,  
His fader scheld aboute his hals  
And Achilles swerd also,—  
Many man to dethe ther-with was do,— 16636

¶ His arnes Are stronge & sicur.  
And he with that rides In-to that bicur,  
He passes forth ouer the dikes  
With his men that wel him likes, 16640

And takes the fel[d] brod & large  
Couered vnder helm<sup>1</sup> & targe.  
And euery a-nother kyng  
With alle her men In her ledyng, 16644

Knyght & sqwyer, erle & swayn,  
Rode & 3ede vn-to that playn  
Ther thei were wont for to fyght,  
With thosandes sixti two & eyght. 16648

¶ Ther was the duk Menescene  
With alle his men, & kyng Chelene,  
So was the kyng Menelaus,  
And Ajax Thelemaneus, 16652

Dux Nestor, & Vlixes,  
And the doghti Diomedes,  
Theseus kyng, & Thelamon,  
And the Emperour Agameon, 16656

Polinytes, & kyng Thoas :

Tho rod thei forth on a pas,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *him*.



Euery a lord with his ost,	[lf. 246.]	16659	
Proudly pyght lest and most.		16660	
¶ And thei of Troye were comen out			The Trojans come out too.
With-oute drede or any dout,			
Off here enemys hadde thei no drede.			
Bothe the parties to-gedur 3ede,		16664	The parties meet ; a
A wicked werre thei ther by-gan,			wicked war begins, 10,000
Thei selow ten thousand, or thei blan.			are slain.†
<b>N</b> ow are thei to-gedir samen,			
Alle on earnest & not on gamen ;		16668	
Now are thei to-gedir broght,			
A woful day schal ther be wroght :			
The speremen ride, the bowemen schote,			Spearmen ride, bowmen
Thei fel faste ded at horses fote,		16672	shoot,
The swordmen smyte & strokes 3eue,			swordsmen smite ;
Helmes breke, & scheldes cleue.			helms are broken,
¶ Lordes & laddes lesen her lyues,			shields cloven
Echon other rendis & ryues ;		16676	Many lose their lives.
A bitter bale haue thei be-gonne,			
Now this folk to-gedir is ronne.			
Ther were bowes al to-broken <sup>1</sup> ,			
Stedis stiked & thorow-stoken,		16680	
Helmes holed, & heuedis houen,			
Knees & cropes with knyues clouen,			The several wounds are
Schonkes schyuered, schuldres schorne,			described.
Blodi burnes In bostis borne ;		16684	
With ferli fare tho freykes ferde,			
Off suche an hepe neuere I herde.			
¶ Pirrus prikes aboute & praunses,			Pirrus rushes about,
Fro man to man aboute he launses		16688	
Al his strengthe for to assay,			
He dud gret harm on hem that day ;			and does much harm that day.
His fader Armes that day he bare.			He meets
Off Palamides so was he ware		16692	Palamides (i.e. Polidomas).

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto broken*.

	A-3eyn the Gryffons fyghtyng faste, [lf. 246, bk.]	16693
	Grues & Gregais doun he caste.	
Pirrus attacks Polidomas.	¶ He turned his stede to him sone, He thoght on him to wynde his schone :	16696
	He rode to him with so gret haste That al his spere In-sunder braste, That he fel doun upon the grounde And hadde a wel greuous wounde.	16700
Polidomas is unhorsed and wounded severely.	His gode sword sone he drow, He wol him take if he mow, Or of his hand ther be sclayn ; Ther-to putte he al his mayn.	16704
Philomene, on seeing Pirrus about to kill Polidomas,	¶ But that be-held kyng Philomene, He saw the fyght hem be-twene ; He saw the knyzt Palamydes <sup>1</sup> In gret perel of Pirrus was, For that newe knyzt Pirrus Was with him ful noyus, For he thoght him so mate & make, That he scholde sle him or take.	16708
	But Philomene hit myght not thole : To Pirrus turned he his fole, And led with him al his meyne—	16712
comes to his rescue	Two thousandes knyztēs & hundres thre,— And put Pirrus fro his euel wille, That he ne scholde his falawe spille Ne that tyme him not dere, For no-thing that he myght swere.	16716
with 2,300 men.	¶ Pirrus for-sothe hadde gret dispit That he fro him scholde be quyt, With Philomene was he wrothe : He leues that other and to him gothe, With tene of herte kepte he that kyng, And toke him thanne In suche a swyng	16720
Pirrus is very angry with Philomene,  and attacks him.		16724

<sup>1</sup> e seems to be altered to a.

That he bar him tayl ouer top,	[lf. 247.]	16727	Pirrus
That he lay ther as a sop.		16728	unhorses Philomene,
¶ Then myzt men here a wondir cry			
Off alle his men stode him by,			
For Pirrus wolde her lord haue,			
And thei wolde him fayn saue :		16732	and tries to take him prisoner.
Thei wol ther her lyues stende,			
But thei may here lord defende ;			
Thei put hem certes In gret perel			
To saue her lord In that torpel.		16736	Philomene's men try to deliver their lord, but in vain.
But al was not that thei coude do,			
For thei no-wyse myght come him to,			
For Murundones were so wode			
That thei her strengthe styffly with-stode.		16740	
<b>P</b> Alidomas come thanne rennande,			Polidomas
And al his ost with wepen in hande,			then comes to his rescue,
To socoure & helpe kyng Philomene,			
As he did him In his gret tene ;		16744	
But he myght not ffor that he couthe,			but in vain.
For al that he was knyzt In his ȝouthes,			
He myght not saue him fro her handis,			
That thei ne him toke & putte In bandis		16748	The Myrmi- dons would have captured Philomene,
To lede him to Pirrus tent.			
But of her purpos were thei rent,			
For that louely lady fre			
Qwit him out of here pouste.		16752	had not Penthesilea turned up.
¶ The stour was fel & strong,			
The hilles of here strokes rong :			
Pantasalye come thedur than			
With many hardy kene womman,		16756	Penthesilea arrives,
A sterne stede the quene be-strode,			
Among the Gregays that lady rode ;			
Sche sclow & felde many & fele,—			
The sothe to say and not to hele.		16760	and slays and wounds many Greeks.

- Hir armes were white as swannes flawe ; [lf. 247, bk.] 16761  
 The Grues hir dredde whan thei hir sawe,  
 For sche on hem gret Angur did .  
 And sche to hem hir strengthe so kid. 16764
- Ajax, onseeing ¶  
 Penthesilea  
 slay so many  
 Greeks,  
 attacks and  
 unhorses her ;  
 but she leaps  
 up,  
 and swears to  
 take revenge :  
 she hurls Ajax ¶  
 down,  
 takes his  
 horse,  
 rides among  
 the Greeks,  
 and slays  
 many.  
 When she  
 hears of  
 Philomene's  
 capture,  
 she swears  
 she'll free him. ¶
- ¶ Thelamanyus Ajax was war  
 That sche to grounde Gregais bar,  
 In his herte hadde he gret Ire :  
 He toke a spere & rode to hire 16768  
 And bar that ladi fro hur stede,  
 Vn-warned or sche toke hede.  
 But sche lepe vp as myghti quene,  
 Hardi & bold, doghti & kene, 16772  
 Opon hir feet with-oute dwellyng,  
 And swor that he schold that <sup>1</sup> fellyng  
 In that day wel sore a-bye :  
 Sche lete a stroke vpon him flye, 16776  
 Sche 3aff him certis suche a pat  
 That down to grounde he fel flat ;  
 Sche toke hir hors & lepe vp tite—  
 Maugre hir foos that stode be-syde— 16780  
 And rod hir thanne among the Grues  
 And mechel bale amonges hem breues,  
 Sche wroght hem wo In hir wode res,  
 And many sche slees er sche hadde pes. 16784
- P**Antasalye hir stede by-strides,  
 Among Gregais & Grues rides ;  
 Tydynges were that ladi tolde  
 That sir Pirrus, that newe kny3t bolde, 16788  
 Hadde Philomene, that kyng, tan  
 And swor that he <sup>2</sup> scholde be his ban.  
 That bold mayden meved hir blod,  
 When sche tho tydandes vndirstode ; 16792  
 Sche vowes to god & alle his halowes :  
 " He scholde not lede him ouer the flalowes

<sup>1</sup> MS. *bye that*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *she*.



- To tent ne Paულoun that he hadde." [lf. 248.] 16795  
 Alle hir Maydenes than sche badde 16796 Penthesilea  
 To folwe hir where sche ȝede, calls her  
 And leue hir not for no nede. maidens  
 together,
- ¶ With-oute mo wordes went sche forth, who at once  
 With alle hir maydenes that mechel were worth, 16800 ride up  
 To Pirrus & to his Murundones to Pirrus and  
 That with the help of her Gryffones his Myrmi-  
 Hadde taken that kyng Philomene. dons.  
 Harde strokes gan sche hem lene, 16804 She wounds  
 ¶ The Murundones sche sondres & schedes, and slays  
 And fele of hem sche maymes & hedes; many of them.  
 Many a baly scho ther rittes  
 And many a scheld sche al to-sclittes<sup>1</sup>; 16808  
 Many a knyȝt les his entrayles.  
 So harde the quene hem assayles.
- U Hen Pirrus saw that mescheff—  
 Sche felde his men at gret repreue, 16812 When Pirrus  
 How thei were hurt and euel dyght, sees this mis-  
 Wounded euele and discomfyght chief,  
 With that quene Pantasalye,—  
 Opon his men be-gan he crye 16816  
 And sayde: 'men, for him ȝow boght!  
 What do ȝe? ne schame ȝe noght  
 To dye so foule of feble thinges?  
 A few wommen to dethe ȝow brynges? 16820
- ¶ But turnes aȝeyn & folowes me, Follow me!  
 And thei schal sone discomfit be! We'll soon  
 Ther schal but fewe—so mote I thryue!— discomfit  
 Off hem passe away on lyue!' 16824 them.'  
 He let thenne go kyng Philomene  
 From him & hise wite and clene  
 With-oute ramsoun or any mede,  
 For he myght him not thennes lede. 16828 as he cannot  
 carry him off.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *alto schittes*.

	<b>P</b> Antasalye herde his speche, [lf. 248, bk.] 16829	
	On him sche thoght to take wreche :	
Penthesilea rides up to him and says :	Sche drow toward him ner	
	And seyde to him, that he myght her :	16832
'I despise thee and thy words !	' Off thi proude wordes ne of thi sawe	
	Ne of thi-selff I ȝeue not an hawe !	
	By him that made al mydelerde !	
I do not fear thee !	Off the am I not a-ferde,	16836
I despise thee for thy father's cowardice, who slew Hector,	But now and euere I the dispise	
	For thi fader cowardise,	
	That he falsly sclow that knyght	
	That passed al other In strengthe & myght,	16840
the most worthy knight on earth !	¶ In doghtinesse & In valoure,—	
	Off Chiualrie he was the floure,—	
	The worthi knyzt Ector the gode !	
Every man ought to avenge his death on thee and thine,	Alle the men of gentil blode	16844
	Aught to venge his deth by skylle	
	On the & alle that longeth the tille !	
	And not only al gentil men,	
and even we, the women, have come to avenge him.	But we that are here wymmen	16848
	Are comen to venge with oure myght	
	The deth of that gentil knyght !	
I hope we shall do so for thy false father's sake. May his soul burn in hell !	¶ For ȝit I hope that I & myne	
	Schal venge his dethe on the & thine,	16852
	For that fals traytour coward, thi sire !	
	His soule mot brenne In helle fire !	
	At hir wordes Pirrus not smyled,	
	When he herde him so reuyled :	16856
	With-oute worde & mochel tene	
Pirrus rides to her to take revenge ;	Rode sir Pirrus to the quene,	
	To venge him if that he myght ;	
	And whan sche saw come that knyght,	16860
	Sche slaked hir bridel & rayne	
she rushes towards him.	And ran to him with al hir mayne,	{ Sche kept }

¶ *Hic Pirrus pugnauit cum Pantasalie Regina.*

And<sup>1</sup> kept that knyght In hir rennyng. [lf. 249.] 16863

In his grete tene and herte-brennyng<sup>1</sup> 16864

¶ Pirrus smot Pantasalye

Opon the scheld so an hye,

That al his spere In-sunder brast;

But sche was not doun cast. 16868

But sche smot him wers than so,

Sche brast hir spere on him In-two

And bare him ouer the sadel y-wis,

That he hadde leue the grounde to kys. 16872

But sicurli he ros vp sone,

To venge that schame that sche had done

Vn to him by-fore his folke,

For tene his herte began to bolke: 16876

¶ Stalworthe strokes sadde & sore

Pirrus strok at hir thore,

Thei made tho so gode pay

That al her harneis was of blod ray; 16880

Al on blod was her harneis.

But theane come many proude Gregeis

And partid hem sone a-twynne,

And of her baret made hem blynne, 16884

And broght Pirrus a stede strong

And horsed him hem among.

**P**irrus now & Pantasalie

Bene partid with gret envie; 16888

Pan[ta]salye hir men relies,

Philomene to hir he hyes

And thanked hir of his lyueraunce,

And prayes god: "3eue hir gode chaunce; 16892

For sicurly nadde sche bene,

His lyff hadde ben lorn elene."

¶ Agamenoun, her Emperour,

Come then doun vnto that stour,

32 [j] 16896

Pirrus fights  
with Penthe-  
silea; he breaks  
his spear on  
her shield;

she unhorses  
him.

He rises up

and strikes  
her several  
times.

Then the  
Greeks come  
up and divide  
them.

Philomene  
thanks  
Penthesilea for  
saving his life.

Agamemnon,

<sup>1</sup> And, though the catch-word on lf. 248, bk. is *Sche*.

498 \* *New Forces arrive, a fresh Battle begins, Glamicon is killed.*

Diomedes, the Duke of Athens, and all the Greeks arrive.	With Alle his men Diomedes; So did the duk of Athenes, And alle thes other kynges euerychone With bowe, alblaster, and flone.	[lf. 249, bk.] 16897    16900
Penthesilea is angry with the Greeks. Philomene,	¶ The quene with hir men asamed, With the Gregeis was sche gramed, And the gode kyng Philomenys Relyed aȝeyn to hir al his; And then come thedir a gode pas Kyng Remus, & Eueas, To socour hem with her meyne. Sicurly then myght men se	    16904    16908
Remus, and Eneas, come to help her.	A wonder stour a-ȝeyn be-gynne, To se who scholde the felde wyne.	
A fresh battle begins.	¶ When ayther of hem were so refresched, Echon on other dong & thresched, That thei fel down as water fro yse; Many a worthi man of prise Be-twene hem tho her liff thei tynte, Off that assaut er thei wolde stynte.	  16912    16916
Many fall,  many die.	Pirrus rode among the Troiens, He bete down of her Citesens And sclow right fele,—as Dares sais,— He halp wel that day Gregais.	   16920
Pirrus slays many Trojans,	<b>P</b> irrus rode to sir Glamicoun <sup>1</sup> , A knyght that was Antenor sone <sup>1</sup> , Palidomas was his half-brother, On lyue that tyme hadde he non other,— Off Another moder born; His lyff for-sothe has he lorn: For sir Pirrus In his wode layke, In his rydyng & In his rayke,	    16924    16928
rides up to Glamicon,  a half-brother of Polidomas,	With his sword smot he so sore, That he among hem died thore.	
smites him, and kills him.		

<sup>1</sup> MS. . . . oð . . . son; see note on p. 450.



¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Glamiconem.*

¶ Pantasalye by-fore hir eyne	[lf. 250.]	16931	When
Saw Glamicoun die with pyne,		16932	Penthesilea
Sche saw him die bothe blak & blo ;			sees Glamicon
For him sche was In herte wo,			die,
And for-fouzten as sche was			she grows
Sche come fro hir meygne a-pas		16936	angry
And rod to him ouer-twert.			and attacks
And Pirrus it saw with Irus hert,			Pirrus again ;
And saw that quene to him ride			
As faste as sche myzt glide :		16940	
He cauȝte a spere—I the be-hete—			Pirrus seizes
Strong & styff, that quene to mete ;			a spear,
¶ He stroke his stede & mette the quene,			and meets her ;
And so did sche him, & that was sene !		16944	
Ayther other so assayled,			both are
That neyther of other fayled ;			unhorsed,
Thei mette so that bothe ȝede doun			
Fro her hors opoun <sup>1</sup> her croun.		16948	
¶ But sone & smert bothe vp ros,			but get up
And ayther of hem to hors gos,			again,
And lepe vp with mochel spede ;			
And eyther of hem to other ȝede,		16952	
And fauȝt to-gedur harde & longe,			and fight
Til thei were partid with that thronge.			fiercely
Or elles longe or it hadde be nyght,			until they are
That on hadde be foule discomfight.		16956	separated.
<b>P</b> olidomas when he herde say			
His brother had mad his endyng-day,			Polidomas, on
Wo was him whan he hit wiste :			hearing of his
Among the Gregais he him thruste,		16960	brother's
He sclow & faste leyde to grounde,			death,
He ȝaff the Gregais many a wounde,			
And sclow hem doun as he were wood ;			slays and
Thei lay & sprauled In her blood.			wounds many
	32 [ij]	16964	Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> MS. perhaps *opon*.

Penthesilea slays many.	And the queene Pantasalye—	[lf. 250, bk.]	16965
	Thorow hir many doth dye :		
	So thorow here bothe myght <sup>1</sup>		
The Greeks flee,	The Gregais were sone discomfight <sup>2</sup>		16968
	And fledde away & lefft her place,		
the Trojans follow them.	And thei hem folwed a long pace.		
Only Dio- medes, Pirrus, and Thela- manius resist them.	¶ But Diomedes, and sir Pirrus, And the doghti Thelamenyus, These thre thanne hur chase with-stode And thei no further backward 3ode, But turned a3eyn & lefft here fyght,		16972
Night ends the battle ;	For it was ner-hond the nyght :		16976
	The sonne was went In-to the west, Hit was ney set & gon to rest <sup>3</sup> ; And thei departed with weri bones		
they go home,	And 3ede alle hom to her wones,—		16980
doff their arms, sup, and go to bed.	¶ Some to tentis & some to toun,— Did of her Armes & set hem doun, Ete & drank and 3ede to bedde, Whan thei were alle wel y-fedde,—		16984
They rise again to fight till one wins.	And ros a-3eyn when thei myght se, For thei wol not-lete it so be, Vn-to that on were vndirlyng, And that other lord & <sup>4</sup> kyng.		16988
	Night is went with his merke cloude, The waites blew, the Cokkes croude, The sonne is rysen & schynes bryght, And thei are vppe & redi dyght		16992
They prepare for a new battle.	Vnto her note a3eyn to go, Ther thei the nyght be-fore come fro. Thei are horsed & Armed redi to fare, Thei are a3eyn to-gedir thare,		16996
	Ther are thei to-gedir met ; Iff any lefft In other det,		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *myghtes*.<sup>2</sup> MS. *discomfights*.  
the margin, but blotted and therefore indistinct.<sup>3</sup> Scribblings in<sup>4</sup> MS. *a*.

Thei thenke hit schal be wel quyt.	[lf. 251.]	16999	
Thei fare as thei <sup>1</sup> were out of wyt,		17000	A fierce and dire battle.
¶ So betis & lais echon on other			
Stalworth strokes as a ffother,			
Ryues, & rendes, and doun beres,			
Woundes, & sleeves, & al to-teres,—		17004	
Fro morwe erly that thei hadde sonne			They fight from morning till night,
Til it was nyght thei neuere blonne,			
And thus ferde thei with-uten les			
Many a day, er thei hadde pes.		17008	many days.
¶ But by him that schope book & belle!			
Alle here dedis may I not telle,			But I cannot relate all their deeds,
How thei fauȝt to-geder euery day;			
Alle here dedis may I not say.		17012	
For sicurly with-oute fayle—			
As was wreten of that batayle:—			
<b>T</b> Hei fauȝt to-geder a ful foure woke			for they fought four full weeks, without taking rest.
That thei neuere reste ne toke,		17016	
Day by day to lande & forow;			
And alle the fold <sup>2</sup> thorow & thorow			
Lay sprad with dede bodies,			
As it hadde ben rattis or mys.		17020	
For sicurly by-twene hem was sclayn			
With-Inne the dayes In that champayn			
¶ —As Dares seis—thousandes ten			10,000 knights are slain,
Off men of Armes & doghti men,		17024	
With-oute comune & other pedale,—			more common soldiers,
That was wel mo with-oute fayle.			
And the quene Pantasalie			
Off hir Maydenes a gret partie		17028	and a great many Amazons,
Hadde tynt with-Inne a while & <sup>3</sup> lorn,			
That lay ther ded al to-schorn.			
Viiij & xx <sup>ti</sup> dayes plener			
Held thei the fight al entier <sup>4</sup>			
	32 [iiij]	17032	

<sup>1</sup> thei twice in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. folk.

<sup>3</sup> & is somewhat blotted.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *entrer*.

¶ *Hic ceperunt pacem inter eos ad sepelliendum corpora mortuorum.*

	Day by day vpon the wold,	[lf. 251, bk.]	17033
	That thei reste neuere—as I 3ow told—		
When the whole field	Til al that place & al that feld,		
	Ther the fyght [was] be-twene hem held,		17036
is covered with corpses,	Was spred ful of dede bodies		
	As thei myght ligge y-wis.		
the armies agree on another truce,	And than was take another trewes		
	Be-twix the Troyens & the Grwes,		17040
	That thei myzt make clene the feld ;		
to bury their dead,	That ligge so ded vndir her scheld,		
	That thei with hem eft were not let,		
	When thei were eft-sones y-met.		17044
The truce is taken ; the last one,	<b>T</b> He trewes ar take & almost past,		
	And sicurly these arn the last		
	That euere schal Troyens or Grues take ;		
	For now schal thei an ende make ;		17048
for the next battle will end the war,	The next batayle schal be her ende ;		
	For than schal Troye to schame wende,		
	And so schal alle the riche Troyens,		
as the Trojans will lose their 'maintainer.'	For thei schal lese that hem mayntens.		17052
	¶ Schal neuere the kyng ne non of hise		
	For al his noble & his vpprise		
	A-3eyn Gregeis mayntene more stoure,		
	For now lesen thei her mayntenoure		17056
All their goods and houses will be burnt, and they will all die ;	And alle the gode that thei owe,		
	And here houses brende on a lowe ;		
	And thei schal go to dethe vile,		
	Euerychon with-Inne a while.		17060
but by false treason only ! God curse them !	¶ But that schal be by fals tresoun ;		
	God 3eue hem his malesoun		
	That <sup>1</sup> the tresoun schope & wroght		
	And that hit so aboute broght !		17064
Antenor and Eneas are the traitors.	That was Antenor & Eueas—		
	God 3eue hem an euel gras !		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *And*.



Come thei neuere In heuene riche,	[lf. 252.]	17067	
That thei wolde so her lord be-swyke		17068	
And al that gentil nacioun !			
Schal be put In-to dampnacioun !			
<b>T</b> Erme is went out of the trewe,			The truce
And that may men of Troye rewe :		17072	ends ;
For if thei wiste what wolde be-tyde,			if the Trojans
Thei wolde not out of Troye ride.			knew what
But now ben thei of Troye out-gon,			was coming
Wel on horse is euerychone ;		17076	they would
¶ In-to the feld are thei alle went,			not ride out.
With scharp sword & bowe bent			But they go
For to schete & smyte In haste ;			into the field.
And thei of Grece ben comyng faste.		17080	
Ful wel are thei now batayled,			
And echon other faste assayled			The battle
With swordes & speres scharpe ;			begins.
Off alle her dedis may I not carpe.		17084	
¶ But Pirrus saw Pantasaly ;			Pirrus and
Be-twene hem two was gret envy :			Penthesilea
He rode to hir, & sche to him,			meet ;
Ayther was on other brym ;		17088	
Pirrus smot that ladi so,			
That he to-barst his spere In-two			Pirrus breaks
And thrilled thorow-out hir scheld.			his spear,
But that quene hir sadel held		17092	but cannot
That sche fel not with his smytyng,			unhorse the
But sche smot him with-oute flytyng			queen ;
And 3aff him on vn-to his mede,			she smites
That hir spere In-sunder 3ede ;		17096	him,
But he fel not ther-with to groundé,			breaks her
But sche 3aff him an hidous wounde			spear too,
That of hir spere a gret parti			but wounds
Leftt stone-stille In his bodi.			Pirrus
	32 [iiij]	17100	severely ;
			the spear-head
			sticks in his
			body.

¶ *Hic Pirrus occidit Pantasaliā Reginā.*

**P**irrus is smeten & euēl dyght, [lf. 252, bk.] 17101  
His blod ran out with mochel myght;

The Greeks  
fear for  
Pirrus,

they can't pull  
the spear out  
of his wound.

They attack  
the Trojans.

For him was made a gret cry  
Off alle the Grues that were him by; 17104

For thei were alle In mochel doute  
How the spere-hed scholde gon oute  
With-oute lesyng of his lyff.

Then be-gan a delful stryff 17108

To hem of Troye ther thei stode:  
For alle the Grues were ney wode  
That sche smot him so greuously;

Thei cried on hir dispitously, 17112

¶ Thei vowed to god thei scholde hir selo.

Many Greeks  
charge the  
queen;

Many a Grewe & Gregais tho  
ȝede aboute that douȝti quene  
And did hir mochel wo & tene, 17116

they break her  
helmet,

Thei brak hir helm & hir hauberk  
And made al blod hir white scherk,  
Thei brast on-sonder many a mayle,  
The stalworthe lace of hir ventayle, 17120

and wound  
her in the  
head.

Sicurly In-to her hare  
Thei maken hir hed naked & bare.

Pirrus,

¶ When Pirrus saw hir hed al naked,  
In his body thoow he were staked 17124

not caring for  
life or death,

With his spere-hede, to hir he soght  
As he of his lyff not roght;  
Off lyff ne deth ȝaff he no tale,  
But that he myȝt brewe hir bale 17128

smites her left  
arm off with a  
heavy blow.

When he saw hir In suche a poynt:  
He smot hir euene In the loynt  
Be-twene the sholder & the scheld,  
That hir left arme fflow In the feld, 17132

Penthesilea  
dies.

And sche fel ded & stille lay  
Among hir horses as clot of<sup>1</sup> clay;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *In*.

And Pirrus In his greuauunce	[lf. 253.]	17135	
Toke on hir a foule vengauunce,		17136	
For he lefft not of hir a spot			
That he ne hit hewe as flesch to pot.			Pirrus cuts her body into pieces,
And he him-selff wex than so wan			
For blod that out of his wounde ran,		17140	
That he amonges hem fel ther doun			and then falls down in a dead swoon ;
Fro his hors In a dede swoun ;			
¶ But his gode men <sup>1</sup> lyff[t] him on loffte			
And on his scheld laide him soffte		17144	
And bare him hom to his tentis,			he is carried to his tent,
And did of alle his garnementis			
And laide him faire vpon his bed,			and put to bed.
For he was feble and al by-bled.		17148	
<b>P</b> Antasalie is ded & sclayn,			Penthesilea being dead,
And thei of Grece are ther-of ffayn ;			
But hir maydenes haue sorwe y-now,			her girls
Many a Grewe that tyme thei sclow.		17152	
Thei were so for the quene en-yred,			
To dye ther thei desired :			
Troyens thanne & tho wymmen			
Sclow two thousand doghti men.		17156.	slay 2,000 Greeks.
¶ But what myght that a-vayle,			But what can that avail ?
Whil ther were 3it with-oute fayle			
Thre hundrid thousand of Gregais knyghtes,			
Off bold men & stronge In fyghtes,		17160	
And of sqwyers gret multitude ?			
And 3aff thanne strokes wel vnrude,			
And sclow the Troyens as thei were wode,			The Greeks kill
That men myght haue bathed In here blode :		17164	
¶ Dares seith "thei sclow that tyde			
Ten thousand men of Troians <sup>2</sup> syde."			10,000 Trojans ; the others flee towards Troy.
Wherfore alle that myght fle			
Fled away to hir Cite		17168	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *godemen*.

<sup>2</sup> *Trojans* by another hand on erasure.

The Trojans  
shut and bolt  
the gates.

And spered the 3ates wel and faste [lf. 253, bk.] 17169

With many a spire that wel wolde laste,

With lokke & keye, haspe & pyn;

And held hem alle the toun with-In, 17172

For of the Gregais hadde thei suche doute

That thei wolde no more passe oute:

¶ The Troyens wol no more out-wende,

For now is broght the fight to ende; 17176

Thei 3eue no tent to no-thing elles—

Non that In the toun dwelles—

They only  
watch their  
walls;

But her walles for to wayte,

That thei with-oute with no dissayte, 17180

With no qwayntise<sup>1</sup>, ne with no wile

By day ne ny3t hem t[h]o by-gyle.

For thei are sicur y-now & traist,

That thei ne thar no-thing be a-baist; 17184

whose great  
height will  
protect them.

For thei wot wel thei are so hye,

That no-thing In erthe but foule that flye

May come hem to, for out thei do ey3t,

But if it were with tresoun or sle3t. 17188

**T**He waytes is set, the toun kept,

That thei wele & sicurly slept.

The Greeks  
surround the  
city,

But thei of Grece haue hem be-cast

With the sege wele & faste 17192

On euery a side ouer-al aboute,

That thei may not for hem come oute.

But ther-of haue thei no drede,

But if thei haue of vitayles nede; 17196

but the  
Trojans are  
not afraid, as  
they are safe  
so long as they  
have food.

¶ For thei may leue & wele fare

With-Inne the toun for euer-mare,

But it be so that hem fayle

Corn, or wyn, or other vytayle. 17200

The Troyens make gret del echone,

Gret mornyng, & mochel mone;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *qwayntise*.



*The Trojans bewail Penthesilea. Her Corpse is thrown into a Pool.* 507

Alle that euere to Troye out long	[lf. 254.]	17203	All the
Maken gret dele and sorwe strong,—		17204	Trojans bewail Penthesilea's death ;
¶ Kyng & knyȝt,—whan thei hem thenche			
Off that worthi doughti wenche,			
That noble quene Pantasalie,			
That hem defended so nobly.		17208	
The sorwe is gret that thei alle make			they are sorry that they cannot get her corpse.
For hir dethe & for hir sake,			
That thei may not hir bodi haue—			
As hem wel auȝt—In erthe to graue.		17212	
¶ The Gregais wol not hir bodi grauen,			The Greeks will not bury it ;
But let hit ligge to roke & rauen ;			
But sir Pirrus with that seyde : ‘ nay !			but Pirrus pleads
Hit is no skyl’—he sayde—‘ parfay !		17216	
That so douȝti a body as sche			
A-bouen erthe vn-grauen be,			
Ne be with best ne foule y-schent !			for entombing it.
But fair be layd In monument !’		17220	
¶ But Diomedes verament			Diomedes opposes him.
With-sayde sir Pirrus Iugement,			
He seyde for-sothe “ that hir bodi			
To ligge In erthe is not worthi.”		17224	
But ther-to come it at the laste			
That In a lake that quene was caste,			They cast the queen into a lake.
For thei seyde “ thei wolde hir not brynge			
To sepulchre ne to bureyng.”		17228	
<b>P</b> Antasalye liggis In a pole ;			
The Troyens make moche dole <sup>1</sup> ,			The Trojans bewail her ;
Thei make sorwe that sche is ded ;			
For now are thei with-uten red,			
Thei haue no hope to no <sup>2</sup> socour ;		17232	as they are now helpless.
With-Inne the toun make thei soiour,			
For thei se wel : hem is no bote			
A-ȝeyn Gregays more to mote.		17236	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *dele*, but the first *e* seems to be corrected to *o*.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *to no so*.

Anchises,	Anchises, that varied wyght,	[lf. 254, bk.]	17237
	That Ancien <sup>1</sup> schrewe, that olde knyght,—		
Eneas,	And his sone, fals Eueas,—		
Antenor,	And Antenor—thes thre, alas !—		17240
and Polidomas	And his sone Palidamas—		
plot to save their own lives and goods and wives,	These foure be-gan the compas :		
	How thei myght best saue her lyues		
	And alle her godis & here wyues :		17244
	¶ Thei toke amonges hem many consayle,		
	What myght best to hem a-vayle ?		
	But at the laste, thus thei ent,		
	That thei were alle at this assent :		17248
	“That if thei were dryuen ther-to		
	That thei myght no more do,		
and to betray king Priamus and his folk.	Thei scholde the kyng & his be-swyke,		
	To saue hem foure and that hem lyke,		17252
	Alle here kynrede & here frende,—		
	And Priamus & his to schende.”		
They will advise him	¶ So sayde thei be-twene hem thore :		
	To consayle the kyng that it gode wore		17256
to make peace with the Greeks,	A fynal pees of Grues to craue,		
	For so myght he his lyff saue ;		
	And that he wolde take a-3eyn		
and give Eleyne back to Menelaus.	To Menelaus the quene Eleyn,		17260
	And make amendes of that Paris		
	Hadde done to hem & heris amys,		
	And do restore that he & hise		
	Hadde born fro hem In any wyse.		17264
¶ But which of the Greeks will assent to this ?	¶ But who myght leue that any lord		
	Off hem of Grece that wold acord ?		
	To graunte the pees to hem so sone		
	Afftir the harm that thei hadde done,		17268
	And greued hem sore & offte anoyed,		
	And so fele lordes of hem distroyed ;		

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Amicien*; cf. l. 17838.

¶ Qualiter Priamus & omnes alij. Troiani decepti fuerunt.

And thei haue hope the toun to wynne, [lf. 255.] 17271

And alle the godis that ben ther-Inne; 17272

For In the toun so bold none was,

With-oute the 3ates that durst pas.

But sicurly ther myght men se

That it my3t not but tresoun be, 17276

Openly & discouert,

And it was tresoun ri3t apert.

But thei myght speke of a pees,

Thei myght not elles speke with Gregais, 17280

For to telle hem of here wille,

How the toun wolde thei tresoun & spille.

**T**Hese traytours that this toun wol traye,

Thei are went her erande to saye 17284

To the kyng In the sale:

Boldely thei telle bothe her tale

Be-fore the kyng & lordes fele;

But her tresoun thei wol slely hele,

Thei wil not telle what thei thenke— 17288

The deuel hem mot In helle senke!

¶ When Priamus saw of pees thei touched,

Off here wordes no gode he souched:

Him thought it was no gode tokenyng

That thei of pes made *procuryng*

Afftir the harm that he hadde tan

Off hem that were his sones ban,

Him thought it souned to no gode 17296

That thei of pees hadde turned her mode;

¶ He saw right wele here two assent,

To traye the toun that thei haue ment,

And not-for-thi he held him stille 17300

And lete him speke & say here wille,

For he wolde not lette hem *perceyue*

That he saw thei wolde him disceyue.

17304

The plot can  
be carried out  
only by  
treason.

The traitors  
go to Priamus

and tell him  
their plan,

but dissem-  
ble their  
treason.

Though  
Priamus  
suspects it,

he keepssilent,  
and lets them  
speak.

¶ *Hic Antenor & Eueas loquitur de pace In decepçione Regis.*

- He spak to hem & seide: 'lordynges! [lf. 255, bk.] 17305
- Priamus will deliberate with his coun-  
cillors. I wil a-vise me of thes thynges;  
I wol not ȝeue her-of Iugement  
With-oute consayl & avisement.' 17308
- Eneas scorn-  
fully ¶ Fals Eueas scornfulli be-gan  
Vn-to the kyng speke than,  
He seyde: 'and thow wol consayle take,  
I rede that thow oures not for-sake. 17312  
If the hit like, the ne thar non other;  
Iff thow dost not, thow may take other.'
- Priamus says  
that ¶ The kyng answered with wordes meke:  
'Lordynges!'—he sais—'I ȝow be-seke 17316  
That with my wordes ȝe wrathe ȝow not!  
For ȝe wot wele—by him vs bouȝt!—  
That I haue done ȝoure consayl here,  
In al my lyff I wayved hit neuere. 17320  
And ȝe say now: "I holde it gode."  
But if it were I vndirstode  
A-nother were more vn-to oure prow,  
Me thenke it scholde not greue ȝow 17324  
Thoow I left ȝoure & let it be,  
And toke that wolde helpe ȝow & me.'
- perhaps  
another plan  
will be better  
for both of  
them.
- Antenor urges  
that **A**Ntenor ros fro the des  
And seide: 'sir kyng! to speke of pes 17328  
It is not euel—I vndirstonde,—  
But good to ȝow and alle ȝoure londe;  
For ȝe wot wel what noye & care  
That ȝe & ȝoures now inne are: 17332
- 'There are  
50 kings before  
the gates  
resolved to  
take the town  
and burn it  
and slay all.
- ¶ Be-fore ȝoure ȝatis ligge ffyfty kynges  
That wil not parte for no thynges,  
Til thei may this toun ouer-throwe  
And alle the houses sette on a lowe, 17336  
And sle, sir kyng, ȝow & ȝoure  
And vs also and alle oure.



- Ne 3e may not with-stonde her myzt, [lf. 256.] 17339 You are not  
 17340 able to with-stand, or fight them ;  
 Ne 3e dar not with hem fyzt,  
 And 3e ar now of nom-power,  
 Ne vs comes no help fer ne ner. there is no hope of help.  
 ¶ For-whi I say : better hit is  
 Off two harmes to chose the les : 17344  
 Better is vs & 3ow also Therefore try to make peace,  
 That 3e sende the Gregais to,  
 To loke if thei wil graunt 3ow grith  
 Off a ffynal pes, lyff and lyth ;— 17348  
 And 3eue a-3eyn Eleyne, the quene, restore Eleyne,  
 For wham fele lordis haue ded bene ;—  
 And alle the godis a-3eyn restore— and all the goods Paris stole in  
 And, if thei wil, 3et somdel more,— 17352 Thessaly.  
 That Paris In his robbery  
 Toke fro hem In Thesaly.  
 Amphimacus to speke hadde haste,  
 On of the kynges sones a-baste ; 17356  
 He ros vp thanne with teneful herte  
 And seide to him wordes smerte,  
 Herynge alle that <sup>1</sup> set on benche :  
 ‘ Thi wyles ben wicked, so ben thi wrenche ! ’ 17360  
 He seide : ‘ gode men <sup>2</sup>, opon my treuthe !  
 Thow art fals, and that is reuthe !  
 Thi herte is turned, & so it semes,  
 That thi kyng & vs thus demes ! 17364  
 In the for-sothe is now no trayst,  
 When thow these wordes vn-to vs sayst !  
 ¶ For thi kyng scholde thow suffre mescheff,  
 Er thow saw him falle In any repreff, 17368  
 And thow now procurest him vylonye !  
 Erst scholdestow with him die !  
 Wele may men se : thi herte is chaunged !  
 For we are not 3it so mys-kannged, 17372  
 But we are not yet so weakened,

<sup>1</sup> that twice in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *godemen*.

that 30,000  
men cannot  
die before  
that.'

That er schal twenti thousand men [lf. 256, bk.] 17373

Die ther-to and thousandes ten.'

Ful wylusly he him with-sayde,

For he was no-thing with him payde.

17376

Eneas  
answers :

¶ But Eueas thanne his wordes pesed,

With faire wordes his herte he sased ;

He<sup>1</sup> seyde vnto him at the laste :

' We are be-  
leaguered too  
narrowly,

' The Gregeis haue vs vmbe-caste,

17380

That we dar no more fyght with hem,

Ne open oure 3ates for drede of hem ;

A-nother way—if we be sly—

By-houes vs seke to haue vs by,

17384

And sicurly it is non other

and must get  
peace.'

Then bye the pes, my leue brother !'

**F**Or alle the good of hethen Spayne

Myght the kyng him [not] refrayne,

17388

He was so ful of care & wo ;

Priamus  
says to the  
traitors :  
' You are to  
blame.  
Shame upon  
you ! How can  
you be so un-  
kind to me ?

Vnto the traytours seide he tho :

' Certes'—he seyde—' 3e are to blame !

3e were worthi to suffre schame !

17392

In 3oure herte how myght 3e ffynde

A-3eyn me now to be vnkynde ?

In my gret elde to waxe vn-trewe

That euere 3it haue ben me drewe ?

17396

¶ And nother of 3ow may certes say

That I did neuere be nyght ne day

Any-thing a-3eyn Gregays

I never did  
anything  
against the  
Greeks

In tyme of werre ne of pays

17400

That harmed hem an beryng-tayle,

That it ne was by 3oure consayle.

And thow, Eueas, was cheff consaylour

To Paris, my sone, In his labour

17400

To rawische Heleyne & lede hir away ;

Thow may not say ther-of " nay" :

{ Ne hadde }

without your  
counsel.  
Thou, Eneas,  
wast the chief  
adviser for  
Paris to steal  
Eleyne.

- Ne hadde, Eueas, thi conseyl bene, [lf. 257.] 17407  
 Eleyne ne hadde this toun sene. 17408
- And now afftir my sonas ded  
 I se þow two at otheres red  
 To consail me, to lese my name  
 And falle for euere In foule schame, 17412  
 That I scholde now me meke  
 The Gregais mercy to be-seke  
 That haue alle my sonas sclayn  
 And done me wo & mechel payn;  
 And ȝit scholde I hem merci crye  
 And pes & loue of hem bye<sup>1</sup>?
- ¶ Hit were a schame to alle my kynde  
 That I scholde me to hem bynde,— 17420  
 So haue I of my bodi hele!  
 This consayl is nother good ne lele,  
 But waried worthe the tonge it tolde!  
 For I drede we ben alle solde, 17424  
 For we ben lorn maugre oure tethe,  
 Ryght noght it is—& that we sethe.’
- ¶ Eueas thanne was wonder wrothe,  
 He ros vp & thenne gothe;  
 He was Angred with that sawe,  
 Off his kyng stode him none awe.  
 Wordes fele of gret outrage,—  
 Herande alle the baronage,— 17432  
 Spake he thanne vn-to the kyng,  
 That were veleyns wordes & vn-sittyng.
- He gos hamward vnto his halle  
 With-oute leue of hem alle, 17436  
 He wolde no leue at hem nym.  
 But Antenor ȝede home with hym;  
 Thei are bothe hom to-gedur went.  
 By him that made bothe Twede & Trent! 33 [j] 17440

And now both  
of you advise  
me to lose my  
reputation,

to appeal for  
mercy to those  
Greeks who  
slew my sons!

Your counsel  
is not loyal!  
Cursed be the  
tongue which  
gave it!  
I fear we are  
sold and lost!

Eneas, very  
angry,

speaks villain-  
ous words  
against the  
king,

and leaves the  
hall with  
Antenor.

<sup>1</sup> Order in MS., 17418, 17417.

¶ *Hic Priamus flebat.*

If the kyng hadde wist here consayl, [lf. 257, bk.] 17441  
 It hadde ben to hem to wrother-hayl!

Priamus  
 weeps,

**P** Ryamus ryses and sore wepis  
 That al his brest the water wetis, 17444  
 For he parseyued apertly

as he sees that  
 his death is  
 near.

That his deth for-sothe is ney;  
 The kynges herte ful sore tendres.

He sends for  
 Amphimachus,

The kyng thanne sone sendes 17448

and says :

Afftir his soone Amphimachus,  
 And seis ful rewfully to him thus,

Sore wepyng and bitterly :

'I am thi fader, sone, witterly; 17452

'We are both  
 one flesh and  
 blood,

We are bothe of on blod & flesche,  
 Holde we to-gedur for hard or nesche!

let us with-  
 stand the two  
 traitors  
 together!

¶ Lete vs with-stonde whil that we may  
 The two traitoures, sone, I the pray! 17456

I se thei haue to-gedir spoken  
 That thei myzt on vs be wroken;

They hope the  
 Greeks will  
 slay me. and  
 then have  
 this rich town.  
 I should like  
 to prevent  
 this : to-  
 morrow be  
 armed with  
 some friends,

Thei thenke the Grues schal sle me

And to haue this riche Cite. 17460

I wolde fayn do bote ther-In,

If that I myght with any gyn :

¶ To-morwe next I wol thow be  
 With priue folk of oure meygne 17464

Armed wele, when 3e haue dyne;

That no man wite of 3oure couyne,

Vn-til we haue al fully ent

Oure consayl & oure parlement. 17468

and when  
 the traitors  
 ride home,

And whan it is comen to euen-tyde

That thei bothe schal hamwardis ride,

I wol that thow & thine out-wende

And bothe the traytours al to-rende.'

cut them both  
 down!'

Amphimachus  
 agrees.

¶ Amphimachus seide : "it scholde be done,  
 By him that made bothe sonne & mone!" 17472



But al this myght not hem a-vayle:	[lf. 258.]	17475	
I wot neuere how that here consayle		17476	I don't know how Eneas heard that he should die.
Was told [anon] to Eueas,			
That he scholde dye for his trespas			
That he hadde wratthed that day the kyng			
And Antenor with his spekyng.		17480	
<b>E</b> neas <sup>1</sup> thanne was wroth y-now:			He is very angry and vows to be avenged.
To alle his goddis he made a vow			
That he wolde on him be wreke,			
Iff that he myȝt go or speke.		17484	
He sente as sone his messenger			He sends for Antenor,
Aftir Antenor, his comper;			
And he come sone at his sonde			
And him al redi ther he fonde.		17488	
Eneas <sup>2</sup> told him tydande			and tells him the news.
Off the kyng & his couenande,			
And "how he wolde sle hem bothe,			
So was he to hem wrothe."		17492	
¶ Thes two to-gedir swere:			
"That thei scholde fight to-geder there,			Both swear that they will fight in the council,
The toun to traye and tho ther-In,			to betray the town and slay all the folk.
And do sle hem & alle her kyn;		17496	
Thei schal not lette for leue ne lothe."			
And ther-to haue thei sworn her othe:—			
'And if so to-morwe <sup>3</sup> it <sup>4</sup> be-tide			
Pat <sup>5</sup> he wol vs at home abide,		17500	
We schal come on suche parayle			'We shall come so well prepared, that Priamus will not be able to do as he likes. I don't care for his anger at all.'
That if he thenke vs assayle,			
¶ Off his purpos schal he be rent:			
He schal not do as he hath ment.		17504	
I ȝeue right not of alle his tene,			
Not the value of a bene;			
For I wot wele: we schal be war			
Off him, er we come thar.'	33 [ij]	17508	

<sup>1</sup> N altered from U by another hand.

<sup>2</sup> to by another hand on erasure.

<sup>3</sup> it inserted by another hand over line.

<sup>4</sup> And crossed out at this place in the MS.,

<sup>5</sup> inserted by another hand in the margin.

	<b>E</b> Rly on morwe whan it was tyme— [lf. 258, bk.] 17509	
	I trowe a litel afftir the Prime—	
Priamus in- vites the lords to a parla- ment with Antenor and Eneas.	Priamus kyng sent his message	
	To alle the lordes of his vilage,	17512
	To Antenor & Eueas,	
	And bad hem come an hasti pas	
	To Ylion vn-to that kyng,	
	That thei ne made no dwellyng;	17516
	¶ And thei bad hem aȝeyn gone,	
	For thei wolde come a-none.	
Antenor and Eneas arm, and come with an escort of knights.	Thei armed hem at alle rightes	
	And toke with hem noble knyghtes,	17520
	And come for-sothe to the palais,	
	Armed wel In her harneis.	
Priamus, seeing his plan is discovered,	The kyng of hem was sore affrayed,	
	For he saw thanne he was be-wrayed;	17524
	The kyng thanne to his sone gos	
bids his son give up their purpose.	And biddis him lette of his purpos,	
	He seyde: 'sone, leue this thyng!	
	We ben be-wreyed—by heuene kyng!	17528
When all are assembled,	¶ When these lordes were comen alle,	
	Thei sette hem doun In that halle,	
	And thei be-gan to-geder trete.	
Eneas	Eueas wolde his wil not lete,	17532
	He stode vp thanne & boldely spak	
again proposes to make peace with the Greeks,	To hem of Troye, & bad hem mak	
	Be-twene hem of Grece—iff thei moste <sup>1</sup> —	
	A fynal pes, what-so it coste;—	17536
or they'll be lost soon,	¶ 'But ȝe done, ȝe bene alle lorn	
	For defaute of wyn & corn;	
as their victuals won't last.	ȝoure vitayles may not longe laste	
	That ne som-tyme thei wil be paste,	17540
	Then schal ȝe be wel eucl at ayse <sup>2</sup>	
	And dye afftir that gret myssayse.	

<sup>1</sup> e inserted later, but by the same hand.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *atayse*.

- ¶ Therefore lettes for no man [lf. 259.] 17543 'Therefore try  
To make a pees—if 3e can,— 17544 to have peace.'
- And come at one sone with the Grues!'
- But Priamus that sayng refuces, Priamus  
He him with-sais In fair manere; refuses,
- But ther was non that wold him here, 17548 but all want  
Thei seyde echon: "thei vndirstode peace.  
The pees ffor hem was fair & gode  
At suche a plyght as thei were at."  
And thus sayde alle that ther sat; 17552
- ¶ Saue Priamus with-seide it ay, Priamus alone  
For he was ferd thei wolde him tray. dissents, as he  
But Eueas In his wickednesse fears betrayal.  
Seide to him In gret felnesse: But Eneas  
17556 says:  
'Wherto, sir kyng, makestow it so?  
Wenes thow oure wille for-do  
By thi Powere & thi maystrie?  
Wil thow, nele thow—the pees schal be!' 17560  
Priamus says:  
**P**riamus tho held him stille,  
For he most nede suffre her wille;  
He seyde: 'lordynges, now 3e it say  
That it is gode the Grues to pray 17564  
That thei wol graunte vs, for of oure,  
A fynal pees to here honoure,—  
Sithen 3e it say, I wol also  
A3eyn my wille—so haue I ro! 17568  
For I am ferd hit schal vs rewe  
A pees to praye of any Grewe!'  
The Troyens then Antenor chese  
To do her erande to gete hem pese, 17572  
Off a fynal pes if thei myght spede  
For siluer, gold, or any mede.
- T**Hei 3ede with braunches of Olyue-tre  
Upon the walles, that thei my3t se, 33 [iij] 17576  
The Trojans go  
upon the walls  
with olive-  
branches.

¶ *Hic miserunt nuncios ad Grecos.*

	In tokene of pees & saue condit. [lf. 259, bk.]	17577
The Greeks make the same sign.	Whan thei of Grece hadde sen that sight, The same tokene made thei a-3eyn.	
	The Troyens ther-of were ful fayn,	17580
Antenor is let down from the wall,	Thei lete Antenor a-non doun By the wal out of the toun ;	
	And whan he was on grounde set,	
and goes to the Greek camp.	He 3ede to Grues with-oute let.	17584
He tells Agamemnon his message.	Whan he was comen to here hailes, Her Emperour told he his tales :	
	" How he was comen fro her kyng To make by-twene hem sau3tlyng."	17588
	¶ The Emperour sente afftir other kynges, To here the sothe of these tydynges ;	
	When thei were alle to-gedere thore, He saide " that thre men, if it wore,	17592
	That wolde be trewe & trusti frende, To brynge this thyng to an ende."	
The Greek lords choose three men as negotiators.	Thei chose thre men tho for hem alle : " That what-so-euere scholde ther-of be-falle,	17596
	Thei scholde holde her ordinaunce With tresoun or with disceyuauance "	
They swear	¶ And ther made <sup>1</sup> thei alle her othes By boke & belle & holy clothes	17600
	That longed to her sacrament :	
to hold all that is agreed on. The ' King of Grete,'	" Thei scholde holde her surment."	
	<b>T</b> Hat one of hem was kyng of Grete, The Gregais all by him wel lete ;	17604
Diomedes,	That other was Diomedes,	
and Ulixes are chosen.	The thridde of hem was Vlixes. These thre the Gregais for hem toke	
	That what-soeuere thei wolde loke,	17608
	Thei wolde holde ferme & stable With-oute dissayte or any fable.	

<sup>1</sup> *made* twice in MS., the second one crossed out.



¶ *Consilium inter Antenorem. & Reges Grecorum.*

- ¶ Thei asked him : " what was the thynges [lf. 260.] 17611 They ask for  
That he to hem tydandes brynges ?" 17612 his message.
- He seyde : ' lordynges, I wol 3ow telle : Antenor says :  
My thinges that I wol 3ow of melle, ' What I tell  
I wolde that no man here but I you must be  
And 3e thre kynges witterly 17616 kept secret  
That chosen were of euery lord, between us ;  
To loke if we foure may a-cord.
- ¶ For if I tolde hit al on hye for if not,  
That men my3t here it openlye, 17620  
Hit my3t be wist In other place,  
And I be schent ther-by by cace I might be  
And lese my trauayle & lese my way harmed.  
And gete me harm ther-by parfay. 17624  
I wol therfore that 3e thre  
Come here by-syde and speke with me, Therefore re-  
That this thing may be priuay, tire with me.  
Iff that it be vnto 3oure pay.' 17628
- T**Hese thre kynges And Antenore They retire.  
Fro the ffolk<sup>1</sup> thei 3ede a-fore ;  
Antenor thanne, that lyther schrewe,  
Be-gan his falschede to hem schewe : 17632 Antenor tells  
He tolde hem of his tresoun them  
That he wolde do In schort sesoun,  
"How he wolde by-traye the toun  
And putte it al In her bandoun. . . . 17636 how he  
Thus mechel to say to this couenande, will betray  
That thei alle thre holde vp her hande the city ;  
And swere by him In heuene was :  
' Thei scholde saue him & Eueas, 17640 and bids them  
And alle her godis & her houses, hold up their  
Here kynrede & al here spouses, hands, and  
And her frendes that thei wolde chese swear that  
That thei of<sup>1</sup> heres scholde not lese.'" 33 [iiij] 17644 they will spare  
him and  
Eneas, and all  
their kindred  
and property.

<sup>1</sup> of inserted over line.

The Greek  
kings are glad  
of the news,

¶ The sothe to say the kynges were glad, [lf. 260, bk.] 17645

Whan thei of him this tydandes had

That thei the toun so sone myght wyne

And haue the godis that were ther-Inne, 17648

Kyng, & quene, and al his fe.

and swear

The kynges swore all thre

By him that made bothe erthe & heuene :

to spare them.

"Theischoldehem saue, thoowther were suche seuene"; 17652

And ther-to her trewthes thei plyght.

Antenor  
promises

And he hem treuly be-hight

That he wolde couenande holde

to betray Troy,

To be-traye Troye, that Cite bolde,

17656

if they keep it  
secret.

For-whi that thei [hit] holde priue,

That non it wiste but thei & he.

**N**ow hath this traytour be-trayed Troye,—

These kynges maken moche Ioye,— 17660

For him & Eueas it is solde.

God wolde it were the burgeis tolde !

To hide his  
treason,  
Antenor asks  
that Taltibeus  
shall go  
with him to  
the Trojans,  
so that they  
may believe  
him the better.

For he wolde his tresoun hide :

He bad a kyng scholde with him ride

17664

In-to the toun out of the feld,

Taltibeus, a kyng of eld ;

And that thei myght credence of him ȝeue

And the more him leue.

17668

He demands  
the corpse of  
Penthesilea.

¶ He asked eke for curtesye

ȝeue him the quene Pantasalye,

That thei myght that cors entere.

But that with-sayde alle that were there,

17672

For thei hir hated In certayn ;

For afftir thei graunted [hit] with <sup>1</sup> payn.

The Greeks  
grant it  
unwillingly.  
Antenor and  
Taltibeus go  
to Troy.

¶ He toke his leue & went his way,

And Taltibyus with him parfay ;

17676

And thei of Troye opened the ȝatis,

And thei rode In ful faire al-gatis

<sup>1</sup> MS. *with him*.

- And sente the kyng word of her come, [lf. 261.] 17679  
 And rod forth vn-to him home. 17680
- T**He morwe afftir the kyng did sende Next morning  
 Afftir his burgeis gode & hende, Priamus con-  
 Alle that euere were In the toun. vokes a par-  
 When thei were come, thei sete down; 17684 liament.  
 He bad Antenor by his Omage : He asks  
 " How he hadde sped In his message, Antenor how  
 That he scholde ther sey<sup>1</sup> In presence he sped.  
 And In here alther Audience." 17688
- ¶ The fals traytour—the deucl him cheke !— This false  
 To hem gan he scelyly speke, traitor speaks  
 He schewed to hem but flatterye, artfully.  
 For he wolde hele his traytourie, 17692 To conceal his  
 But tolde a prologe mochel & long ; treachery, he  
 He seide : ' gode men, the Grues are strong, makes a long  
 Off gret power and wasselage, prologue : 'The  
 Off curtesie & gret parage 17696 Greeks are  
 Off kynges & lordes & of her men lege, strong enough  
 Longe y-now to holde the sege, to keep up the  
 Hardy y-now to fyght & bekir, siege much  
 Knyghtes trewe & wondir sekir. 17700 longer ;
- ¶ By-holdes now a-boute & loke :  
 Thei breke neuere trewes that euere thei toke ; they never  
 And we are so dryuen to noght, broke a truce.  
 Al to wrecches we are broght, We are almost  
 To care & wo & mochel sorwe, 17704 undone,  
 Night & day, euen & morwe. and are full of  
 Wherefore, gode men, hit were wisdom sorrow.  
 That 3e consayl amonges 3ow nam : So it is best for  
 By what way that 3oure wayment us  
 Might come to ende & best be ent ? 17708  
 ¶ But therto certis schal 3e not come to end the war ;  
 With-oute tresor a gret somme : but this will  
 17712 cost us much.

<sup>1</sup> *sey* inserted by another hand over line.

All ought to bring a large sum to buy peace.	I rede euery man bothe more & lesse [lf. 261, bk.] 17713 That is of myzt and of richesse, And specially vnto oure kyng, That he be helpande vn-to this thyng ; 17716 For we no-wyse In pes may be With-oute tresor gret quantite. For better is vs oure gode for-go Thanne euere to leue In noye & wo ! ' 17720 Lo ! how slely he hem blente With his sleyght & his Argument !
We'd better lose our goods than live in woe.'	¶ Then did the traytour more quayntise, For he wolde In no wyse 17724 His ffals tresoun that thei perceyue, And for he wolde hem clene disceyue ; He sayde also In that throwe : 'The Gregais wil may I not knowe ; 17728 I rede that Eueas with me wende To brynge this thyng better to ende.'
'Send Eneas with me to the Greeks to know their will.'	¶ The Troyens alle his sawe allowed, Thei seyde : "he scholde be wele aprowed 17732 By Eueas <sup>1</sup> —so haue thei reste ! ;— That he with ȝede that was beste." Wherfore thei Iugged euerychone That thei two to Grues scholde gone. 17736
The Trojans consent.	By Eueas <sup>1</sup> —so haue thei reste ! ;— That he with ȝede that was beste." Wherfore thei Iugged euerychone That thei two to Grues scholde gone. 17736
The parlia- ment ends.	<b>T</b> Hei haue now done her parlement, And alle the lordes ben <sup>2</sup> hom went, Priamus, the Troyane kyng, In-to his Chambre goth wepyng, 17740 He scrat his hede & tare his heer, Out of his eyen fel many a teer ; He saw wele here sotilnesse, Here ffalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744 He cursed that tyme that he was born, So doghty sones as he hadde lorn !
Priamus weeps,	In-to his Chambre goth wepyng, 17740 He scrat his hede & tare his heer, Out of his eyen fel many a teer ; He saw wele here sotilnesse, Here ffalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744 He cursed that tyme that he was born, So doghty sones as he hadde lorn !
as he sees their falseness,	He saw wele here sotilnesse, Here ffalshede, & her lithernesse, 17744 He cursed that tyme that he was born, So doghty sones as he hadde lorn !

<sup>1</sup> *u* might be *n* ; cf. note to l. 17489.      <sup>2</sup> *ben* inserted over line  
by the same hand, *hom* crossed out before it, and repeated behind it.



" And now to leue of her batayle,	[lf. 262.]	17747	Priamus
Most he ȝeue al his catayle		17748	laments that
That he hadde gotten by olde dayes!			he must give
And ende his lyff In gret affrayes";—			his all for
' Wolde god I were now certayn			peace,
To haue my lyff & be not sclayn!		17752	and is not sure
ȝet wolde I thanne haue some Ioye.			that he can
But er y trowe the toun of Troye			save his life.
Schal be by-traied & go to pyne,			
And I schal dye & alle myne.'		17756	
<b>A</b> Ntenor and fals Eueas <sup>1</sup> —			Antenor and
Se thei neuere god In the fas!—			Eneas
Thei are bothe went to hem of Grece,			go to the
To saue her bodyes & here fece,		17760	Greeks,
And priueli to traye the toun,			
To brenne Ylioun & caste it down.			
When thei hadde spoken a ful gode while			and treat with
How thei myght Troyens best by-gyle,		17764	them.
¶ The Gregais bad "that Vlixes			The Greeks
And his felawe Diomedes			ask that Ulixes
With Antenor and his comperes			and Diomedes
To Troye scholde wende alle In-feres,		17768	may go with
To wite of hem what thei wolde ȝeue			them to Troy
That thei scholde hem no lenger greue,			
And for to telle hem what thei craue			to treat for
Iff thei scholde hem let pes haue."		17772	peace.
Thei ȝede alle forth here way snel			They all go
To the toun with-oute dwel;			to Troy.
¶ To Priamus when thei were comen,			
He did his men as sone somen		17776	Priamus con-
Bidde his lordis & his burgeis,			vokes a parlia-
To-morwe to come to his paleis.			ment for next
When thei were comen & al down <sup>2</sup> set			morning.
And thei were alle to-gedir y-met,		17780	

<sup>1</sup> " might be "; cf. note to 17489.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *aldoun*.

- In the Trojan parliament  
Ulixes demands,  
Vlixes stode & tolde his erande: [lf. 262, bk.] 17781  
'This thyng may not be wernade;  
Iff 3e wil haue the sauztlyng,  
3e most graunte her askyng.' 17784  
¶ He saide: 'the Grues asken thynges two:  
That on is that 3e most do  
Out of this toun & this Ile  
Amphinacus vntil exile, 17788  
That he come neuere a-3eyn on lyue';—  
And this the Troyens graunte blyue;—  
and (2) that they give enough gold and corn for every Greek.  
¶ 'That other is that 3e do fet—  
For to 3eue hem to here profet— 17792  
Off gold & corn so gret porcioun  
Vnto here a[l]ther reffeccioun,  
That euery a man haue so gode store  
To haue y-now for euere more.' 17796  
While he speaks a terrible noise is heard in the hall.  
**G**Ret meruayle among hem alle  
In his spekyng fel In that halle:  
A wonder noyse amonges hem thore  
Was tho y-herd of hem that wore. 17800  
They wonder what it can be.  
What that myzt be thei were ameruayled;  
The kynges wende men hadde hem assayled;  
Some men wende the noyce thei herde  
Hadde ben the kynges childres so ferde 17804  
For her brother Amphinacus,  
For her<sup>1</sup> fadir Priamus  
And for her<sup>1</sup> brother schulde be exiled,  
With Antenor that so was be-gyled. 17808  
¶ Eche man loked what hit was,  
Nobody knows But ther was non In al that plas  
Ne in that hye Cite  
That coude wete what it myzt be, 17812  
Ne whethen that it come, ne how.  
Eueryche a lord hamward hem drow,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *his*.

- ¶ **Hic Antenor narrauit Regibus Grecorum de reliqu[i]o Palladij.**  
 And ent here consayl tho alle sone, [lf. 263.] 17815 The parlia-  
 And went home when thei hadde done. 17816 ment ends.
- A**ntenor him hamward spedde,  
 The kynges two with him ledde  
 In-to a wondir priue place,  
 Ther thei to speke hadde good space. 17820  
 Antenor re-  
 tires with the  
 Greek kings  
 to a privy  
 place.
- ¶ To Antenor seyde Vlixes  
 That sat by him vpon the des :  
 'I haue meruayle whi thow delays  
 These thynges for vs so many dayes, 17824  
 That thow ne brynges hit to no purpos.  
 Loke that thow vs no-thing glos  
 And brynge vs slely In a bek,  
 For thow brynges hit to non affek.' 17828  
 Ulixes  
 blames  
 him for  
 delaying the  
 treason so  
 long.
- ¶ Antenor swor & sayde "nay,  
 Bothe he & Eueas nyzt and day,  
 So helpe him god"—'we were ther-about';—  
 "But on<sup>1</sup> thing broght hem In doute";— 17832  
 'I wol 3ow telle, what thing hit is  
 That bryngis vs In gret gastnes :
- ¶ The sothe is this: that kyng Ylus,—  
 As oure bokes telles vs,— 17836  
 A worthi knyzt, a kyng Troyen,  
 Off long tyme and Ancien<sup>2</sup>,  
 That Ilyon did sette & dyght—  
 And Ilyon afftir him hit hight,— — 17840  
 With-Inne this toun this kyng did make  
 For her goddis Pallus sake  
 A riche temple, fair & long,  
 Brod & wide & wonder strong. 17844  
 King Ilus  
 of Troy,  
 who founded  
 Ilion,  
 had a rich  
 temple built  
 for the goddess  
 Pallas in this  
 town.
- ¶ When it was made al, aboute the roue  
 That scholde be set the temple aboue  
 A wonder thing out of the sky  
 Off goddis grace fel fro an hy, 17848  
 When it was  
 ready,  
 a wondrous  
 thing fell from  
 the sky,

<sup>1</sup> MS. no.    <sup>2</sup> MS. *Amycien*; cf. l. 17238.

	That did the harde wow cleue <sup>1</sup> & bende [lf. 263, bk.]	17849
close to the high altar,	Ryght at the hye-aüter ende; And In the wow him-selff hit sette,	
and stuck there so fast	As faste as hit were 3ette	17852
that only the priests could get it out.	With sement or with any glewe, That no man may hit thenne remewe <sup>2</sup> Saue the prestes that hit kepe, Be thei wakyng or a-slepe,—	17856
It is of wood, but nobody knows of what kind.	And thei hit kepe & al day <sup>3</sup> se. Men say that hit is most of tre, ¶ But "what tre" can no man knowe	
	Off alle the kernes <sup>4</sup> that it owe, Ne what forme, ne what hewe; But hit is thyng of suche vertue:	17860
So long as it is there, no one can take the town by treason. It is called "Palladin" after the god- dess Pallas.	The while hit is the town with-Inne, May non the town with tresoun wynne. ¶ Palladin that thing called is Afttir Pallas—the sothe hit is;— Fro hir It come also, I wene. Now haue I told 3ow al be dene—	17864
	So helpe me god & my long way! That maketh al oure let & oure delay.'	17868
This is what delays us!'' Diomedes answers: 'As this is so,	<b>D</b> iomedes thanne answered: 'Sithen we ther-with so moche are dered <sup>5</sup>	17872
	That hit one the town may saue, That we ne may by no way haue For no thyng that may be-falle, The while hit is with-Inne the walle—	17876
it is nonsense to waste our time.'	¶ Then thenkes me, sir, witterly, That we do alle a gret foly That we do noght with-oute fayle, But lese oure speche & oure trauayle.'	17880
Antenor says:	Antenor seyde: 'by heuene kyng! Iff 3e haue wonder of oure taryng,	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *cleue*.    <sup>2</sup> The second *e* altered to *o* in MS.    <sup>3</sup> MS. *alday*.  
<sup>4</sup> MS. *kernes*.    <sup>5</sup> MS. *dared*.



This is the cause & the reson	[lf. 264.]	17883	'This is the only reason of our delay.
And alle the verray enchesoun,		17884	
That 3e & we are thus delayed.			
But al this while haue I assayed,			But mean- while I have prevailed on the priest
And ofte haue I be-soght the prest			
That kepis this thyng & hit is next,		17888	
And haue by-het him gret tresour			
To haue certis for his labour—			
¶ And so haue I the prest be-soght,			
That In certayn haue I him broght		17892	
That he som nyght schal go with me			to go with me some night;
For gret tresor & mychel fe,			
And then schal I sende to 3ow			then I shall send for you.'
And ende this thing to 3oure prow.'		17896	
And thanne thei partid & toke her leue;			They start;
That god him 3eue an euel prœue!			
<b>N</b> ow haue thei lefft alle her tales,			the Greek kings return to their camp.
And the kynges gon to her sales.		17900	Antenor
And Antenor anon he wente			
To Priamus that he hadde blente;			
He bad him anon sende vp & doun			bids Priamus
To alle the burgeis of the toun		17904	convokes the citizens.
That were with-Inne the Cite 3atis,			
That thei scholde come to him al-gatis.			
¶ And whan thei herde of this tydandes,			
Is non that lenger sittis ne standes,		17908	They come
That thei ne 3ede alle or rode			
To his Palais with-oute abode.			to his palace.
When thei were comen & set on rowe,			
Echon by other—as hem owe,—		17912	
Antenor ros & seyde: 'lordyngis!			Antenor says: 'I'll tell you of my negotia- tions with the Greeks.
I wol telle 3ow of oure spekyngis,			
What the Grues & I haue spokyn,			
What thei wol haue, or elles be wroken.		17916	

The Greeks demand 1,000,000 pounds of gold,	This is the somme that Gregays aske, [lf. 264, bk.] 17917
	That thei wole haue vnto her taske :
	Ten hundrid thousand pound of golde ;—
	Ther is no man is maked of molde 17920
	That may ther-of vs alegge,
	For thei wol not ther-of abregge ;—
as much silver,	And as moche of siluer bryghte <sup>1</sup>
	3e mot hem 3eue with-oute respite ; 17924
and 100 loads of wheat.	An hundrid charge also of whete.
	And tho bad thei me with hem trete,
	¶ For sicurly thei wol no lasse.
Therefore, if you like life better than death,	Therefore, gode men <sup>2</sup> , if [be] 3oure ese 17928
	To haue the lyff & fle the ded,
	Than is this forsothe my red :
	That 3e 3eue hem this two her wage
you'd better raise the money by a tax.'	And let go caste a taylage 17932
	A-mong the riche & the pore,—
	To pese her wratthe for eue <sup>r</sup> e more,—
	And gadir hit faste on gret hepis,
	For thei wol haue shippes 3epis.' 17936
The tax is laid, and the sum provided.	<b>N</b> ow is the taylage cast & layde, That somme was sone y-puruayde, The while it was In gaderyng.
Antenor bribes the priest,	Antenor, that lyther thyng, 17940
	Spake to the prest of the lawe
	That what with 3efftis & with awe,
	What for drede, what for mede,
	That he the prest so ouer-3ede, 17944
	That he bad him at euen come,
	And he scholde haue Palladone.
	¶ Antenor come thenne on a nyght,
and gets the relic from him.	And that prest, that wicked wyght, 17948
	3aff him that relike that was so riche,—
	In al Assye was ther non liche ;
	{ And he sende }

<sup>1</sup> e added afterwards.<sup>2</sup> MS. *godemen*.

And he sende it to Vlixes,	[lf. 265.]	17951	Antenor sends
And to his felawe Diomedes.		17952	the relic to
The Troyens gadered the gold & corn			Ulixes and
Erly at euen and on morn ;			Diomedes.
Thei leyde that good & that fee			The Trojans
In the temple of Menerue.		17956	collect the
¶ Then seyde the riche Citesenes			gold and corn,
And alle these other pore Troyenes,			and put them
That thei wolde make a sacrifice			in the temple
To her godis of gret aprice,		17960	of Minerva.
To thanke hem of grace that thei sende			When they
That her batayle is thus at ende.			sacrifice to
<b>T</b> Hei broght tho many boles & bores,			their gods,
With lowyng & with loude rores ;		17964	
But ther be-tydde tho two miracles			and thank
That were to hem gret obstacles :			them that the
When be-fore the Auteres were layd the bestis,—			war is ended,
As was that tyme that lawe hestis—		17968	
That were doun come thedir, & renne			and when the
To sette In fir, and do hit brenne,			bulls and boars
Thei did brynge the kiddis drye—			are brought
For hit scholde brenne clere & hye,—		17972	to the altar,
And colis also In bollis & wyndel :			two miracles
Thei myght no fir make ther-on kyndel,			occur :
For noght that thei coude blowe			
Not ones sette hit on a lowe.		17976	
¶ The Troyens were tho vn-blythe,			
Thei tende hire fir more than ten sithe,			
But it zede out by on & on,			
That sacrifice myght thei make non.		17980	
¶ That other wonder, gode men, y-wis			
That hem be-fel that tyme, was this :			
Ther come fleynge that tyme an Erne			
Vn-to the temple, fleande sterne,	34 [j]	17984	
			Then a big
			eagle flies to
			the temple,

and bears away  
the entrails  
from the altar  
to the Greek  
ships.

All the Trojans  
are much  
afraid at these  
tokens.

The Greeks  
make a brazen  
horse,

holding 1,000  
knights inside.

The allies of  
Priamus are  
angry with his  
treaty,

and depart.

Philomene  
takes back only  
250 knights  
out of 2,000 he  
had brought;

he carries with  
him the corpse  
of Penthesilea.

And al the entrayle, as hit lay [lf. 265, bk.] 17985

Off her bestis, bare he hit a-way;

Be-twene here clauwes sche hem kyppis,

And beres hem to the Gregais schippis. 17988

Alle the Troyens that ther wore,

Off this two thinges abaist hem sore,

For thei se by here tokenynges bothe

That here godis with hem were wrothe; 17992

But whi it was, wiste thei neuere,

But alle ther-of affrayed were.

**T**He Gregais were slely by-thoght,

A wonder werk hadde thei wrought: 17996

Thei did make an hors of bras,

Suche a-nother neuere sene was;

A thousand knyghtes myght ther-Inne;

Ther-on was many a selcouthe gynne: 18000

Dores brode that opened wyde,

A thousand men ther myght a-bye,

But no man was of eye so bryght

That myght with-oute of hem se sight. 18004

¶ The kynges alle that comen wore

To Priamus to socoure thore,

When hit was done hem to vndirstonde

That Priamus so foule a couenande 18008

Hadde mad to Grues to ben at one,

Thei toke her leue at him echone,

To wende hom to her contrese,

And lefte him ther, & hem of Grece. 18012

¶ Kyng Philomene had two thousand knyghtes

That come with him, thei worthi wyghtes

Ledde hem aȝeyn to his lande

But two hundrid & ffyfti of hem lyuande; 18016

He ledde with him Pantasalye,

The worthi body of that ladye,



¶ *Hic rogauit ad pacem & concordiam.*

- And foure hundrid of damyseles [lf. 266.] 18019  
 That lyued afftir that turpeles, 18020  
 Vn-to the land of Amazone,  
 To berye hir ther sche þar croune.  
 They intend  
 to bury the  
 queen in her  
 own land.
- H** It was a day, that lyther fende,  
 Antenor, wolde his tresoun ende, 18024  
 Whan Palladin was y-stolne;  
 Antenor is  
 about to fulfil  
 his treason:  
 the Palladium  
 is stolen,  
 though the  
 Trojans do not  
 know it.
- And ȝit was hit fro Troyens holne;  
 And thei of Grece her hors hadde ent.  
 To sette a day was here entent, 18028  
 That Priamus & his Troyanes,  
 Alle the Grues & the Danes,  
 With-oute the toun, opoun the wolde,  
 Be-twene hem that loueday schal holde. 18032  
 The Greeks  
 and the Tro-  
 jans arrange  
 a love-day.
- ¶ Priamus is comen oute,  
 And mechel folk him aboute;  
 And thei of Grece sicurly,  
 Lordes & kynges ther redi. 18036  
 Thei did the relikes brynge,  
 Her messe-bok that thei on synge,  
 Here saynteuarius<sup>1</sup> with al her gere,  
 That bothe the parties on scholde swere. 18040  
 They bring  
 the sanctuaries  
 to swear on.
- ¶ Diomedes was ffurst that swore,  
 And made his othe vpon the flore;  
 He swor by al here sayntwaries,  
 And by him that al this world gyes, 18044  
 Off heuene & erthe al-myghti god:  
 That he scholde neuere, for euene ne od,  
 Breke the couenandes that he made  
 With Antenor, so worth he glade. 18048  
 Diomedes  
 swears first,  
 never to break  
 his covenant  
 with Antenor,
- ¶ And so swor alle these other kynges  
 That were of Grece gret lordynges.  
 Off thai that toun afftir did for-lorn,  
 ȝit thei seyde thei were not for-sworn, 34 [ij] 18052  
 and so do all  
 the other  
 Greek lords.  
 Though they  
 destroyed the  
 town after-  
 wards, they  
 said they were  
 not forsworn,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *sayntenarius*.

532 *Helena given back to the Greeks. May the Brazen Horse enter Troy?*

because both  
swore to betray  
it without  
mercy.

For thei swore bothe to traye the tour [lf. 266, bk.] 18053

With-oute mercy or any pardoun.

But Priamus & alle hyes

Made her othe on an-other wyes : 18056

Priamus and  
his Trojans  
swear to  
keep the peace  
truly.  
They were  
beguiled,  
as they did not  
know the  
Greeks'  
falseness.

¶ Thei swor to holde the pees treuly,

With-oute desert, parfitly ;

Thei were ther-with foule by-gyled

And afftirward foule dispoyled, 18060

For thei wiste not of here fallas ;

Therfore here lyff thei lore, allas !

**W**Han thei hadde sworn & mad surte,

Priamus de-  
livers Eleyne  
to the Greeks,

Kyng Priamus with herte fre 18064

Made men go afftir quene Helayne ;

And he 3aff hem that lady a3eyne,

and asks them

And prayed hem for his loue sake :

not to harm her

That sche of hem non harm scholde take, 18068

Vilony, ne no maugre,

for her stay in  
Troy.

For that sche was In that contra ;

And thei seyde "nay" with ficul thoght.

They tell  
Priamus

But Priamus thei hadde be-soght : 18072

"That he wol graunte hem alle a bone,

That for here loue it myght be done."

that they have  
had a horse  
made for the  
goddess Pallas,  
because they  
stole the Pal-  
ladium,  
and they fear  
her vengeance,

¶ Thei saide : " thei hadde an hors done make

For her godes Pallas sake, 18076

For that thei stale out of here chirche

Palladine<sup>1</sup>, whan it was derke ;"—

' And we are ferd alle for hir vengauce ;

Hit is therfore oure ordinaunce, 18080

In hir cherche-3erd to do hit sette

They mean to  
put that brazen  
horse in her  
churchyard.

An hors of bras that we haue gette

In hir honour—we telle it 3ow—

For that is, sir, oure alther a-vow. 18084

They ask leave  
to do so.

¶ We praye 3ow therfore : werne vs not

That it may now to hir be broght.'

<sup>1</sup> Or *Palladium*? MS. . . . *iñ* or . . . *iñ*.

Priamus stode as he were dased,	[lf. 267.]	18087	Priamus is
He was for meruayle al a-mased,		18088	amazed
When he herde the Gregays say			when he hears.
That thei that relike hadde away ;			that the
He hadde meruayle how hit myght be,			Greeks have
Who hadde done him that blynde bounte ?		18092	stolen that
But sicurly the blame was layde			relic.
On Vlives, for it was seyde			They say :
"That he stale hit with Nigramancye,			'Ulixes stole it
Fo[r] he was connyng of gret fayrye."		18096	with necro-
<b>P</b> Ryamus stode as stille as ston,			mancy.'
Word to hem spake he non,			Priamus stands
He Answered not to here askyng,			stone-still,
Better ne wors, ne non skynnes thyng.		18100	and cannot
But Antenor & Eueas			speak.
That bothe were ther In that plas,			But Antenor
Thei seide : "It was wel to do,			and Eneas say :
Thei did the toun a worschepe tho,		18104	'It is a very
It was a presaut fair & hende			fair present
Vn-to the toun with-uten ende."			for our town.'
¶ Priamus graunt hem tho her wille,			Thus Priamus
For he saw nede he moste ther-tille.		18108	grants the
The Gregeis thanne, bothe gret & smale			request.
And alle that dwelled In tent & hale,			The Greeks,
3ede with gret processiou			in a great
And with mochel deuoc[i]oun		18112	procession,
This brasen hors for to hale			drag the horse
Ouer doune & ouer dale ;			towards Troy.
Thei drow hit ouer leye & falowe,			
To offer hit to that carful halowe.		18116	
¶ When thei were comen to Troye 3ate,			At the gate
Tho wolde it not In ther-ate :			they see
Hit was so brod, gret, and hye,			it is too large
It myght not In ther sicurly.	34 [ijj]	18120	to be brought
			in

	Tho most thei the walles breke,	[lf. 267, bk.]	18121
	Iff that hors scholde ther-In reke ;		
Part of the wall is broken down to let the horse in.	Thei breke ther-of a gret pece		
	Off brede, of heyghte, that thei of Grece		18124
	That her hors thei myght In-drawe ;		
The Trojans, on seeing this, help, laugh, and sing. They did wrong;	The Troyens lowe, whan thei it sawe.		
	¶ Thei halpe hit In with mochel sang,		
	Sicurly tho did thei wrang		18128
they ought rather to have said 'Alas!'	To make ther-fore Ioye & play,		
	Hem oght better sey : "waylaway !		
	That euere it come with-Inne the diches ! "		
	But euery a Troyen now it lykes,		18132
	But hit schal turne to mochel care		
	To alle the Troyens that ther ware.		
The horse is now in the town.	<b>T</b> He hors is now with-Inne the toun.		
	Ther was a knyght that het Symoun		18136
	That thei of Grece hadde put ther-In,		
Simon	A worthi knyght of gentil kyn ;		
and 1,000 knights are hidden in it; they have orders to creep out of it,	A thousand knyghtes were put with him <sup>1</sup>		
	And was charged on lyff and lym		18140
	That thei scholde holde hem stille & coy,		
	That thei perceyued not of Troy ;		
	Til hit be wele with-Inne the nyght,		
when the Trojans sleep,	That thei of Troye to bedde be dyght.		18144
	¶ Thei bad thanne his dores vn-do		
	And come than out, & his also,		
and to give a sign to the Greeks by a torch.	And of stre gete him a wase		
	And make on the walles ther-of a blase,		18148
	That thei myght wele & worldly kenne		
	By that fir that so scholde brenne,		
	Whan thei scholde come In that enenyng,		
	And knowe also by that tokenyng,		18152
	When thei of Troye were alle on slepe		
	That thei zaff to hem no kepe,		

<sup>1</sup> The order in MS. is 18139, 18138.



¶ *Hic Greci receperunt pecuniam.*

That thei myght sle hem In her bed, [lf. 268.]	18155	
That thei no wise fro hem fled.	18156	
¶ The Gregeis asked thanne her fret,		The Greeks ask for the 'fret.'
The somme of corn that hem was het,		
The somme of siluer & of gold		
That thei of hem haue schold ;	18160	
Priamus badde <sup>1</sup> tho his meygne		Priamus orders it to be given them.
That it scholde quyk delyuered be.		
The Gregais toke that riche tresore		The Greeks carry it out of the town
And drowe it alle with-oute dore	18164	
Off the temple of Menerue,		
And by her men sende hom that fe		
Vn-to her tentis & Paulyons,		to their tents
To dele amonges the riche Gryffons ;	18168	
The corn bare thei vnto the see		and ships.
And charged ther-with alle her nauee.		
And when thei hadde al this ent,		
To Priamus thei message sent	18172	Then they send a message to Priamus that they will sail home.
And seyde "that thei wolde hamward wende		
Out of his lond vnto here frende " ;		
He bad hem "go In godis name		He bids them 'go in God's name.'
And god schilde hem fro schame !"	18176	
<b>T</b> Hei losed bothe Anker & cordes, ¶ <i>Hic Greci vadunt</i>		They weigh anchor,
And drow vp tentis of kynges & lordes, <i>ad Mare.</i>		
Thei gone to schippes & to bote		
That longe hadde stonden ther In flote ;	18180	
Thei drow here sayles that alle myght se		and prepare to depart.
That were In Troye, that riche Cite.		
Thei were wel fayn when thei saw go		The Trojans are glad,
That hadde done hem so mochel wo,	18184	
Thei wende thei hadde ben al quyt ;		and hope to be 'quit' now.
But hem scholde falle gret wo 3it,		
For thei schal dye In gret affray,		
Twenti thousand, er hit be day.	34 iiij 18188	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hadde*.

¶ *Hic Greci exierunt de Caballo & occiderunt Troianos.*Priamus re-  
turns to Ilion.  
The Greeks  
sail to Thene-  
don,

¶ Pryamus wendes to Ilioun, [lf. 268, bk.] 18189

And Gregais sayles to Thenedoun;  
The wynd is swyfft, the schippis dryued,  
At Thenadoun were thei aryued; 18192and have  
supper there.Er the sonne was go to reste,  
Thei hadde souped of the beste,  
With mochel murthe, play, & Ioye,  
For thei were siker tho of Troye. 18196In the night  
the Trojans go  
to bed quite  
secure.**H** It is forth nyghtes, the sterres ben rysen,  
The sely caytyues Troyens not wysen,  
Thei 3ede to slepe alle In bedde,  
Off no-thing were thei a-dredde; 18200  
Thei wende thei hadde ben saue & sure,  
With-oute dissait or foule aventure.The Greek  
knights hidden  
in the horse¶ The knyghtes that were In that hors stopped,  
Thei were nother mased ne mopped; 18204  
When Troyens were In bed on slepe,come out of  
it, and give the  
signal to the  
Greeks.Out of the hors echon thei crepe,  
Thei gete than a gret wase,  
Upon the walles thei made a blase: 18208These enter  
through the  
gap in the wall,Alle the Gregeis tho come to toun  
And ther thei hadde the wal cast down  
That day be-fore, a wel gret gappe,  
Thei come alle In to gret vn-happe. 18212break into the  
houses,  
massacre all,¶ Thei brast vp dores with Iren y-bounde,  
Thei sclow al that thei ther founde,  
Man & womman & also childe,  
Stoute & sterne, meke and mylde, 18216  
Wiff & mayden, 3ong & old;  
On lyue wolde thei non hold.and loot every-  
thing they  
find.Thei hadde no mercy ne no pite  
Off 3onge<sup>1</sup> children, ne ladijs fre; 18220  
Thei robbed & rafft alle that thei founde,  
To lede with hem In-to her londe.<sup>1</sup> MS. *3ouge*.

Mochel blod that nyght thei schedde, [lf. 269.]	18223	
It was no wonder of thei dredde,	18224	
To crye mercy was hem no bote,		The Trojans
Thoow thei fellen vnto here fote ;		cry for mercy,
The cry was gret & fer herd		but it does not
Off hem that thus to dethe ferd.	18228	avail them.
<b>P</b> Ryamus herde In-to his toure		Priamus, on
That delful noyse & clamoure,		hearing the
He was sori & eke a-baist,		shrieks,
He wiste wele thanne he was be-traist	18232	
With Antenor and Eueas ;		
Gret was the sorwe that he thanne mas :		
Out of his bed anon he ros		
And to his temple faste he gos	18236	goes to the
By-fore his god Appolynes,		temple of
Theidir he dight him faste y-wys ;		Apollo,
By-fore his god vpon the grees		
He sette him down on <sup>1</sup> his knees,	18240	and kneels
His deth bodily to a-byde ;		down
For he ne myght him fro hem hide,		to await
For he was man with-oute drede—		his death.
In eche a romaunce as I rede.—	18244	
¶ Temple & chirche, boure and halle,		
The Gregeis dispoyled and robbed alle ;		The Greeks
The riche vessel of gold y-wroght,		rob the temples
Off siluer also, for-3ate thei noght.	18248	and churches ;
Prest, ne clerk, ne sextayn		
Leftte the Gregais non vn-sclayn ;		all the priests
Twenti thosand Citeseyns,		are killed ;
Off knyghtes & lordis, gode Troiens,	18252	20,000 citizens
Were sclayn ther, er day spronge,		are slain be-
With hidous cry & sorwe stronge.		fore daybreak.
¶ The kynges doghter, wise Cassandre,		
Sche nyst In erthe whedir to wandre,	18256	

<sup>1</sup> on inserted over line.

Cassandra flees to the temple of Minerva.	But at the laste alone fled sche In-to the temple of Menerue, And seide wel offte: 'alas, alas! That euere that fight be-gonne was !'	[lf. 269, bk.] 18257    18260
Hector's widow, ¶ Andromede,  with her two children,	Ector wyff, dame Andromede, Sche ran faste fro strete to strete With hir two children In hir armes ; For drede of here gret harmes Sche nyste In erthe whedir to fare,	   18264
when she sees Cassandra,	But as scho ran, so was sche ware Where Cassandre be-fore hir ȝede In-to the temple with gode spede,	  18268
follows her into the tem- ple.	And sche afftir hir gan go In-to the temple with mechel wo. Mechel was the sorwe thei two made, Ther was no thyng that hem myght glade.	  18272
By daybreak	<b>T</b> Oward the day faste it drawes, The nyght is gon, the day dawes ;	
Antenor and Eneas lead	Antenor and Eneas— In helle thei wone with Sathanas!—	 18276
Pirrus and his troops to the king's palace.	Thai ledde tho sir Pirrus To the Castel of Priamus. Whan Pirrus with the Gregais Was y-comen to that Palais,	  18280
They break in,	Thei brast vp dores with gret engyn, And afftirward thei wente In.	
slay all there- in,	¶ Alle that thei fond down thei sclow With-oute mercy, with sorwe y-now ;	 18284
especially the women,	Many a curtais ladi swete In that Palais to dethe thai bete That comen were of hye lynage, Off kynges blod In mariage ; Thei lefft nother lowe ne hye.	  18288
and loot all the treasure.	Thei robbed al his tresor that thei sye ;	



¶ *Hic fugarunt bona palacii Regis.*

Thei smot alle that for-set, [lf. 270.] 18291

Halle, & boure, & hye toret. 18292

¶ Pirrus soght afftir the kyng, Pirrus looks  
for the king,

Fro hous to hous, In his byggyng;

And afftir that to the temple he ran,

And ther fond he that carful man : 18296 finds him in  
the temple,

Pirrus tho was glad y-now,

His swerd sone out he drow

And al to-hewe him euery bone,

¶ *Rex occi-* slays him,

Ryght be-fore the auter-stone,

*ditur.*

That al the Auter was al by-bled

18301 and bespatters  
the altar with  
his blood.

With his blod that ther was sched.

**H**ectuba, that louely quene,

Hectuba and  
Pollexena

And hir doghter Pollexene,

18304

Thei were so frayed & ferd,

¶ *Regina* are afraid, and  
flee;

That thei ran out of that 3erd;

¶ *ffugit.*

Thei were aferd the Gregais to mete,

Thei ran aboute fro strete to strete.

18308

As thei ran, wiste thei not whedir,

Thei mette Eueas bothe to-gedir :

they meet  
Eneas.

¶ When Hectuba on him hath sight,

Sche myssayde him anon right,

18312 When Hectuba  
sees him, she  
reproaches  
him for having  
betrayed his  
lord.

Off tresoun sche him sone vmbraide :

'Fals traytour!'—to him sche sayde,—

'How myght thou, for soule synne,

So fals a tresoun to be-gynne?

18316

How myght thou In thi fals herte fynde,

Fals traytour, to be so vnkynde

To do thi lord suche schenschip,

That hadde done alle thi worschip?

18320

¶ He 3aff the his doghter to wyue

Be-ffore alle men that were on lyue,

He worschepid the & loued the ay,

In the was al his trust & ffay, 18324 'He gave thee  
his daughter,'  
she says, 'he  
worshipped  
and loved thee,  
and relied  
upon thee;

- and thou  
slewest him for  
his goodness.      And thow hast made him sclayn & hise [lf. 270, bk.] 18325  
For his godenesse & ffraunchise!
- How couldst  
thou do so?      How myght thow, man, this tresoun thenke,  
For ferd In helle leste thow synke? 18328
- But since thou  
didst so, have  
mercy on me,      But sithen thow hast done<sup>1</sup> al this wrake,  
Do on me *mercy* for goddis sake,  
That thow myght take *sum* merite :
- and save us      Saue vs two to-day fro dispite 18332  
from all  
Greeks! '      Fro alle Gregais on godis name,  
That thei do vs two no schame! '
- Eneas pities  
them, ¶ Eueas hadde of hir pite,  
He seyde : ' comes bothe & folewes me! ' 18336
- and brings  
them  
to an old  
waste place,      He ledde *hem* to an old place,  
An old tour that for-saken was  
Off long tyme, that hadde ben wast ;  
He hyed *hem* with mechel hast 18340  
For drede lest thei were y-wraied,  
And lefft *hem* there sore affrayed.
- ¶ As thei the toun thus a-boght soght,  
Ajax, in the  
temple of  
Minerva,      Ayax Thelamenyus was broght 18344  
In-to the temple of Menerue,  
With many Gregais comen is he :
- finds Hector's  
wife and Cas-  
sandra,      Ther fond he sitte Ector wyff  
That was ful sori of hir lyff, 18348  
And wise Cassandre that mochel was worth ;
- and leads them  
off,      He broght *hem* bothe to-gedir forth,  
The ladyes bothe with him he ledde  
Ful sore wepyng & sore a-dredde. 18352
- K** yng Priamus is ded & sclayn,  
Lord & lady, knyght & swayn,  
And al that euere In Ilyon was,  
By these fals traytours compas, 18356  
By Antenor and Eueas ;  
In helle mot be her wonyng-plas !

<sup>1</sup> MS. *doū*.

¶ *Hic villa Troiani destruitur.*

- ¶ When thei had sclaȳn al that ther wore, [lf. 271.] 18359  
 ȝit wolde thei do malice more : 18360  
 Thei caste al doun thes worthi wones,  
 Led & tyle, sclat & stones,  
 Halles, Chamberes, & toures,  
 Vowes, walles, & alle her boures ; 18364  
 The glorious halle so richely dyght  
 Thei threwe it doun In gret dispit ;  
 ¶ The Pilers pight with marbil gray 18368  
 Thei pulled doun & caste a-way,  
 Thei caste doun chambres hye & base.  
 Tho by-gan many a blase  
 To sette fir on that Cite, 18372  
 That many a myle men myght hit se.  
 The toures brennen, the reke vp ros,  
 The toun of tounes to noght gos ;  
 The sparkes sprongen In-to the aire,  
 Thei brenned the schireues & the mayre 18376  
 And eche a lordes riche tenement,  
 Til al the toun was lorn & brent ;  
 ¶ Alle saue the traytours mansions  
 And alle her kynnes possessions 18380  
 That the toun so foule be-swyked,—  
 For on her houses thei hadde stiked  
 Certayn signes that wele were knowen ;  
 Thei were not therfore ouer-thrownen, 18384  
 As couenand was be-twixen hem ent,  
 Therfore her houses was not brent.  
**T**Roye is doune & ouer-thrownen,  
 Tour & bour, walle & wouen ; 18388  
 Thei are alle dede & foule schent,  
 And the toun is doune & brent.  
 ¶ Agamenoun<sup>1</sup> did do then crye,  
 That euery a kyng scholde hem hye 18392

When all the  
Trojans are  
slain,  
the Greeks  
destroy all the  
houses,  
halls,  
and walls ;

pull down the  
marble pillars,

and burn the  
whole town.

Only the  
houses of the  
traitors and  
their kindred  
are spared,  
for they had  
stuck up signs  
on them.

Agamemnon  
convokes a  
parliament.

<sup>1</sup> MS. . . . om.

¶ *Hic partita sunt bona inter Reges.*

The Greeks are  
to bring into  
the temple of  
Minerva  
all they looted;

In-to the temple of Menerue, [lf. 271, bk.] 18393

And euery a lord with his meyne;

And brynge with hem al that thei wan

With-Inne the toun of any man, 18396

To dele as best wolde by-falle

In comune sight be-fore hem alle.

And thei did alle as he hem bad,

Thei broght with hem that thei had; 18400

they divide  
the spoil 'by  
good reason.'

And so was hit deled verament

By gode resoun & Iugement

To euery a lord & knyght

Afftir his state & his myght. 18404

Agamemnon  
asks to have  
Cassandra for  
all his trouble.

**A** Gamenoun, here Emperour,

¶ *Hic Agamenon*  
By-soght hem, for his labour ¶ *petit Cassandram pro*

For to ȝeue him to his mede, *labore suo*<sup>1</sup>.

For al his trauayle & his dele, 18408

The kynges doghter, Cassandre the wyse,

That sche myght be on of hise.

No man can  
tell what goods  
fell to every  
lord;

¶ The tonge of no man may telle,

What godis to euery lord felle; 18412

For sicur ther ne was no kyng,

That he ne hadde as moche thing

they get as  
much gold  
and precious  
stones

Off riche gold & precious stones

To lede with hem to her wones, 18416

as they desire.

As thei wolde desire & haue

Or with her tonge on any wyse craue;

And so hadde dukes & eke knyȝtes,

Sqwyeres, ȝemen, & other wyghtes. 18420

Their ships  
are not able  
to carry all  
the treasures;  
they leave yet  
more.

¶ Here schippes myght not lede her tresour

That euery man hadde for his labour,

And ȝit thei lefft mochel more,

Gold, & siluer, & other tresore, 18424

That no man wolde hond ther-on set,

Ne here schippes no more ffret,

<sup>1</sup> On the left side in MS.



For thei hadde filled bothe schip & barge [lf. 272.]	18427	
Al the while thei durst hem charge.	18428	
<b>A</b> Ntenor & Eueas		Antenor and Eneas plead for the lives of Eleyne and Andromede,
Be-soght the lordes of her grace :		
"To graunte Heleyne hir lyff		
And Andromede, Ectoris wyff,	18432	
For thei hadde ben al-ways		
To hem bothe hende & curteys ;"		
' And whan Paris hadde Achilles sclayn		
And let him ligge so foule be-sclayn	18436	
In-myddes the strete to rauen & rokes,—		as they saved the corpse of Achilles from being cast to the rooks (cp. l. 15417 sqq.).
¶ These two ffor him thei be-soght		
That he myght to burieles be broght.	18440	
Wherefore it is worthi,		
That 3e here lyues to hem graunty.'		
The kynges it graunt by comune assent,		Their request is granted.
And seyde it was gode Iugement.	18444	
Heleyne <sup>1</sup> & Andromede		Eleyne and Andromede plead for their children ;
Bede tho alle those lordes swete		
Off here mercy and thaire good wille,		
That thei wolde not hir children spille.	18448	
¶ The kynges hadde of hem gret ruthe,		the kings agree
Thei swor alle by her treuthe		
That thei scholde hem non harm do ;		
And thus saued thei the childryn two :	18452	to spare both.
And sithen was on a kyng In Grece,		One of them was afterwards king of the lands of Pirrus and Pellens.
Off riche londes & riche fece,		
Off alle the londes kyng Pirrus		
And of the londes of kyng Pelleus.	18456	
¶ Thei ordeyned a-monges hem as blyue,		They ordain, moreover, that all gentlewomen yet living
That alle that were lefft on lyue		
Off ladyes, comen of genterye,		
With-oute schame or vylonye	18460	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Helenus*.

544 *A Tempest hinders the Departure. Pollexena must be sacrificed.*

are to be set at liberty.	Scholde go & come & no-thing lese, [lf. 272, bk.]	18461
	Or dwelle ther stille, whether thei wolde chese.	
They resolve to return home ; but their departure is delayed by a great tempest,	¶ Thei ordeyned also thei wolde hom wende, Euery man vnto his frende.	18464
	But that myght not that tyme be For gret tempest on the see ; Thei dwelled so ther alle to-gedir	
lasting a full month.	A ful Monethe for that euel wedir,	18468
	Thei were echon ther-of euel tened,	
They ask Calchas what it means.	Thei asked Calcas : " what it be-mened That thei no wyse the see myght pas In-to here londes, as here wille was ? "	18472
He answers :	¶ That gret Clerk Calcas tho seyde :	
'The gods of Hell are angry with you,	'For thei of helle are with ȝow euel payde ; It is the wodenesse '—he sayde—' of helle That makes vs here so longe dwelle,	18476
because the death of Achilles is not yet avenged ;	For ȝe forsothe haue venged noght Achilles deth, as ȝe wel oght ; ȝit haue ȝe lefft on lyue & vn-tane Sche that was Achilles bane,—	18480
	And yff ȝe wol passe of londe, Off hir ȝe mot make him offrande For sicur : but sche to dethe gange,	
you must sacrifice his murderess, or you'll have to dwell here long. Pirrus searches for Pollexena ;	ȝe may dwelle here wel lange.'	18484
	<b>P</b> irrus was of this an-yred, Afftir Pollexene he enspired And asked what was of hir be-tyd ;	
they say she must be hidden somewhere.	He seide for-sothe that sche was hid,	18488
	For sche was nowher ded ne tane, And al men wiste, that sche was wane ; And al that ost seyde sicurly, That sche was lyuande witterly.	18492
The kings send for Antenor.	¶ The kynges alle were wroth ther-fore And sent afftir sir Antenore,	

{ And asked }

And asked at him : " where sche was done ? "	[lf. 273.]	Antenor is asked
Thei bad " that he scholde telle sone,	18496	
Where thei hadde hid Dame Pollexene		where Pollexena and Hectuba are hidden.
And Hectuba, the qwene ? "		
¶ He swor by god & by his face :		
" That he ne wiste where sche wace ;	18500	He swears he does not know ;
He wyst neuere, where thei were be-comen		
Sithen the tyme that thei were y-nomen."		
But thei bare him stiffly an hande,		but they think he does.
That he wiste where thei were dwellande.	18504	
<b>A</b> Ntenor was sore a-greued		Antenor is angry at this ;
That the Gregais him not leued,		
He sette his wit and al his tent		he makes searches
To wete than where the ladies lent.	18508	
So longe he soght fro day to day,		for several days,
Strete by strete, & way be way,		
And sente a-boute oueral his sonde,		
That at the laste thei hem fonde :	18512	and at last finds the ladies under an old tower.
Bothe were In a depe bour,		
That was vnder an old tour.		
¶ When he of hir hadde a sight,		
He drow out thanne that worthi wyght,	18516	He drags Pollexena out, and sends her to Agamemnon.
And to Agamenoun <sup>1</sup> with hir he wente		
And made to him of hir a presente ;		He sends her to Pirrus,
And he sent hir to sir Pirrus,		
That of hir comyng was Ioyus.	18520	
¶ Pollexene is taken & founden,		
As a theff thei haue hir bounden :		
Pirrus bad " sche scholde be sent		who orders her to be taken to his father's monument, and slain there.
To his fadres monument,	18524	
For he wolde that sche scholde haue		
Hir deth vpon his fader graue."		
Thei ledde hir forth by the hand		
To hir deth, wel sore wepand.	35 [j] 18528	

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *ow* very distinctly here, not *on*.

546 *The Greek Kings pity Pollexena. She is not guilty of Achilles's Death.*

The kings of Greece	¶ The kynges of Grece herd say	[lf. 273, bk.]	18529
	"That thei hadde take that worthi may Thorow Calcas the prestes rede, And that thei haue hir to the dede";		18532
come to see Pollexena.	The kynges ran hir to se, And alle that other comunalte.		
They pity her,	¶ When thei saw hir, thei seyde: "alas! That suche a ladi as sche was Off schap, of hede, & of bewte, Scholde so vile ther ded be With-oute desert or any gilt, That suche a bodi scholde be spilt."		18536
	Many a lord & many a kyng Wepe wel so[re] for that swetyng.		18540
and weep for her. Before the tomb she wrings her hands, weeps,	<b>B</b> E-fore that tombe that mayden stondes <sup>1</sup> , Wryngyng bother hir white hondes <sup>1</sup> , Wel reufully that lady gretis, That al hir brest that water wetis.		18544
and says: 'You slay me wrongfully!	Sche seide: 'lordynges, by god al-mycht! 3e do me sle with mochel vn-right!		18548
for I am guiltless of Achilles's death.	For—by that god that maked pes!— Off that knyghtes deth am I giltles; For I was neuere occasioun Off his dethe ne enchesoun,		18552
	Ne neuere 3it was at that assent That he that tyme to dethe went;		
	¶ But Angured me sore of his schedyng,— So helpe me god at myn endyng!		18556
But I don't fear death,	Not-for-thi the <sup>2</sup> deth I ne drede, Thus carefully, so Crist me spede!		
for I would rather die here a virgin,	For me is leuere In my contre Be sclayn In my virginite, That I falle not In 3oure handis,		18560
than go with you	¶ an <sup>3</sup> go with 3ow In-to 3oure landis		

<sup>1</sup> The abbreviations here are not *p*, but *v*.  
crossed out here, and *the* inserted over line.  
another hand to the left, *And* being crossed out.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. *to* is  
<sup>3</sup> *pan* inserted by



¶ *Hic Pirrus Interfecit Pollexenam.*

- |   |                     |       |   |
|---|---------------------|-------|---|
| And be ther defouled & for-layn                                 | [lf. 274.]          | 18563 | and be the concubine of my father's murderers.  |
| With 3ow that haue my fader sclayn.                             |                     | 18564 |   |
| Lette come the deth when 3e wille,                              |                     |       | I am ready for death !'   |
| For I am redi now ther-tille !'                                 |                     |       |   |
| ¶ Pirrus thanne his swerd out-drow                              |                     |       | Pirrus slays her,   |
| And that ladi sone he sclow,                                    |                     | 18568 |   |
| And hewe to gobetis al hir flesch,                              |                     |       | cuts her to pieces, and washes the tomb with her blood.                                       |
| And with hir blod the tombe wesch.                              |                     |       | Hectuba, on seeing her daughter dead,   |
| When Hectuba, that gentil quene,                                |                     |       |   |
| Saw ded hir doghter Pollexene,                                  |                     | 18572 |   |
| And saw hir spraulen In hir blode,                              |                     |       | goes mad, stones and bites men.   |
| ¶ The quene for-sothe wex ner wode,                             |                     |       |   |
| And felde men with stones & smot,                               |                     |       |   |
| And as an hound hem gnow & bot,                                 |                     | 18576 |   |
| And tare here clothes & on hem spit,—                           |                     |       |   |
| So was sche wode & out of wit.                                  |                     |       |   |
| When thei saw hir for wode so wilde,                            |                     |       |   |
| Thei did lede hir to an Ilde                                    | ¶ <i>Hic Regina</i> | 18580 | She is brought to the island Aulidis, and there stoned to death.                              |
| With-oute the touz—het Aulidis,—                                | <i>mortua est.</i>  |       |   |
| And stoned hir to dethe y-wis.                                  |                     |       |   |
| ¶ And made ther a tombe fair & hye,                             |                     |       | They make a tomb for her, which is still to be seen.  |
| And leyde ther-Inne that quenes bodye ;                         |                     | 18584 |   |
| That standes 3it vnto this day,                                 |                     |       |   |
| As sais tho men that wenden that way ;                          |                     |       |   |
| And beres that stede 3it the name,                              |                     |       |   |
| That thei for hir 3aff the name.                                |                     | 18588 |   |
| <b>T</b> He quene is ded by these traytours fals <sup>1</sup> , |                     |       | The queen and her daughter Pollexena are killed by these false traitors, so are all her sons, |
| And Pollexene, hir doghter, als,                                |                     |       | and Priamus, her husband, and his whole house,  |
| And alle hir sones that oght were worth                         |                     |       | and all his friends and men,  |
| Are sclayn & dede & passed forth ;                              |                     | 18592 |   |
| And Priamus, hir lord, the kyng,                                |                     |       |   |
| Is ded also, & his hous gyng ;                                  |                     |       |   |
| He is ded and his kynred,                                       |                     |       |   |
| And alle his frendis & his manred ;                             | 35 [ij]             | 18596 |   |

<sup>1</sup> MS. has a small cross at this place; cf. note on p. 548.

except the two traitors and their folk.	Is non on lyue lyuande ffre	[lf. 274, bk.]	18597
	Saue thes traytours & her meyne.		
But afterwards they are exiled for their false- ness,	¶ And 3it afftirward hit schop so		
	That the traytours bothe two		18600
	For here falsnesse were afftir demed		
	To be exiled & afftir flemed—		
with all their kindred.	With al here kyn & here lynage—		
	For her wickednesse & her outrage ;		18604
	Afftir the Gregais were I-went,		
	Wel foule were thei afftir schent.		
They help the Greeks as long as they are there, destroying the town, and annoying its people.	¶ But al the while that thei were thare,		
Now the Greeks are bold and vic- torious.	Thei did the Cite moche care		18608
	And halp the Gregeis to distroye		
	And alle the folk foule annoye.		
	<b>N</b> ow ben the Grues wonder bolde		
	And bene alle lordes,—as I 3ow tolde ;—		18612
	And al this is at here wille		
	That thei wolde haue, bothe loude & stille.		
Agamemnon orders them	Agamenoun let crye		
	Thorow alle that companye,		18616
	In tour & toun, by way & strete :		
	“ That no man scholde for no man lete,		
to be ready next morning for departure.	That thei alle at morwe be tyme,		
	Be-twix sonne risyng & the prime,		18620
	Were al redi at here naue		
	To passe forth ouer the see,		
	With alle her godis & her thing		
	That thei wole to schipe bryng <sup>1</sup> .”		18624
When the sun rises, they sail off.	¶ The nyght was gon, the sonne a-ros,		
	Fro the lond the schippes gos ;		
	With alle her meyne that with hem was		
	To schipe thei wente a gode pas,		18628
	And drow vp sayl to the top ;		
	And sayled homward alle on a throp,		

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has another small cross at this place ; cf. note on p. 547.

Euery lord to his contre,	[lf. 275.]	18631	Every lord
With Ioye & blysse & mechel gle,		18632	returns home,
And tresour I-now <sup>1</sup> for euere-mo :			full of joy,
Kyngis & knyghtes, & sqwyers also,			and with
And alle other hadde gret store,			treasures
Gold & siluer for euere-more.		18636	of gold and
¶ And thus was Troye dryuen doun			silver.
And y-lore thorow strong tresoun,			Thus Troy was
And alle the gode lordis dede,—			destroyed by
As In this romaunce men may rede ;		18640	treason,
And thus the Grues were conquerours			and all the
And wel riche with here tresoures,			good lords are
And hadde y-now for euere-more			dead,—as you
Alle that at that batayle wore.		18644	may read in
¶ And thus endis this strong batayle			this Romance.
That was of Troye saunfayle,			
That dured ten 3ere euery day,—			Thus ends the
As the romaunce ther-of doth say,—		18648	ten years' Tro-
<b>O</b> ff Troye batayle, that fair cyte.			jan war,
Now god that died vpon the tre,			
That schede ther his swete blode			as this
Opon that blisful croys, that rode,		18652	Romance tells
For synful mannes saluacioun,			it soothly.
Graunt vs alle his benysoun,			Now God who
Gode lyff and gode endyng,			died at the
A gode soule to heuene bryng,		18656	cross,
And graunte vs of his swete grace			
Ther-In to haue a swete place !			give his bless-
¶ And he that this romaunce wrought & made,			ing to us all,
Lord In heuene, thow him glade,		18660	
And gode lyff In erthe to lede,			and especially
And heuene blysse vnto his mede ;			to him who
And graunte hit mot so be !			made this
Sayeth alle Amen, for charite ! <sup>2</sup>			Romance !
	35 [iij]	18664	

<sup>1</sup> MS. *I. now.*      <sup>2</sup> On lf. 275, bk. is written by the same hand the rubric: *Hic Bellum de Troye finit Et Greci transierunt versus Patriam suam.* Some scribbling follows. See description of MS. in the Introduction.

## LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

- P. 92, l. 3122. *Delete full stop at end of line*  
P. 135, l. 4551. *Delete [did]*  
P. 141, l. 4763. *Read , instead of ;*  
    l. 4764. *Read : instead of ,*  
P. 159, l. 5368. *Put a comma at end of line*  
    l. 5381. *Delete full stop at end of line*  
P. 161, l. 5456. *Put a hyphen between euvre and more*  
P. 163, l. 5507. *Put a comma after Philon*  
P. 171, l. 5804. *Put , instead of ;*  
    l. 5805. *Put ; instead of ,*  
P. 191, l. 6474. *Delete the inverted comma*  
P. 203, l. 6877. *Read lyther hynes for lytherlynes*  
P. 294, l. 9992. *Read turne for urne*  
P. 301, l. 10202. *Read Ne for No*  
P. 340, l. 11544. *Put a hyphen between be and sped*



## NOTES.

to be published as part 3.



PRATT  
JAN 15 1993

4

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



